

# PHOTOPLAY

AMERICA'S LARGEST-SELLING MOVIE MAGAZINE • 20¢

LEIGH—DORIS DAY ASK:  
Old Wives Have Secrets?

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VEL ISSUE

Trip to Hollywood

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...the most widely  
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in the world





# NEW! DOCTOR'S DEODORANT DISCOVERY\*

Safely stops odor  
24 hours a day!



## PROVED IN UNDERARM COMPARISON TESTS MADE BY A DOCTOR

- Deodorant *without* M-3, tested under one arm, stopped perspiration odor only a few hours.
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New Mum with M-3  
won't irritate normal skin  
or damage fabrics

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with long-  
lasting M-3  
(HEXACHLOROPHENE)



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will be on sale at your newsstand—  
MAY 5

# PHOTOPLAY

MAY, 1955

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

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M-G-M's MUSICAL SALUTE TO SPRINGTIME!

A screenful of  
romance, music,  
spectacle. Leslie  
Caron excels her  
famed "Lili"  
performance in  
her new love story!

IN RADIANT  
COLOR!

# The Glass Slipper

You'll be dancing and romancing to  
"The Glass Slipper" Song - "Take My Love".

Starring  
LESLIE CARON • MICHAEL WILDING • KEENAN WYNN • ESTELLE WINWOOD • ELSA LANCHESTER • BARRY JONES

Written for the Screen by HELEN DEUTSCH    Ballets by ROLAND PETIT    Featuring BALLET DE PARIS    Photographed in EASTMAN COLOR    Directed by CHARLES WALTERS    Produced by EDWIN H. KNOPE    AN M-G-M PICTURE



*What good is a pretty hat...*



*if you don't have pretty hair?*

***Helene Curtis makes even the dullest, driest hair sparkle . . . with a conditioner for hair and scalp that brings you up to 10 times more absorbable lanolin!***

Those new Spring hats are showing a lot of hair.

So maybe it's time Helene Curtis LANOLIN DISCOVERY\* showed up on your dressing table. It brings you 100% absorbable lanolin which returns to your hair the *same kind of natural oil* that was lost by heat, wind or water.

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• And we'll bet you get more compliments on your hair than you do on your hats.



Regular size \$1.25 New large economy size \$1.89  
plus tax

**Helene Curtis lanolin discovery\***

*the breath of life for lifeless looking Hair!*

\*TRADEMARK

BY FLORABEL MUIR

## HOLLYWOOD WHISPERS

PIPER LAURIE's rapidly blossoming romance, and her closest pals would not be at all amazed at a Yuletide wedding for these two, with David due to doff his Army uniform for civvies come November . . . How Johnnie Ray, having called it a day but for sure with Marilyn Morrison, promptly latched on to Fran Bennett . . . The growing suspicion that Marlon Brando and Josanne Mariani-Berenger never will become Mr. and Mrs. though they do get around.

About how the annual PHOTOPLAY Awards party at the Beverly Hills Hotel, always the top event of the pre-Oscar season, provided a rich showcase for the hitherto hidden talents of Sue Carson, who's been on a real career kick ever since . . . About Rock Hudson's determination revealed in strictest confidence to a pal that he will surely not marry until he's thirty, nearly two years from now, which seems to put Phyllis Gates, pretty secretary to Henry Willson, out of the running. And the growing conviction that the Gates gossip is merely to keep designing females away from Rock.

The way a couple of screen newcomers, Jayne Mansfield and Leigh Snowden have elbowed into the columns by sheer startling loveliness and charm. Both girls have the personality and intelligence to make the big grade . . . And about Race Gentry's indicated preference for Leigh's company, a departure for him because he's been playing the field with a vengeance . . . Jayne's steadiest boy friend's devotion to her, and that's something of a surprise since the b.f. is Steve Cochran.



Rumors rumble Josanne and Marlon won't wed



Now for the first time...  
the limitless range of

**VISTAVISION**  
MOTION PICTURE HIGH-FIDELITY

presents the matchless  
true grandeur of the west!

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**TECHNICOLOR**

There is a time to fight... and a time to...

# **RUN FOR COVER**



starring  
**JAMES CAGNEY**  
as the man who teaches  
**VIVECA LINDFORS**  
and  
**JOHN DEREK**  
that there is a time to fight...  
and a time to run for cover!

with JEAN HERSHOLT • GRANT WITHERS • Produced by WILLIAM H. PINE and WILLIAM C. THOMAS • Directed by NICHOLAS RAY • Screenplay by WINSTON MILLER  
From a story by Harriet Frank, Jr. and Irving Ravetch • A PARAMOUNT PICTURE





# Your hair won't go wild when it's washed with Halo!



Have lustrous, sparkling  
easy-to-manage hair  
right after shampooing!

When you "just can't do anything" with your hair, use Halo! Whether it's dry, oily or normal, your hair will be softer, springier, look pretty as a picture—*right after shampooing!*

■ The secret is Halo's exclusive ingredient that leaves hair silkier, faster to set, easier to comb and manage. What's more, Halo's own special glorifier whisks away loose dandruff . . . removes the dullness that hides the natural beauty of your hair . . . lets it shine with *far brighter* sparkle! So, when your hair is hard to manage or simply won't "stay put" . . . you'll find it just loves to behave after a Halo Shampoo!

**Halo**

the shampoo  
that glorifies  
your hair!

for dry, oily, normal hair



*If Susan has her way the future will be nice and peaceful*

## IMPERTINENT INTERVIEW

BY MIKE CONNOLLY

IT SEEMED an unwise time, under the circumstances, to ask Susan what her next husband would be like. But I had read somewhere that Susan Hayward felt inclined, if she ever married again, to marry a writer. I had asked her about that statement and she had explained: "Actually I don't really know what my next husband's profession will be simply because I don't know who my next husband will be!"

"But I do know what kind of man he will be.

"He will be the kind of man for whom I will give up the acting profession. Yes, I intend to quit acting. But only when I get married again, and I won't marry for at least a year. My divorce won't be final till the fall.

"I intend to quit acting because there are so many other things I want to do—have more children, for instance, and travel. I have been working since I was seventeen years old."

I thought of Susan's career: from a third-floor walkup flat on Church Avenue in Brooklyn to Hollywood stardom and a lovely home in California.

"It all ties in, doesn't it?" she asked. "Wanting a change, I mean. Things always work out for the better, don't they? And now I want them to work out again so that the man I marry will figure very, very importantly. He will love me for myself. He, like myself, will want a long engagement. What do I mean by long? Well, it will probably be much longer than my first engage-

ment, which was for six months. It may be for two years. On the other hand, it may be for only two months! After all, when the time comes two months may seem like a long time, too long a time. It will depend on the man."

I thought of Jeff Chandler, Richard Egan, Ned Marin and the others with whom Susan has been linked.

"There's no one—yet," she repeated. "When will there be one—the right one? I would guess anywhere from a year to three years."

"And that's when you'll give up acting?" I asked.

"Look, I love acting," the radiant little redhead replied. "But there are other things in life, too—children, to repeat, and traveling. I've found I can't combine them all. I've also found that I like the old-fashioned idea of the man in the family being the boss of the family.

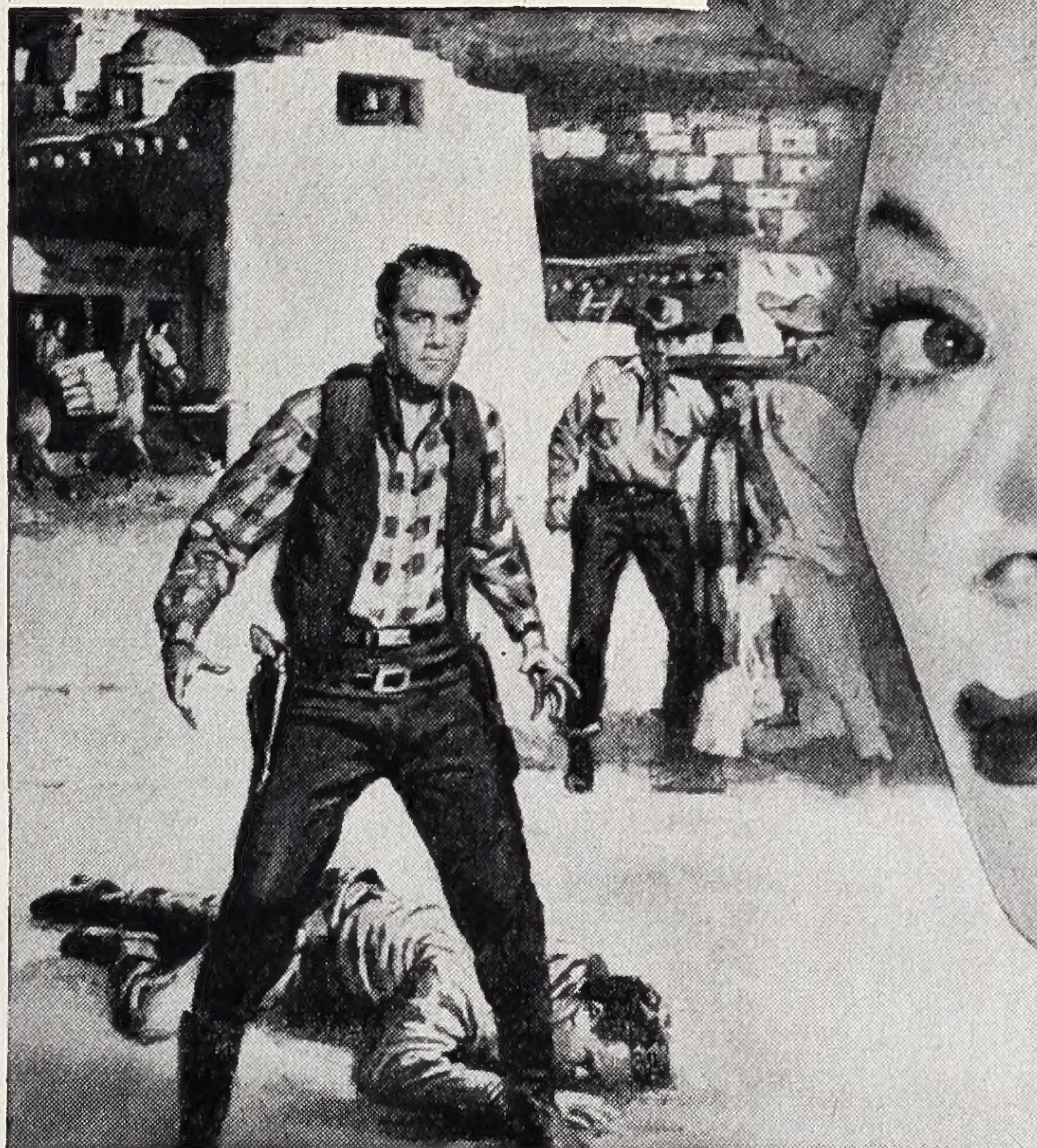
"He would also be a perfect father for the twins. And he would want more children. I've always wanted more."

As for Susan's social life: "My social life is very limited and, I suppose, will continue that way. I've just finished 'Soldier of Fortune' with Clark Gable for 20th and the spare time I have I like to spend with the twins. I like doing things with Greg and Timothy and I love a home life with them and a few friends.

"There are no romantic involvements at the moment. It's so nice and peaceful for a change!"



How could  
Rork drive her  
out of town—  
when he couldn't  
even get her  
out of his  
heart?



IT'S A BLAZE OF EXCITEMENT THAT NEVER LETS UP  
WHEN THAT LOVELY LADY LETS HER RED HAIR DOWN!

WARNER BROS.  
PRESENT

# "Strange Lady in Town"

CINEMASCOPE

WARNERCOLOR • STEREOPHONIC SOUND

PRODUCED AND  
DIRECTED BY  
MERVYN  
LEROY

STARRING

GREER  
GARSON  
CAMERON MITCHELL



DANA  
ANDREWS

LOIS SMITH WITH WALTER HAMPDEN • GONZALEZ GONZALEZ



Hear the voice of FRANKIE LAINE singing 'Strange Lady in Town'

Story and Screen Play by FRANK BUTLER MUSIC COMPOSED AND CONDUCTED BY DIMITRI TIOMKIN



BY  
SIDNEY  
SKOLSKY



*Keel's crew cut—real crazy    Frank's the first to applaud*



*No jealous husband is Tony, but he's keeping an eye on Sid who seems to be monopolizing Janet*

## THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

I DON'T THINK Debbie Reynolds, June Allyson, Ann Blyth, representatives of the-girl-next-door type, have to change their style because Hollywood is on a glamour kick? . . . Yvonne DeCarlo's pet poodle, Billy, sleeps in bed with her. . . Many actresses have told me they like to go for a walk alone in the rain but I don't know one who has. . . Terry Moore is rather quiet these days—or maybe I shouldn't have opened my big typewriter. . . Suggestion for Gregory Peck: The book, "The Day Lincoln Was Shot," would make a great movie. . . A meal tastes better to me when I'm in a red-upholstered booth at Chasen's. . . Lana Turner is looking more like Lana Turner these days and nights. . . As for George Gobel, it was Marian Todd who described him best: "He doesn't look like

someone appearing on tv. He looks like somebody who's watching it." . . . Vic Damone is ticklish and doesn't Pier Angeli know it! . . . There's no actress as frank as Shelley Winters. Recently she told me: "The only way I'll get to be a lady is to marry a Lord." . . . Newlywed Vera-Ellen is learning, because she said: "No matter how many ash trays I leave around, I still have to empty the carpet."

Janet Leigh, who's lending her name to a line of dresses, is the nicest advertisement for a form-fitting dress I know. . . I sat next to Janet and Tony Curtis at the PHOTOPLAY Awards Dinner. And Tony won his Popularity Award as far as I was concerned because he allowed Janet to be with me. . . Many newcomers were hon-

ored at this awards dinner, but an unknown, Sue Carson, who performed, will soon be on this magazine's popularity poll. Four studios tried to sign Sue the next day. It was a great audition for a veteran night-club performer who could never get any attention from the movie-talent scouts. . . I like the way Frank Sinatra appreciates a great performer. Frankie almost fell off his chair laughing at Sue Carson's impression of Jo Stafford.

I'm not against Grace Kelly as many people, including Grace, believe. I think she's beautiful, shrewd and just beginning to develop. . . A few years from now I'll probably go for her. . . No one can feel worse seeing a bad Marilyn Monroe movie than Marilyn Monroe. . . Aldo Ray has sex appeal in "Battle Cry," which is something Jeff Donnell has been shouting for years. . . I miss bumping into Ava around town. . . I like Howard Keel's new crew cut. . . Of all the actors I know, Marlon Brando is the toughest to get to talk about himself. Marlon says "Either my word speaks for me or I have nothing to say, and he sincerely means it. . . Shirley Booth: Come Back, Little Shirley. It's about time we had another good movie with this great actress! . . . Piper Laurie curls up when she sleeps and wakes up hugging the pillow. . . It was starlet Joa Tyler who told another starlet: "If you think you don't have a worry, brother—do you need to see a psychiatrist!"

Most "request movies" are the kind of movies I'd never request. . . Don't hear as much about Elaine Stewart as I used to. Wonder why? . . . John Wayne doesn't favor routine and likes to eat and drink when he feels like it and keep going until he's real tired. . . My favorite character is Mike Curtiz, giving advice to an actor going to Italy: "When in Rome, do as the Romans do."

I like to dine at Romanoff's because of its stock company, starring Humphrey Bogart, Paul Douglas, Pamela Mason and the Prince, himself. . . They've got a script for Jane Russell which has a scene in which she masquerades as a boy. Jane is able to do this, she'll win every Award. . . John Kerr, stage actor, commenting on his movie debut in "Cobweb": "You sit around and sit around and sit around and then you work for ten minutes. It's harder on your bottom than your top." That's Hollywood for You.



*At last!*

# A LIQUID SHAMPOO

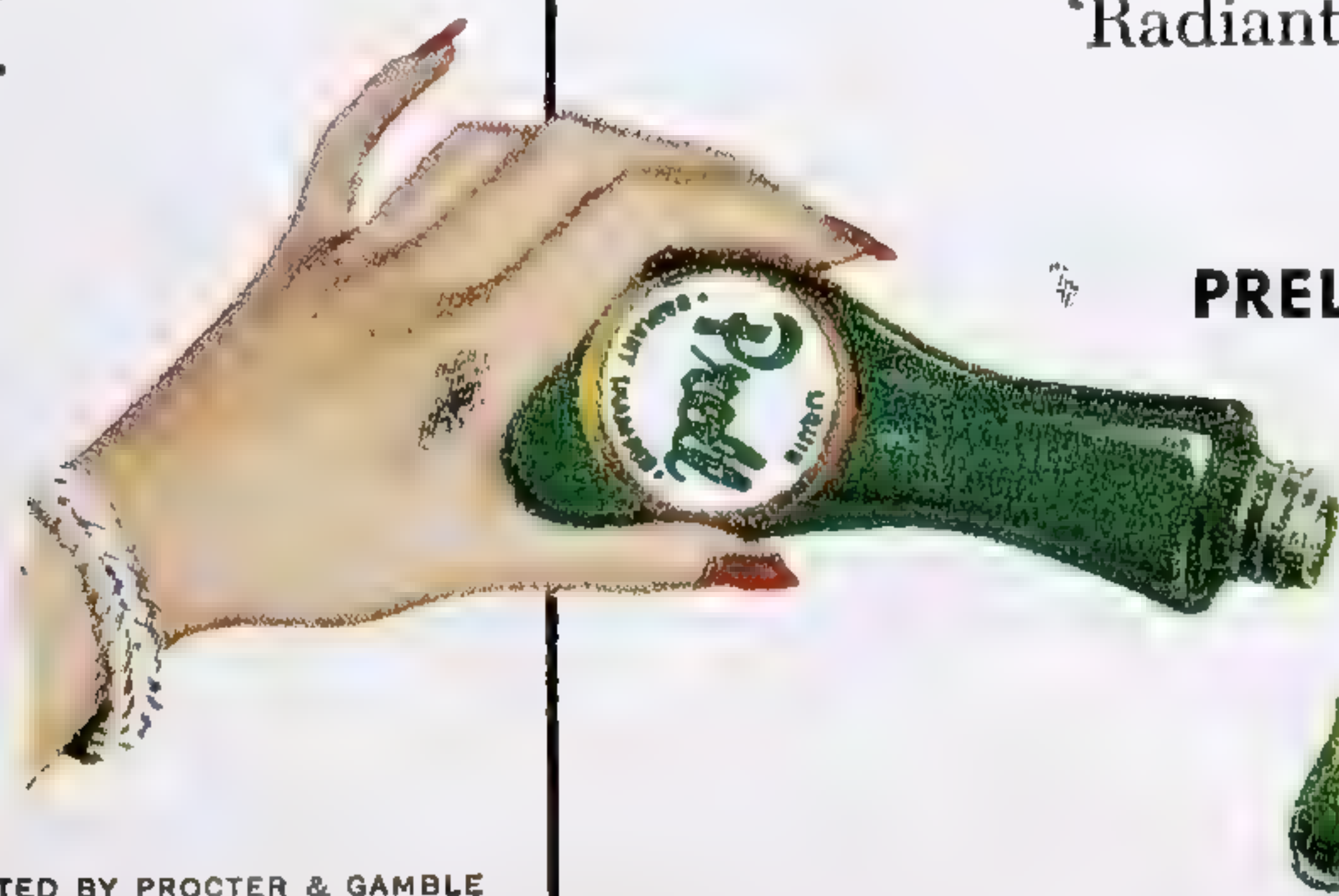
THAT'S **EXTRA RICH!**



**JUST POUR IT . . .**  
and you'll see the  
glorious difference!



Some liquid shampoos are too thin and watery . . . some too heavy, and contain an ingredient that can leave a dulling film. But Prell has a "just-right" consistency—it won't run and *never* leaves a dulling film.



## IT'S LIQUID **PRELL** FOR *Radiantly Alive' Hair*

Something to sing about—wonderful, emerald-clear Liquid Prell!

No other shampoo has this unique, extra-rich new formula—and how you'll love it! Bursts instantly into luxurious, extra-rich lather . . . rinses in a twinkle . . . is so mild you could shampoo every day. And Liquid Prell leaves your hair caressably soft, a dream to manage—looking excitingly 'Radiantly Alive.' Try new Liquid Prell today, won't you? It's *fabulous!*

**PRELL—for 'Radiantly Alive' Hair—now available 2 ways!**

The exciting, new extra-rich liquid in the handsome, easy-grip bottle!

And the famous, handy tube that's ideal for the whole family. Won't spill, drip, or break. It's *concentrated*—ounce for ounce it goes further!







# That Ivory Look

*Young America has it...  
You can have it in 7 days!*

Babies have That Ivory Look . . .

why shouldn't you? Do you know the milder your beauty soap, the prettier your skin? More doctors advise mild, pure Ivory for baby's skin and *yours* than *any* other soap. Better trust Ivory!

You can have That Ivory Look . .

under your Spring bonnet, too!  
Simply start *now* cleansing your skin regularly with mild, pure Ivory Soap. And in only 7 days—my, you're pretty! You've got *That Ivory Look*!

*99.44% pure...it floats*



It's like getting one FREE! 4 cakes of Personal Size Ivory cost about the same as 3 cakes of other leading toilet soaps. It all adds up . . .



***Personal Size Ivory is your best beauty buy!***



BY ERSKINE JOHNSON\*

## LAUGHING STOCK

Humphrey Bogart's young son, Steven, watched, without much interest as his mother, Lauren Bacall, emoted in a scene for "Woman's World" with June Allyson, Van Heflin, Cornel Wilde, Arlene Dahl, Clifton Webb and Fred MacMurray.

Between takes, Lauren whispered to Steven: "I know this is dull, dear, but someday I'll do a movie with Roy Rogers and you'll be proud of me."

On a night-club tour, Billy Barty did a burlesque of Liberace. But in one town Liberace wasn't known—no television. "Everyone," says Billy, "thought it was Jimmy Boyd imitating Gorgeous George."

Art Todd overheard a babe tell her night-club playmate: "I think I'll have another drink. It makes *you* so witty."

Joe E. Lewis is singing it a new way: "There's No Business Like Win, Place and Show Business."

Overheard: "He has an impediment in his speech. Every time he opens his mouth—his wife interrupts."

Zsa Zsa Gabor and Porfirio Rubirosa walked into a Westwood store.

"Look," said a salesgirl, "there's Zsa Zsa with Portfolio."

Red Skelton in the Brown Derby: "I've been seeing so many Westerns on tv I have to sit facing the door."

A weary prop man drawled it to Rod Cameron when the film company was still shooting at 9 P.M. after a long and busy day:

"About this time of night your shoes get awful full of feet."

Casting dancing cuties for a filmusical, a producer sent down orders about their qualifications, height, weight, color of hair, etc. Then he added:

"They must put a strain on a sweater—but none on the imagination."

Name of a speedboat used for movie water-skiing scenes at Balboa Bay:

"FANNY DUNKER."

Overheard: "Fat? Why, she's fat in places where most girls don't have places."

Tab Hunter, about his first movie love scene with Dorothy Malone in "Battle Cry":

"I had a horse in one picture and a radio in another. I'm glad to get a girl in a picture for a change."

Mad tv show idea:  
"You Bet Your Wife."

\*See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local TV station

# Why be just a part-time charmer?



## Wear MIDNIGHT by Tussy morning, noon and night!

CHARM everyone with the scent of Midnight Dusting Powder! Super-fine, with a luxury puff. \$1.25.

DRAMATIZE your glamour with the Midnight Glamour Set. Cologne plus Hand and Body Lotion. \$1.

DISCOVER the delights of a Midnight Bubble Bath! 16 envelopes of frothy fragrance . . . only \$1.

CHOOSE color and fragrance of matching drama! Midnight Lipstick-Perfume Combination. \$1.

prices plus tax





she's got

*(you can have it, too!)*

It's not so much beauty as it is personal vibrancy and sparkle, and all those indefinable qualities that make everyone instantly aware of her.

For now there's a new lipstick that brings out all the vividness and sparkle of the real you with exciting colors that make you look and feel vividly alive. It's the new VIV lipstick by Toni. VIV's new *High-Chroma Formula* gives you the most vivid colors any woman has ever worn. Choose from six bright shades, each as sparkling as the Vivid Rose you see here. Try VIV, that vivid new lipstick by Toni. Comfortable, long-lasting and very, very vivid.

**VIV**

new viv lipstick  
by **Toni** \$1<sup>10</sup>  
plus  
tax



BY  
EDITH  
GWYNN



*M.C. Dick Powell saw wife June get top femme award at GM dinner*



*Jane Wyman was honored for her performance in "Magnificent Obsession"*



*A brilliant comeback last year earned Van Johnson a special bronze plaque*

## HOLLYWOOD PARTY LINE

PHOTOPLAY's Gold Medal Awards Dinner will keep me dwelling on the dolls and guys whose glamour duds or quips furnished news during the hours they, and a few hundred famous others, spent cocktailing and dining in the Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel. No gal in any room could have topped PHOTOPLAY's top femme award winner, June Allyson, for sheer chic and simplicity, proving again, these two adjectives usually go hand-in-hand. June's chalk-white gown of crisp satin billowed out from a wallpaper waistline, was tight-bodiced, very décolleté and held aloft with tiny shoulder straps. A roll-back cuff of the white satin, about two inches wide, finished off the bodice across the bustline and at the sides. But where bodice met shoulder straps in the back, the narrow cuff became flame-red velvet, widening slightly as it slanted down center-back and then became a hanging wide red sash from waistline to hem. No trimmings, no junk jewelry for Junie, just striking smartness.

Jane Wyman was simply done up, too, in her semitailored dinner dress of creamy satin; its shortish skirt a mass of fullness. And, oh, that tiny waistline! Ann Blyth was sporting a new hair-do that was half Italian bob in front, half a large bun in back. Ann's gown was of iridescent blue taffeta. Another Anne—meaning Anne Francis—was in black, a real smart job, too . . . Vera-Allen gets lots of kidding about usually wearing too much of everything, but she's a doll and doesn't give a dern. Vera and her bridegroom, Vic Rothschild, held hands all through dinner and the amusing entertainment. Vera was in black lace, and she was wearing her blonde hair in a huge bun at the nape of her neck. Around the bun were entwined rhinestones. She also wore a big rhinestone necklace and enormous long drop earrings of rhinestones. If Vera was also wearing flowers pinned to her shoulder or to her bag or gloves, I was just too dern dazzled to note!

*Continued*

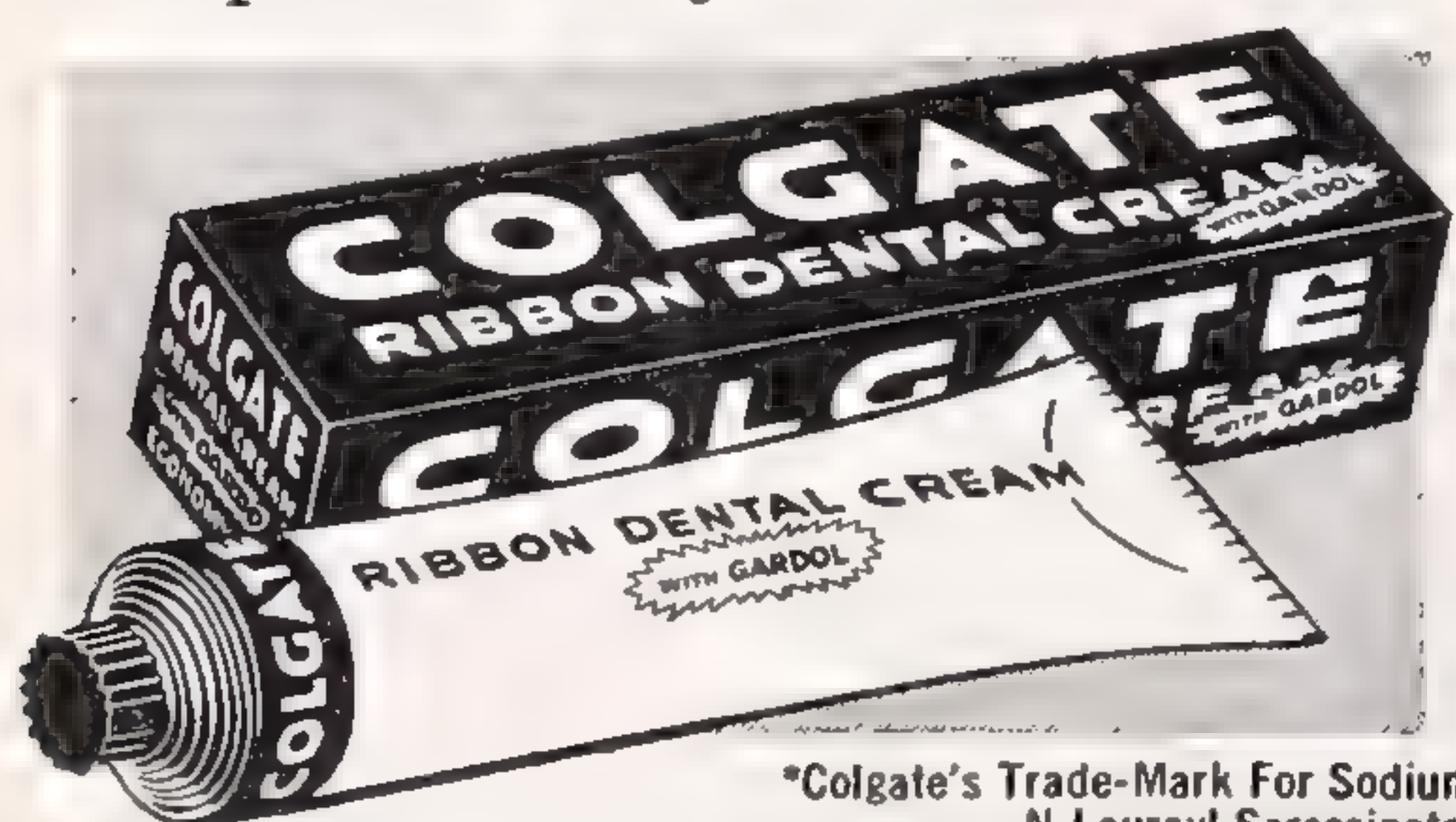


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Protection  
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\*Colgate's Trade-Mark For Sodium N-Lauroyl Sarcosinate.

**Every Time You Use It... New Colgate's  
CLEANS YOUR BREATH While It  
GUARDS YOUR TEETH!**

**HOLLYWOOD PARTY LINE** *continued*



*Jack Lemmon picks up his award from Photoplay's editor, Ann Higginbotham*

*Jane Powell and Dr. McNulty were on hand to share with Ann Blyth her citation*



Jane Powell, with a cute new short, short haircut (not the messy kind!) wore a very, very sophisticated full-length red satin gown; Lori Nelson, even purtier than usual, was in seafoam green lace and taffeta, draped tightly around her slim shape, and its skirt featuring a huge bustle-type bow . . . Barbara Rush looked more sophisticated than one is used to seeing her, in an Irish original. Jack Lemmon shone in a plaid dinner jacket.

Jane Russell was in red with a stunning black fox cape stole thrown over her shoulders. However, the fur neither hid the low, low neckline of Jane's dress nor the startling effect of her completely shorn locks! Extra-startling because Jane for years has been a hold-out on cutting her flowing locks. Said Jane, whose coif has a pompadour effect over the forehead but is shingled in back, "I look like a female Tony Curtis!" . . . Kim Novak almost went Jane one better in the low-necked department in her tight-fitting, long gown of pink-mauve lace, cut to an inch below

the waistline in back! That's where her wide shoulder straps disappeared. Kim was with Kerwin Matthews only because her real feller, Mac Krim, was out of town. Dick Powell, looking over Kim's sexy getup, killed everyone by cracking from the dais, "Kids that age are so cute" . . . Dick did such a rib-tickling job as master of ceremonies I have to mention it. Like f'rinstance when Ed Purdom's award was announced and Purdom proved to be missing, Dick flipped, "Oh—I know where *he* is!"

In the glitter crowd that watched both seasoned stars and newcomers get their awards Judy Garland (in a plum-colored velvet maternity dinner dress topped by one of those tiny jewelled lids she loves), June Haver and Fred MacMurray, the Howard Keels (he sporting the craziest crew-cut in town!), Anne Jeffreys and Bob Sterling, a dream couple off tv as well as on! Also Jeanne Crain, with her new inky black hair and wearing a watermelon pink, full-skirted floor-length gown. And Janet Leigh in a coral to orange

*Continued*

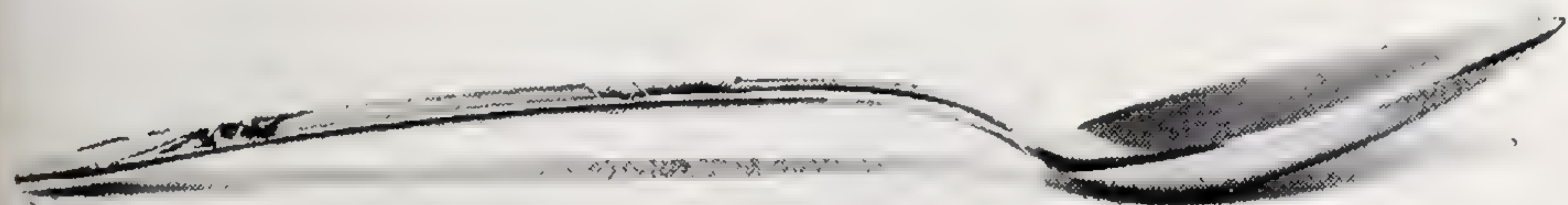




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## HOLLYWOOD PARTY LINE *continued*

floor-length number of Jersey and net, so tight-fitting from its high neckline to hip that it revealed more of Janet than a Bikini could! And she looked good.

Cute Sue Carson, an hilarious singing-comedienne long neglected by Hollywood, got raves for herself at PHOTOPLAY's dinner when the Tinseltowners brought her back for encores galore. She not only wowed with her delivery, but was deliciously dressed in decollete sheath of simple white. Result: Sue was positively deluged next day with picture offers from the many studio execs who were present that night!

Well, I've used so much space on the above that I'll turn into "quickies" a few affairs that oughta be longies. (Wanna keep you up-to-date on everything partyish in Jollywood, y'know!) Now then:

There was the offly chic soiree preceding the regular opening of the new gorgeous Persian Room—also at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Don Loper, plus \$80,000, managed to transform the old Palm Terrace into a "modern miracle" in a mere eighteen days. Ogling with

delight the elegant decor were some of the best-dressed gals in town (lots of 'em dressed by Don too) and they included Ann Miller with Bill O'Connor, Merle Oberon and Rex Ross, Joan Crawford, Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman, Irene Dunne, Sonja Henie and Alfie de la Vega and lots of local socialites.

Jack Warner took over the Rodeo Room to entertain for General O. P. Wayland, who was of such help in the filming of Alan Ladd's "The McConnell Story." Gary Cooper, June Allyson and Dick Powell, the Jean Hersholts, Virginia Mayo and Mike O'Shea, Terry Moore, the Tommy Noonans, Dana Andrews, cute Rosemarie Bowe (pining for Bob Stack who was in Japan shooting "Bamboo Curtain"), Karen Sharpe with Bill Guthrie, Diana Lynn, Doe Avedon and Georgie Jessel were in the crowd. . . . There was a star turnout for Marguerite Piazza's bow at the Coconut Grove. She scored a smash hit with such ringsiders as the Van Johnsons, Lana Turner and Lex Barker, Piper Laurie, who was dating David Schine (he raised you-know-what with



*Jane Russell, with Bob Waterfield, stopped the show with her low, low neckline and short hair-do*

*Still at the hand-holding stage were Vera-Ellen, aglitter with rhinestones, groom Vic Rothschild*







Only Bobbi is specially designed to give the softly feminine wave necessary for this new "Blithe Spirit" hairstyle. No nightly settings are needed.



Soft, natural from the start... that's the "Soft Talk" hairstyle after a Bobbi. And Bobbi is so simple to give!



Bobbi's soft curls make a natural, informal wave like this possible. A Bobbi always gives you care-free curls as in this winsome "Capulet" hairdo.



Bobbi is made especially to give young, free and easy hairstyles like this "Confection" hairdo. And the curl stays in—no matter what the weather.

NEVER TIGHT, NEVER FUSSY

## Softly feminine hairstyles like these are yours with a Bobbi—the special pin-curl permanent for soft, natural curls

If you dread most permanents because you definitely don't want tight, fussy curls, Bobbi is just right for you. This easy pin-curl permanent is specially designed for today's newest softly feminine hairstyles.

Bobbi gives a curl *where* you want it, the way you want it—always soft, natural, and vastly becoming! It has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair.

You pin-curl your hair just once. Apply Bobbi's special Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water. Let dry, brush out...immediately you'll be happy with your hair. And the soft, natural look lasts week after week. If you like softly feminine hairstyles, you'll love a Bobbi.

**New 20-Page Hairstyle Booklet!** Colorful collection of new softly feminine hairstyles. Easy-to-follow setting instructions. Hints! Tips! Send now for "Set-It-Yourself Hairstyles." Your name, address, 10c in coin to: Bobbi, Box 3600, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.



Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi. No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting. Everything you need—New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins. \$1.50 plus tax.



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beauty to your  
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Helene Curtis



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plus egg**

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*The MacMurrays shun night life but came out for that certain GM party*



*The Sid Lufts. Judy's tiny, jewelled hats are becoming her trademark*

photogs who tried to snap them), Wanda Hendrix and her husband Jim Stack, the Keefe Brasselles, the Spike Joneses, and Sonja Henie who was with Liberace. Liberace wasn't wearing a polka-dot shirt with his Tux that night. But he was sporting a diamond ring in the shape of a piano! And Mamie Van Doren (with Hugh O'Brian) had a large rhinestone tiara atop her head. Next night she wore it to Johnnie Ray's opening at Ciro's and had a large tiff with her date, Bob Neal, and left the place by herself, leaving a couple dozen people wondering whether this is love!

There was a "Youth Night" premiere at the Iris Theater in Hollywood for "White Feather," which boasts a lot of younger players. Debra Paget, in pastel pink, strapless gown with full skirt of net, topped by a beaded long-waisted bodice, was with Hugh O'Brian. Debra was wearing the biggest, longest, widest, chandelier earrings yet eyed—and a new semi-short soft hair-do. Virginia Leith, Jeff Hunter and Edward Franz also helped host scads of high-school boys and gals for the occasion. The way those gals and fellas respond to the pic, there's all good reason to believe that "White Feather" will be a hit, which should make Jeff and Debra and Hugh happy about what's ahead for them in their careers. They all did a very good job along with Bob Wagner, who's in "White Feather," too.

And now we get to what should be called "The Henie Does It Again Party!" She sure did! Sonja took over all Ciro's for her enormous Circus Party and believe me, traffic on the Sunset Strip was jammed up before, during and after the affair! Wot with Sonja arriving on an elephant, a loudly playing calliope and a bunch of snake charmers performing with live reptiles

in front of the place, it's no wonder! Guests were routed from the usual cafe entrance so that they had to climb steps and pass a big animal cage (containing a live hippopotamus, among other things) on the way in. The bar and main room were transformed to a replica of "the big top" with trapeze and other circus artists performing during dinner.

Sonja was a doll in her bareback rider costume and handed out lavish prizes for the most original getups, etc. Mrs. Reggie Gardiner got one for her fantastic costume that "transformed" her into a trained seal! Authentic in every way—even to the black flippers over her arms and a golder ball on her head—anchored to the black sheath that covered her from tip to toe. She also had bits of cellophane pasted to her face to make her look wet!

Judy Garland wasn't in costume, was rollickingly gay and saying she always feels her best when she's pregnant. Vera-Ellen was a fortune-teller; Cesar Romero a Gaucho, Jane Withers a tramp clown; ditto Edgar Bergen whose Frances came as a snake charmer. Susie Hayward was an elephant trainer, Zsa Zsa Gabor, in black robes long black wig, dead white face and four-inch fingernails, came as Vampire; Peggy Lee came as a Tattooed Lady; Jon Hall as Ramar of the Jungle—natch! Rory Calhoun was a Ring master. His cute frau, Lita, and I went as twin bearded ladies. James Mason wore a big false nose that lighted up—and *nobody* recognized him. Johnnie Ray, Jeanne Crain, the Van Heflins, Janie Powell were others I glimpsed tangled up among millions of yards of paper streamers in the wee hours. Hundreds danced and danced to the tune of three bands that played constantly into the wee wee hours of the morning and enjoyed the delicious and exotic refreshments.



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## NEW PLAYTEX *High Style* GIRDLE



1. Oo-la-la . . . that lean, lithe French look! Thanks to miracle latex outside that slims sleekly from waist to thigh—like magic!

2. Hip-hip-hooray . . . what freedom! Not a seam, stitch or bone anywhere . . . and inside, cloud-soft fabric for extra comfort.

3. C'est magnifique! A new non-roll top you'll adore. All this—for an amazingly low \$5.95!

The chic lines of Paris—in carefree American comfort—are yours with this newest Playtex Girdle! We call it High Style . . . you'll call it wonderful! World's *only* girdle to give all three: miracle-slimming *latex* outside, cloud-soft *fabric* inside—and a new *non-roll* top. Trims you sleekly, leaves you free . . . *no matter what your size!* Playtex High Style washes in seconds—and you can practically watch it dry.

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**New Playtex† Living† Bra\***  
The model in the photograph is wearing this exciting bra for the high, round look Paris loves—you will, too! And it's "custom-contoured" for perfect fit! \$3.95



# LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

WITH JANET GRAVES

★★★★ EXCELLENT

★★★ VERY GOOD

★★ GOOD

★ FAIR



Best Acting: James Dean  
Julie Harris

## *East of Eden*

WARNERS; CINEMASCOPE, WARNER COLOR

★★★★ An age-old theme, full of meaning for every human creature, is at the heart of this striking drama. It is the need for love, and it twists the life of a youth played by James Dean, here making an arresting movie debut. His wild mood, puzzling to his father (Raymond Massey), rises from a longing for his father's affection. The boy is jealous of his sunnier-natured brother (Richard Davalos), envious of the brother's romance with Julie Harris. Julie, in her second film appearance, scores as a girl who has felt a lack of love in her own childhood—so can understand Dean's situation. As the boys' supposedly dead mother, Jo Van Fleet combines emotion and pathos. Directed by Elia Kazan (who made "On the Waterfront"), the film beautifully re-creates California towns and countryside of 1917.

ADULT

*Deeply troubled, James Dean is comforted by Julie Harris.*



## *Marty*

★★★★ Wonderfully warm and funny and sympathetic, this movie does a more everyday treatment of the same theme than "East of Eden." It's a love story linking average, unglamorous people. Ernest Borgnine, whose stockade sergeant in "From Here to Eternity" brought him more sadistic-villain roles, suddenly convinces you that he's a thoroughly goodhearted guy. He plays a New York butcher, a solid citizen hoping to buy the shop where he works. A 34-year-old bachelor, who thinks of himself as "fat and ugly," he spends evenings seeking entertainment with his Bronx cronies. He finds what he's really looking for when he meets a drab, shy schoolteacher, lonely as he is—but complications arise. Betsy Blair joins in making these scenes deeply affecting. Accents and backgrounds are New York, but the emotions are universal. FAMILIAR

*With each other, Ernest Borgnine and Betsy Blair find each other.*



## *Blackboard Jungle*

M-G

★★★ As an underpaid, sorely tried big-city schoolteacher, Glenn Ford faces shocking problems torn right out of today's headlines. A knowledgeable war veteran, he begins his teaching career at a boys' high school in a slum section (apparently on New York's Lower East Side). Greeted with sullying or jeering defiance by his class, he tries doggedly to get through to the boys, even after he's been subjected to an alley beating. Though it comes to a smashing climax, the story seems more like an article than a piece of fiction; it's bursting with controversial ideas and crusading indignation. Glenn gets able support from Vic Morrow, as a frightening young hoodlum, Sidney Poitier, as the most promising student, Richard Kiley, as an idealistic teacher. But Anne Francis looks too youthful as Glenn's wife.

FAMILY

*Glenn finally has a showdown with troublemaker Vic Morrow.*





Attractive Modern Chest in blond oak. Equipped with Lane's convenient self-lifting tray. Model #3132. \$59.95\*

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**Whether you're dreaming of marriage,** a career, or both, someday you're going to want to furnish a home of your own.

It's easier—and lots more fun—to gather towels, sheets and all of the lovely things you'll need a little at a time. And the best place to keep them is in the fra-

grant safety of a Lane Cedar Chest.

**If you're already married,** a Lane will solve your storage problems, keeping precious blankets and woolens clean and fresh—safe from moths and dust—as no other storage method can.

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*\*\$5.00 higher in the West due to greater freight costs—and higher in Canada.*



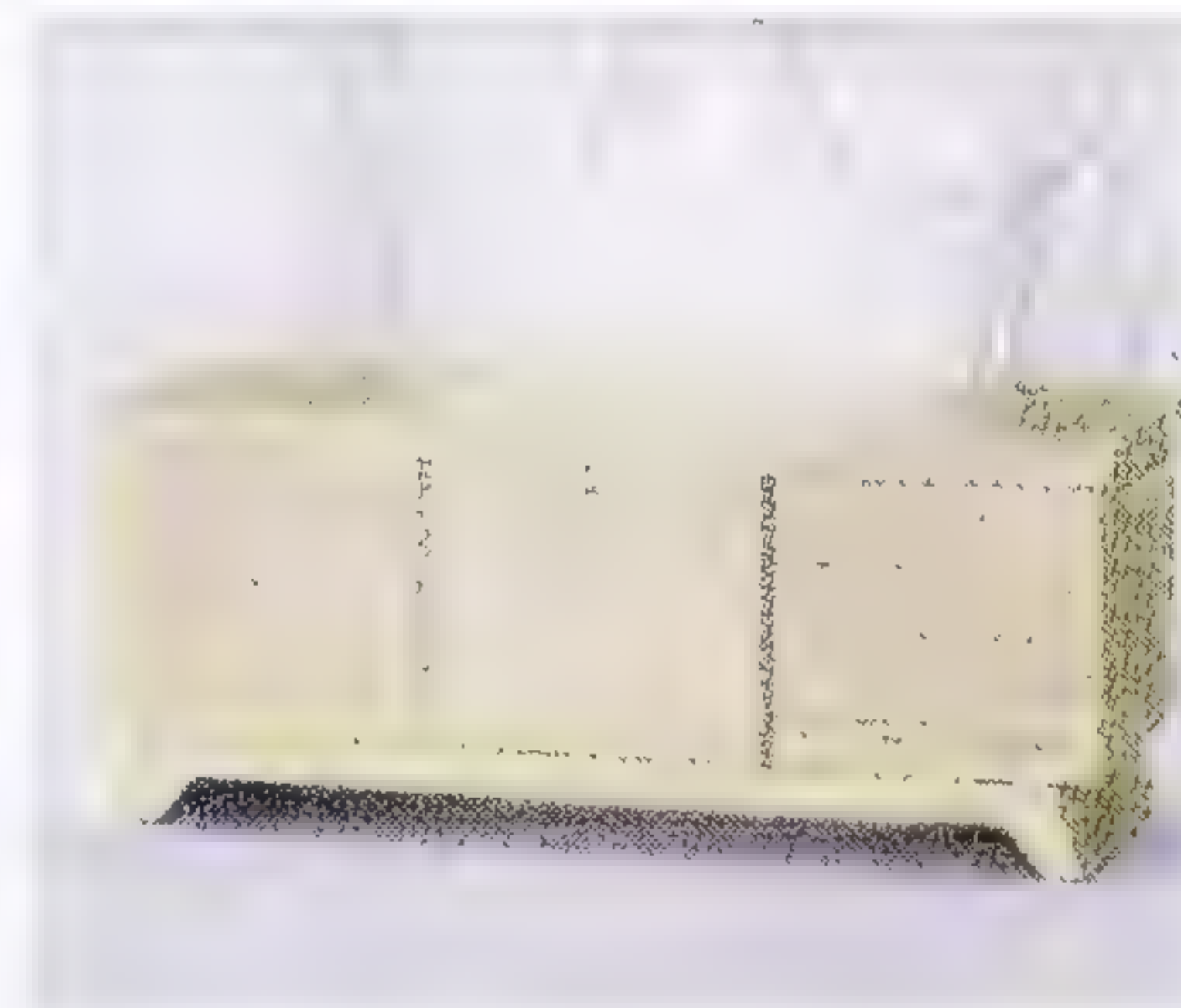
**Modern Lowboy** in blond oak. Opens at top; drawer in base. Model #2920. \$79.95\*



**Handsome 18th-Century Chest** in mahogany with self-lifting tray. Model #2601. \$59.95\*



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*in my maidenform bra*

Shades of Scheherazade! I'm soaring over the shifting sands  
...higher than the minaret spires  
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I'm shaped so beautifully...molded so divinely...  
I'm the loveliest figure in 1001 Nights of dreaming!

The dream of a bra: Maidenform's Etude\* in white  
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## THE HOLLYWOOD STORY

BY SHIRLEY THOMAS

NBC's Hollywood Correspondent

The soldiers cheered themselves hoarse and the sound of their applause was like an artillery barrage. They whistled, screamed and stamped in a demonstration such as the ancient hills of Korea had never witnessed. Every one of them was fully armed, with a loaded camera. "Hey, wait a minute. . . ." they shouted. "Just one more snapshot," they pleaded.

The girl who had provoked the frenzy was exhausted. Weary from the grind of motion-picture production in Hollywood, fatigued from the long trans-Pacific plane trip and spent from the mad, whirling merry-go-round of appearances before service personnel, she stood and smiled. Each photo, she thought to herself, is a small payment on a big debt that can never be marked "Paid in Full." Her love for the Army went 'way back. And as she posed and waved and smiled, her thoughts drifted back in time. . . .

She was fifteen years old. Life, up to that point, was something you lived every day, but found little joy in doing. You ate, you slept, you lived—if you cared to call it living. You awoke each morning and you knew that the new day would be like hundreds that had preceded it, with neither excitement nor love, only insecurity.

Then, one day, the girl's guardian had suggested she find a job, to supplement the meager income of the household. The guardian worked in a factory that made remote-controlled target planes for the Army, planes invented by the former movie star Reginald Denny. She applied for a job there and got one and she accepted her new duties as she did everything else—as a matter of course. Her job, however, was strict-

*Continued*





nothing  
draws

a man to a  
woman like

# Crushed Rose

you smooth it on, and sud-  
denly love is just a kiss away!  
fresh new color plucked from  
garden and crushed to an  
unbelievable brilliance! (And  
that brilliance will last, for this  
Max Factor's Color-fast lip-  
stick.) Crushed Rose... *your*  
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fashion's  
magnetic  
new color in

**max Factor's** Color-fast **lipstick**



the only non-smear type lipstick with stay-on lustre





Yes, Cyd Charisse uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

**It never dries** your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin . . . foams into rich lather, even in hardest water . . . leaves hair so easy to manage.

**It beautifies!** For soft, bright, fragrantly clean hair—without special after-rinses—choose the shampoo of America's most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

*Hollywood's favorite* Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Never Dries—  
it Beautifies!



*Cyd Charisse*

co-starring in **IT'S ALWAYS FAIR WEATHER**

An M-G-M Production. In CinemaScope and Color.

## THE HOLLYWOOD STORY

*continued*

ly routine, packing parachutes for the planes. She had learned all there was to know about the job in two days and then it, like her life, dulled into endless repetition.

An Army photographer came around one day to take some photos of the factory operation. He hadn't planned to use any people in the shots, but when he saw the girl he changed his mind. At fifteen, still immature, she gave promise of the breath-taking beauty she would become. She posed willingly—any break in her routine was appreciated.

That was how it all began. The Army man's photos led to a modeling job and the modeling assignments soon stirred the long-dormant dreams of becoming an actress. The next few years were filled with hopes and heartbreaks as she was signed, and dropped, by two major studios. She was close to her great goal—and yet so far. Well, she finally made it and the fruits of success were all the sweeter for having been denied her so long. . . .

"Thanks a lot," the soldiers were



*Marilyn has the Army to thank*

saying. "It sure was swell of you." She left the wooden platform set in the bare desolate hills of the strange, foreign land and headed for the waiting car and another appearance. She turned to the soldiers. "Thank you," she said—and she meant it. Thank you, she repeated to herself—for giving me the start on the road up, for helping me to discover the world is not a loveless cage. The car sped away in the growing darkness, carrying MARILYN MONROE.

*Listen to Shirley Thomas from Hollywood on NBC Radio in the Pacific coast area at 5:30 P.M., PST Sundays. Also to Shirley Thomas Reports on Weekend, 3-5 P.M., EST Sundays, over NBC Radio. Consult newspapers for time and station*



# MOVIES

Continued from page 20

★★★★ EXCELLENT

★★★ VERY GOOD

★★ GOOD

★ FAIR

## *The Glass Slipper*

M-G-M, EASTMAN COLOR

★★ Like Leslie Caron's much-loved "Lili," her new film is a romance with a fairy-tale flavor, but not actually a fantasy. Leslie's a little slavey scorned by her stepmother and step-sisters; but, thanks to a mysterious old lady, she does go to the royal ball; and she wins the heart of the prince. Yes, it's the classic *Cinderella* story, done in a mythical-kingdom setting, with dances including a dream ballet. Michael Wilding makes a dashing prince; Elsa Lanchester, a snippy step-mother. But chief plaudits belong to Estelle Winwood, as Leslie's benefactress, more witchlike than godmotherly. She lends a touch of earthy humor to the proceedings, producing the ball gown and the famous coach with light-fingered ease. Though the picture hasn't the airy grace or the wistful appeal of "Lili," it casts a spell of its own.

FAMILY

*On first meeting, Leslie doesn't know who Michael really is*



## *A Life in the Balance*

20TH

★★ Brilliant Mexican backgrounds and a genuine feeling for human character lift this thriller above the usual suspense film. Ricardo Montalban, able and attractive, is an unemployed musician, a widower with a small son (Jose Perez). When a feminine acquaintance of Ricardo is murdered, he is suspected of being the maniac who has terrorized the city. Unaware of his plight, Ricardo pursues a romance with pretty Anne Bancroft, a girl who's also out of a job. Parallel to these gay scenes run the adventures of little Jose, who has seen the real killer, turns sleuth to clear his father—and is captured by the madman. As portrayed by Lee Marvin, even this ogre seems pitifully real, sick of soul. The final chase scene, though impressively tense, is lackluster, but locales come to the rescue.

FAMILY

*Their search ended, Anne and Ricardo see a cornered killer*



## *Man Without a Star*

U-I, TECHNICOLOR

★★ A good, lusty Western casts Kirk Douglas as a rover who flees one range war only to run into another. The story harks back to the days when the open range was being gradually fenced in with barbed wire. Scarred from battles over his development, Kirk drifts north and on his way acquires a protégé. This is young William Campbell, doing an admirable job with his first important role. A green kid, Bill learns his lessons from the veteran gunfighter only too well. The two go to work on a ranch owned by Jeanne Crain, an unscrupulous woman ready to buck all the decent local ranchers and graze her cattle anywhere she pleases, even at the risk of gunplay. Richard Boone's appropriately tough as gunman; Claire Trevor's a likable fancy lady; Myrna Hansen pulls Bill toward respectability.

FAMILY

*With Kirk coaching, William Campbell learns ranch skills*







## So bright... so BLONDE

With Marchand's Golden Hair Wash, anyone — time-darkened brownette, brunette, redhead—can be a bright, bewitching blonde! Or you can lighten a mere shade, add golden lights, a gleam of bronze. Safely, easily... everything you need in one package. Famous for 50 years, Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is still the favorite today. Not a dye; the complete home hair lightener. Lightens arm and leg hair, too. At fine drug-stores everywhere.

60¢ and 90¢ plus tax



## MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

If going lighter is not your choice...



use this  
other  
famous  
MARCHAND  
product

Choose from 12 smart Marchand Rinse shades to brighten your natural hair color, add shining lights. Special shades blend in gray streaks. Govt. approved colors, wash out easily. At all fine drug and variety stores.

6 Rinses 25c 2 Rinses 10c

### White Feather

20TH; CINEMASCOPE,  
TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ In a substantial Western sympathetic to the Indians' lost cause, Bob Wagner is a surveyor trying to keep peace with the Cheyennes. He's involved in their plight through his hazardously achieved friendship with Jeffrey Hunter, the chief's son—and through love for Debra Paget, Jeff's sister. John Lund is the Army officer trying to negotiate a treaty with the Cheyennes against the objections of the fiery younger braves. Though Jeff, leader of this faction, doesn't look too much like an Indian, his performance suggests the called-for fierceness and pride. Scenes in the Cheyennes' camp show good detail, vividly picturing a vanished way of life.

FAMILY

Cinerama Holiday DE ROCHEMONT; CINERAMA,  
TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ The second film made in this spectacular process presents another exciting travelogue on the vast triple screen. It has only the slightest of story lines, following two young couples as the Swiss pair tours the United States and their American counterparts see Europe. Highlights include magnificent views of the Alps, a dizzying bobsled ride and a take-off and landing in a carrier-based jet. The four young honeymooners (not actors) are appealingly natural.

FAMILY

### Run for Cover

PARAMOUNT; VISTA-  
VISION, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ James Cagney's solid-acting assurance and an offbeat performance by John Derek give extra interest to an engaging horse opera. Chance acquaintances on the trail, Jimmy and John are mistaken for bandits and nearly lynched. The younger man emerges from the brawl with a crippled leg that leaves him in a state of bitterness and self-pity. When the townspeople appoint Jimmy sheriff (by way of apology for the mob's error), he tries to rehabilitate Derek by making him deputy. A second attack by bandits leads to some surprising plot developments and an actionful finish. Cagney and Viveca Lindfors, as a gentle Swedish settler, share the quiet love interest.

FAMILY

### Untamed

20TH; CINEMASCOPE,  
DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓ With Susan Hayward as a sort of bush-league Scarlett O'Hara and Tyrone Power as a frontier adventurer, here's an epic of South Africa's pioneering days. Susan's an aggressive Irish lady who, with husband John Justin, joins the Dutch settlers' Great Trek into the interior. Justin is killed when the wagon train is attacked by Zulus. But Susan's undiscouraged, for she's had her sights set on Ty all along. He, however, has dedicated his life to founding a Dutch Free State in South Africa. A contender for Susan is brutish Richard Egan. The story leaps from plot to plot, and there's some fine, ripe old dialogue. But the emotion-loaded scenes are set against the magnificent

vistas a camera crew brought back from Africa.

ADU

Stranger on Horseback U.A., ANSCO COL

✓✓ For most of its length, this Western is suspenseful and pleasantly humorous. As a circuit-court judge, ready to turn law-enforcement officer if necessary, Joel McCrea arrives in a small town ruthlessly dominated by John McIntire and his family. Joel finds that McIntire's arrogant son (Kevin McCarthy) has literally gotten away with murder. So the judge sets about the dangerous business of finding enough evidence to make an arrest. The killer's sister, Miroslava falls in love with Joel, and her allegiances waver. Unfortunately, the story comes to a rather flat and listless ending.

FAMILY

It Came from Beneath the Sea COLUM

✓✓ Another science-fiction monster meets humanity in this amusing thriller. Ships sailing the Pacific suddenly disappear without trace. A clue to the mystery is found when an atomic sub under Kenneth Tobey's command rams an unidentified sea creature in the depths. Shreds of its flesh, clinging to the hull, are brought back for analysis by Faith Domergue, a scientist who looks about as scientific as this movie. Her verdict is that the monster is a huge octopus, driven upward from its natural home as a result of H-bomb experiments. She's proved right when the octopus, which has somehow acquired a taste for people, launches an attack on the San Francisco waterfront.

FAMILY

Land of Fury RANK, U-I; TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ The wild landscapes of New Zealand are the chief attraction of this British-made pioneering story. Early in the 19th century, Jack Hawkins brings his bride Glynis Johns from England to settle in the unexplored land down under. He makes friends with the local Maori chief, but the friendship is threatened when the chief's seductive wife lures Hawkins in a misstep. Fights between Maori tribes and later the settlers' desperate stand against hostile Maoris provide lively action. But the movie is handicapped by a disorganized script, that keeps wandering into puzzling blind alleys.

FAMILY

Escape to Burma RKO; SUPERSCOPE  
EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓ Both experienced hands at the drama, Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Ryan co-star in a tale of danger and romance. Ryan is a fugitive accused of having murdered the son of a Burmese ruler. Without revealing his background, he finds refuge at Barbara's remote tea plantation, becomes her overseer and her lover. The idyl is rudely interrupted when David Farrar, as a British security officer, comes to arrest Ryan. Then the picture goes into a pattern of chases, captures and escapes through the jungle. Though the scenes were filmed on location, many of the sets and backgrounds are handsome with plenty of wild life.

ADU



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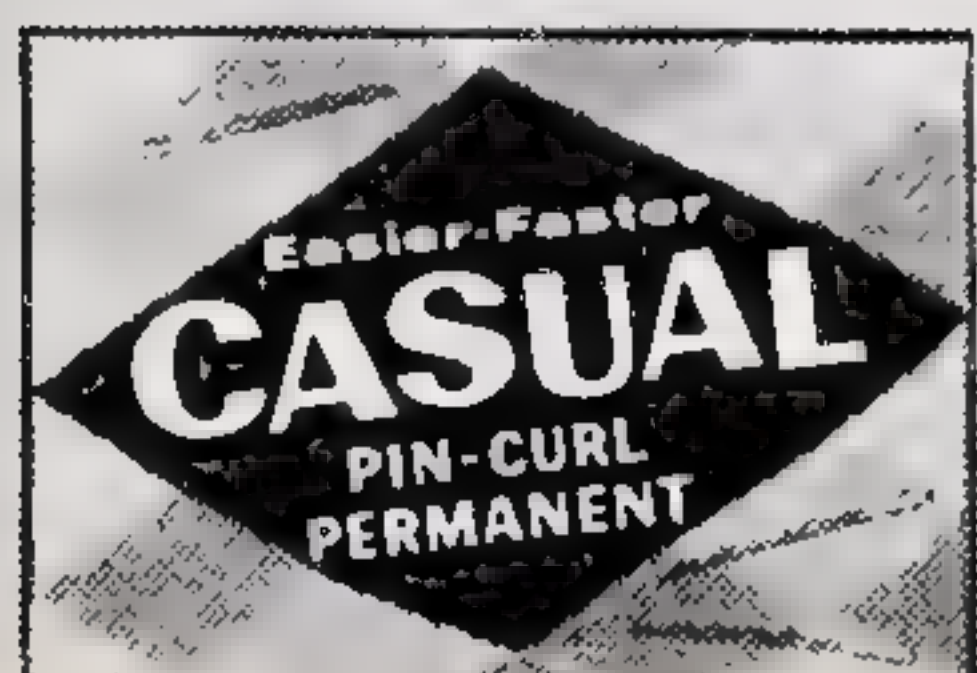
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# Casts of Current Pictures

**BLACKBOARD JUNGLE**—M-G-M. Directed by Richard Brooks: *Richard Dadier*, Glenn Ford; *Ann Dadier*, Anne Francis; *Jim Murdock*, Louis Calhern; *Lois Judby Hammond*, Margaret Hayes; *Mr. Waneke*, John Hoyt; *Joshua Y. Edwards*, Richard Kiley; *Mr. Halloran*, Emile Meyer; *Dr. Bradley*, Warner Anderson; *Prof. A. R. Kraal*, Basil Ruysdael; *Gregory W. Miller*, Sidney Poitier; *Artie West*, Vic Morrow; *Belazi*, Dan Terranova; *Pete V. Morales*, Rafael Campos; *Emmanuel Stoker*, Paul Mazursky; *Detective*, Horace McMahon; *Santini*, Jameel Farah; *De Lica*, Danny Dennis.

**CINERAMA HOLIDAY**—De Rochemont. Directed by Robert Bendick and Philippe de Lacy: Betty and John Marsh (of Kansas City, U.S.A.) and Beatrice and Fred Troller (of Zurich, Switzerland).

**EAST OF EDEN**—Warners. Directed by Elia Kazan: *Abra*, Julie Harris; *Cal Trask*, James Dean; *Adam Trask*, Raymond Massey; *Sam*, Burl Ives; *Aron Trask*, Richard Davalos; *Kate*, Jo Van Fleet; *Will*, Albert Dekker; *Ann*, Lois Smith; *Mr. Albrecht*, Harold Gordon; *Joe*, Timothy Carey; *Piscora*, Marjorie Siletti; *Roy*, Lonny Chapman; *Rantani*, Nick Dennis.

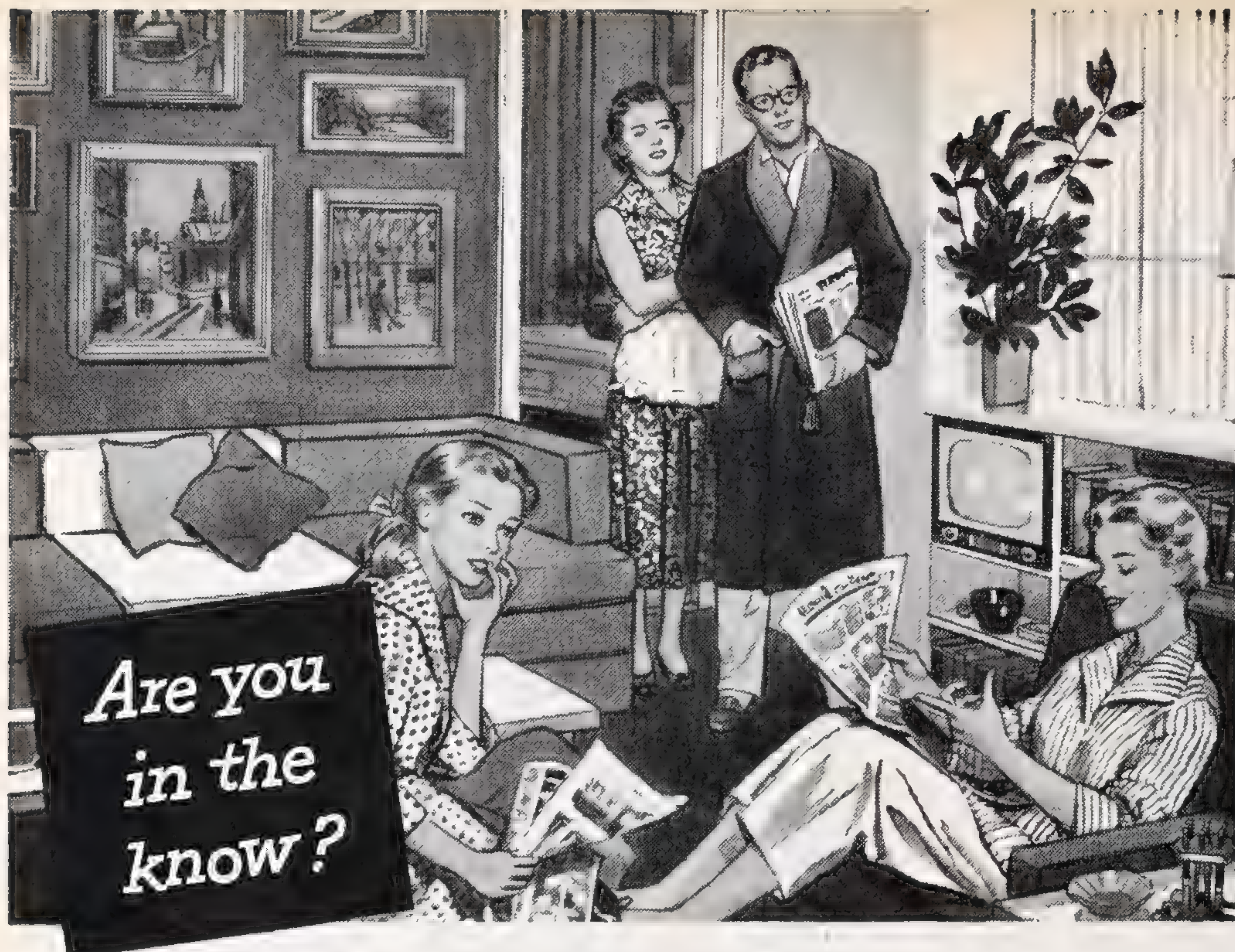
**ESCAPE TO BURMA**—RKO. Directed by Allan Dwan: *Gwen Moore*, Barbara Stanwyck; *Jim Breckenridge*, Robert Ryan; *Cardigan*, David Farrar; *Makeshift*, Murvyn Vye; *Andora*, Lisa Montell; *Sawba*, Robert Warwick; *Commissioner*, Reginald Denny; *Capt. of the Guard*, Peter Coe; *Dacoit*, Alex Montoya; *Kuma*, Robert Cabal; *Kasha*, Anthony Numkena; *Poo Ka*, Lala Chand Mehra.

**GLASS SLIPPER, THE**—M-G-M. Directed by Charles Walters: *Ella*, Leslie Caron; *Prince Charles*, Michael Wilding; *Kovin*, Keenan Wynn; *Mrs. Tiquet*, Estelle Winwood; *Widow Sonder*, Elsa Lanchester; *Duke*, Barry Jones; *Birdena*, Amanda Blake; *Serafina*, Lisa Daniels; *Cousin Loulou*, Lurene Tuttle; *Tehara*, Lillian Montevecchi; *Ballet de Paris*.

**IT CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA**—Columbia. Directed by Robert Gordon: *Pete Mathews*, Kenneth Tobey; *Lesley Joyce*, Faith Domergue; *John Carter*, Donald Curtis; *Admiral Burns*, Ian Keith; *Admiral Norman*, Dean Maddox, Jr.; *Griff*, Lt. Griffiths, U.S.N.; *Bill Nash*, Harry Lauter; *Capt. Stacy*, Capt. R. Peterson, U.S.N.; *Asst. Secretary*, Robert Chase; *Del Courtney*, Navy interne, T. Avery; *Reporter*, Ray Storey; *Hall*, Rudy Putesky; *Aston*, Jack Littlefield; *McLeod*, Ed Fisher; *Kin*, Jules Irving.

**LAND OF FURY**—U-I. Directed by Ken Annakin: *Philip Wayne*, Jack Hawkins; *Marion Souther*, Glynis Johns; *Paddy Clarke*, Noel Purcell; *Moan*, Laya Raki; *Hongi Tepe*, Inia Te Wiata; *Awaru*, Patrick Warbrick; *Peter Wishart*, Kenneth William; *Rangiruru*, Tony Erstich; *Toroa*, Edward Baker.

**LIFE IN THE BALANCE, A**—20th. Directed by Harry Horner: *Antonio*, Ricardo Montalban; *Paco*, Jose Perez; *Micaela*, Anne Bancroft; *Carla*, Elsa Calvo; *Soldana*, Carlos Musquiz; *The Killer*, L. Marvin.



When inviting a house guest, should you—

- ☐ Limit her stay    ☐ Leave the departure date open    ☐ Say when

Let this visiting teen be a lesson—she who's taken over the family easy chair and favorite "funnies"! Can't blame her for staying on and on, though. After all, her hostess didn't specify how long. Be definite, time-wise, in inviting house guests; both as to

their arrival and exit—say *when*! Saves uncertainty, embarrassment all around. And when "that" time arrives, don't be vague about sanitary protection. Say *Kotex*\*, and get absorbency that doesn't fail... the trustworthy kind of protection you need!



If you play the coquette, can you—

- ☐ Lose Lover Boy    ☐ Join the school band  
☐ Triple your bookings

Ever think you could soup up his interest by being unpredictable? Playing games—like breaking dates at the 11th hour? Make no mistake—such tricks will zoom you into social oblivion! Just be yourself. And never let your *calendar* trick you into date breaking; not when there's *Kotex* to give you chafe-free softness that *holds its shape*. And you just *can't* make a mistake—because *Kotex* can be worn on either side, safely!



To lose that winter white look, fast, try—

- ☐ Flying to Florida    ☐ A tint stint  
☐ Par boiling

You know that just-crept-from-under-a-stone feeling—when everyone else is a glamorous bronze? Outwit those stares before they start! Before you trek beachward, tan your snowy hide with a clear skin tint. No need to cringe on certain days, either, even in your siren-est date dress. For those *flat pressed ends* of *Kotex* veto revealing outlines. Why not try *Kotex* in all 3 sizes, to find the one for you—Regular, Junior or Super?

**More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins**

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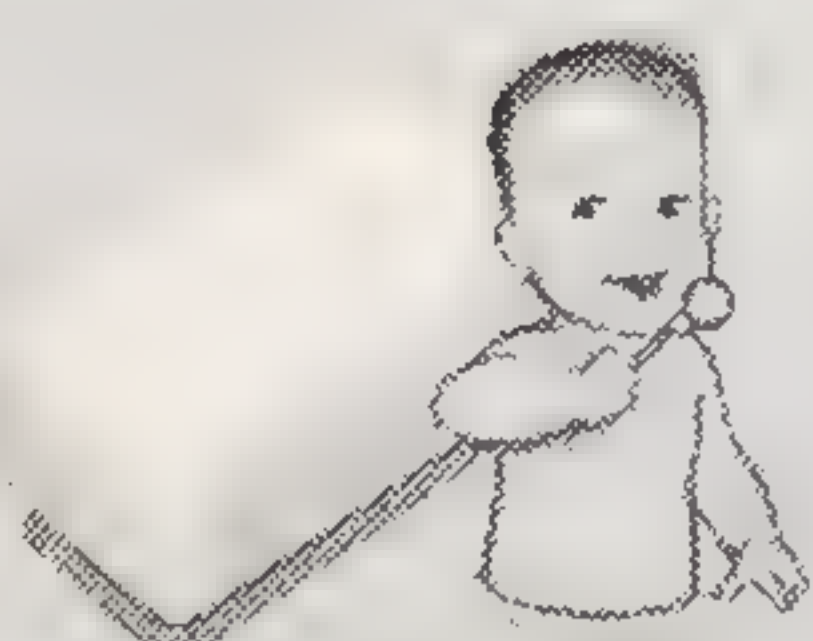
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Skin Specialists Say: "MILDER CLEANSING IS BETTER FOR YOUR COMPLEXION!"



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**PALMOLIVE SOAP HELPS YOU GUARD THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION LOOK!**



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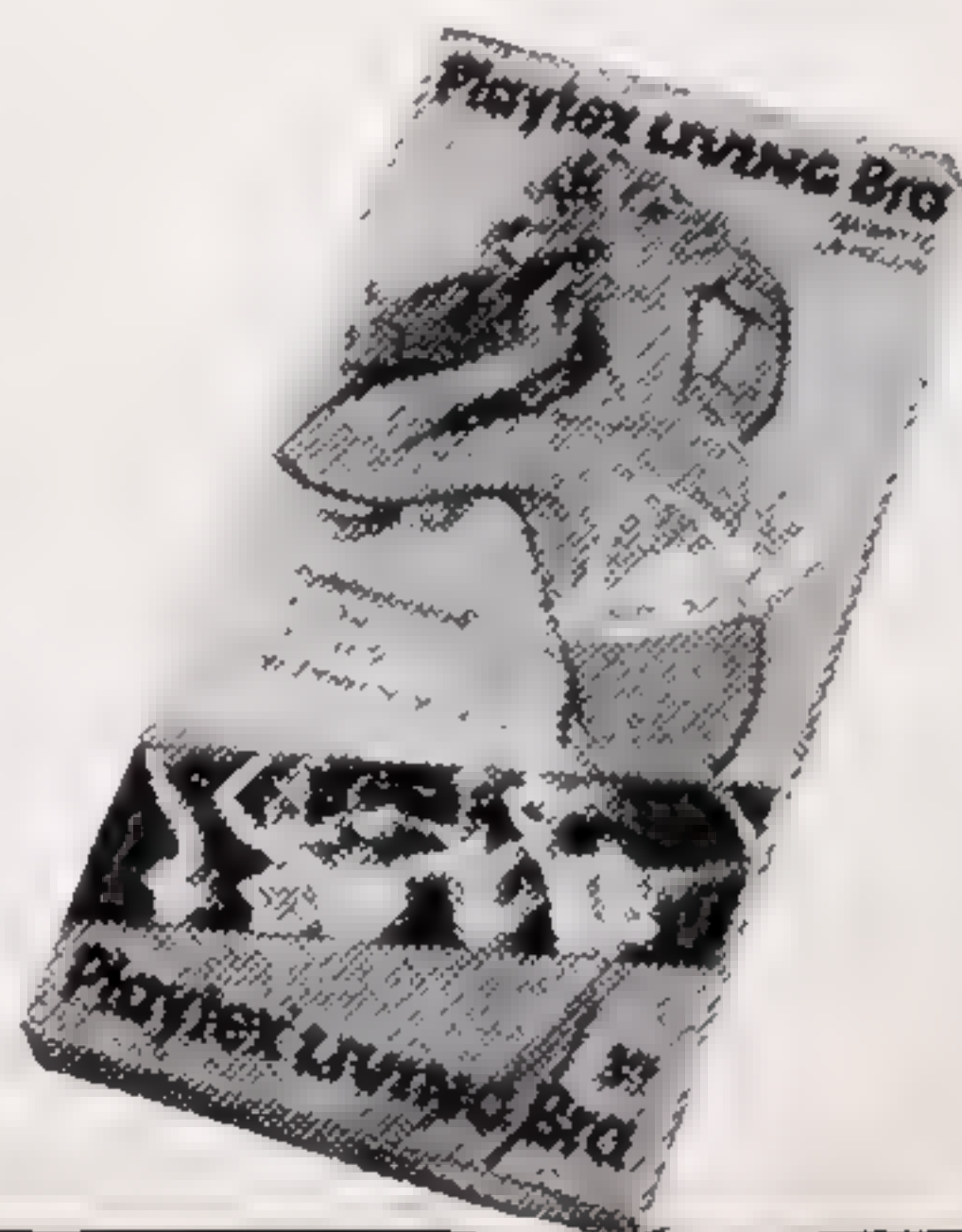


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## Casts of Current Pictures

*continued*

**MAN WITHOUT A STAR**—U-I. Directed by K. Vidor: *Dempsey Rae*, Kirk Douglas; *Reed Brown*, Jeanne Crain; *Idonee*, Claire Trevor; *Jeff Jims*, William Campbell; *Steve Miles*, Richard Boone; *McCasin Mary*, Mara Corday; *Tess Cassidy*, My Hansen; *Strap Davis*, Jay C. Flippen; *Bill Cassidy*, Eddy C. Waller; *Little Waco*, Frank Chase; *She Olson*, Roy Barcroft; *Box Car Alice*, Millicent I. Rick; *Hammer*, Casey MacGregor; *Jessup*, Jack gram; *Johnson*, Ewing Mitchell.

**MARTY**—U.A. Directed by Delbert Mann: *Mar Ernest Borgnine*; *Clara*, Betsy Blair; *Mrs. Pille Esther Minciotti*; *Catherine*, Augusta Ciolli; *Am Joe Mantell*; *Virginia*, Karen Steele; *Thomas*, Je Paris; *Ralph*, Frank Sutton; *The Kid*, Walter Kell Joe, Robin Morse.

**RUN FOR COVER**—Paramount. Directed by Nic las Ray: *Mat Dow*, James Cagney; *Helga Swens Viveca Lindfors*; *Davey Bishop*, John Derek; *Swenson*, Jean Hersholt; *Gentry*, Grant Withe Larsen, Jack Lambert; *Morgan*, Ernest Borgni Sheriff, Ray Teal; *Scotty*, Irving Bacon; *Pauls Trevor Bardette*; *Mayor Walsh*, John Miljan; *Ridgeway*, Gus Schilling; *Harvey*, Denver Py Banker, Emerson Treacy; *Andrews*, Phil Chambe Devers, Harold Kennedy; *Miller*, Joe Hawor Townsmen, Henry Wills, Rocky Shahan, Bob Folk son, Jack Montgomery, Frank Cordell, Fred Bai Howard Joslin.

**STRANGER ON HORSEBACK**—U.A.—Direc by Jacques Tourneur: *Rick Thorne*, Joel McCr Amy Lee Bannerman, Miroslava; *Tom Bannerm Kevin McCarthy*; *Josiah Bannerman*, John McInti Caroline Webb, Nancy Gates; *Colonel Streeter*, J Carradine; *Sheriff Nat Bell*, Emile Meyer; *Arn Hammer*, Robert Cornthwaite; *Vince Webb*, Jar Bell; *Paula Morison*, Jaclynne Greene.

**UNTAMED**—20th. Directed by Henry King: *P Van Riebeck*, Tyrone Power; *Katie O'Neill*, Su Hayward; *Kurt*, Richard Egan; *Shawn Kildare*, J Justin; *Aggie*, Agnes Moorehead; *Julia*, Rita More Maria De Groot, Hope Emerson; *Christian*, B Dexter; *Squire O'Neill*, Henry O'Neill; *Tscha Paul Thompson*; *Jan*, Alexander D. Havema Joubert, Louis Mercier; *Janstie*, Emmett Smi Simon, Jack Macy; *Mme. Joubert*, Trude Wyl Bani, Louis Pollimon Brown; *Maria's Children*, Br Corcoran, Linda Lowell, Tina Thompson, Gary Bobby Diamond; *Grandfather Joubert*, Edw Mundy; *Miss Joubert*, Catherine Pasques; *Joi Joubert*, Christian Pasques; *York*, Robert Adl Capt. Richard Eaton, John Dodsworth; *Driver-B Street*, Alberto Morin; *Schuman*, Philip Van Zan Young Paul, Kevin Corcoran; *Sir George Gr Charles Evans*; *Cornelius*, John Carlyle; *Lady V non*, Eleanor Audley.

**WHITE FEATHER**—20th. Directed by Robert Jacks: *Josh Tanner*, Robert Wagner; *Colonel Li say*, John Lund; *Appearing Day*, Debra Paget; *Lit Dog*, Jeffrey Hunter; *Chief Broken Hand*, Edua Franz; *Lt. Ferguson*, Noah Beery; *Ann Magrud Virginia Leith*; *Magruder*, Emile Meyer; *Americ Horse*, Hugh O'Brian; *Commissioner Trenton*, N burn Stone.



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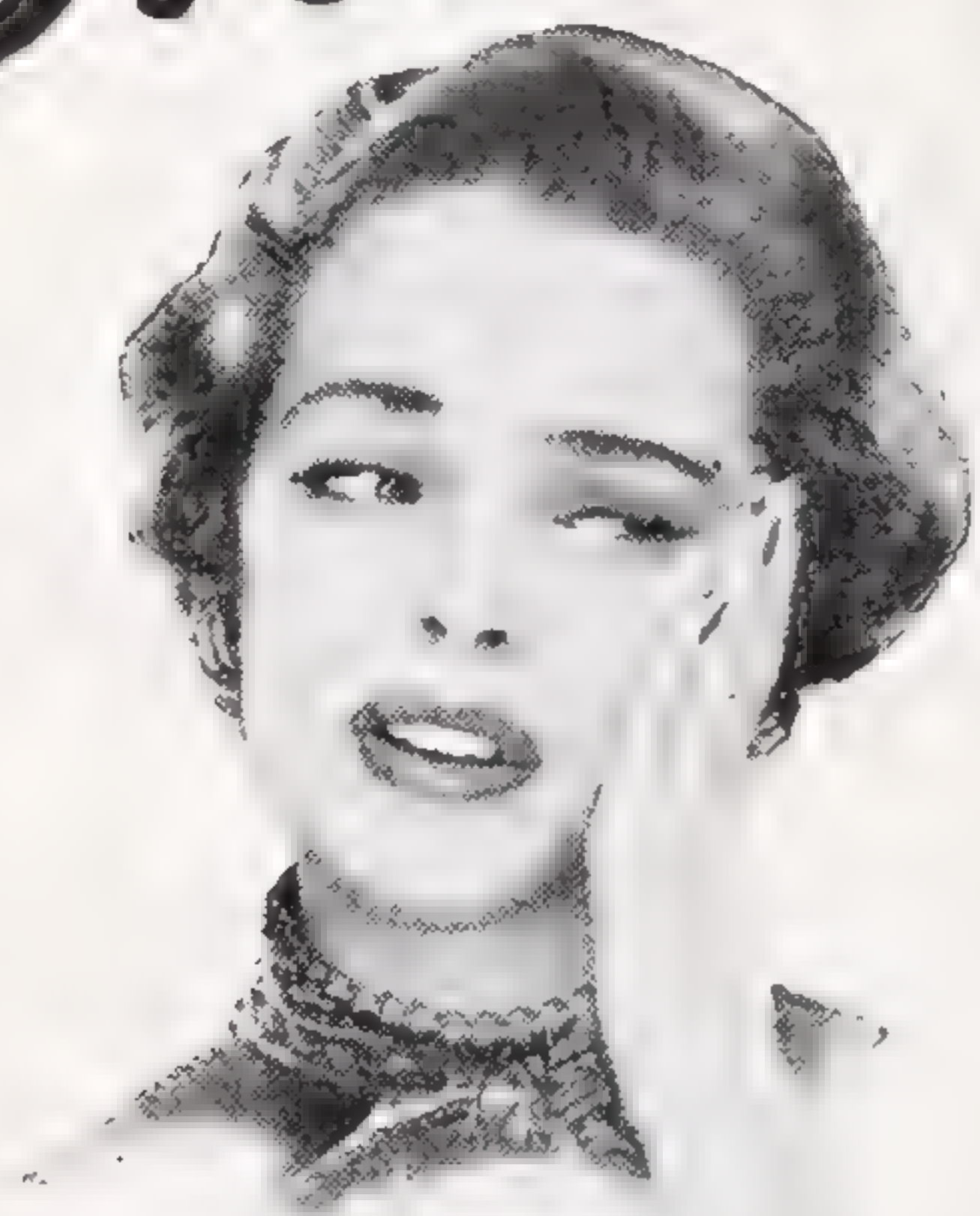
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# BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for months indicated. For this month's full reviews, see page 20.

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT

✓✓✓ VERY GOOD

✓✓ GOOD

✓ FAIR

A—ADULTS

F—FAMILY

✓✓✓✓ AMERICANO, THE—RKO, Eastman Color: Lively Western. Texas rancher Glenn Ford delivers prize bulls to Brazil, gets into a range war, with Frank Lovejoy and Ursula Thiess on opposing sides. Vivid location shots. (F) March

✓✓✓ BAD DAY AT BLACK ROCK—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: In an offbeat mystery, Spencer Tracy finds a small Western town is covering up a past crime, at Robert Ryan's command. With Anne Francis. (F) March

✓✓✓ BATTLE CRY—Warners; CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Aldo Ray and Tab Hunter are among young Marine recruits being trained for World War II by Van Heflin. Emphasis is on love stories, notably Aldo's and Nancy Olson's, Tab's and Mona Freeman's. (A) March

✓✓✓ BATTLE TAXI—U.A.: Modest but absorbing story of rescues by 'copters in the Korean war. Officer Sterling Hayden has a problem in Arthur Franz, former jet pilot. (F) April

✓✓✓ BRIDGES AT TOKO-RI, THE—Paramount, Technicolor: Simple, well-acted story of carrier-based jets over Korea. William Holden's a pilot; Grace Kelly, his wife; Fredric March, an admiral; Mickey Rooney, a 'copter pilot. (F) March

✓✓✓ CAPTAIN LIGHTFOOT—U-I; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Filmed in Ireland, this engaging swashbuckler casts Rock Hudson as a 19th century rebel against England's rule. Jeff Morrow's his leader; Barbara Rush, his love. (F) April

✓✓✓✓ CARMEN JONES—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Brilliant, unusual musical, set in America's South. Dorothy Dandridge, as the temptress, and Harry Belafonte, as the soldier she ruins, head an all-Negro cast. (A) January

✓✓✓ CHIEF CRAZY HORSE—U-I; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Victor Mature's the great Sioux warrior; Suzan Ball, his wife. The story's substance and Dakota's weirdly beautiful Black Hills counterbalance routine handling. (F) April

✓✓✓ COUNTRY GIRL, THE—Paramount: Strong theme, intelligent acting. Bing Crosby fights alcoholism to try a stage comeback, aided by wife Grace Kelly and Bill Holden. (A) January

✓✓✓ DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE—Rank, Republic; Technicolor: Funny, rambling, irreverent tale of students working or trying to bluff their way through medical school. British-made, with Dirk Bogarde, Kenneth More. (A) March

✓✓✓✓ FAR COUNTRY, THE—U-I, Technicolor: Vigorous, skillfully made Western. In old-time Alaska, hard-bitten James Stewart is stranded in a town terrorized by hoodlums. Corinne Calvet's a tomboy; Ruth Roman, an adventuress. (F) March

✓✓✓✓ GREEN FIRE—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Robust, good-natured adventure movie, about a search for emeralds in Colombia. Stewart Granger, Paul Douglas are bickering partners; Grace Kelly, a proud heroine. (F) February

✓✓✓ HIT THE DECK—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Lively musical comedy gets Navy men Vic Damone, Russ Tamblyn and Tony Martin into amusing jams on a Frisco leave. The girls of their hearts are Jane Powell, Debbie Reynolds, Ann Miller. (F) April

✓✓✓✓ INTERRUPTED MELODY—M-G-M, CinemaScope, Eastman Color: The life of opera

star Marjorie Lawrence—her career, her marriage, her bout with polio—makes an imposing music-drama, acted with great skill and charm by Eleanor Parker and Glenn Ford. (F) April

✓✓✓ JUPITER'S DARLING—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Sprawling, lavish musical presents Howard Keel as the conqueror Hannibal, Esther Williams as a Roman lady trying to save her city. With the Champions. (F) April

✓✓✓✓ LONG GRAY LINE, THE—Columbia; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Ty Power stars in the true, warmly sentimental, humorous story of a beloved sergeant stationed at West Point for fifty years. Maureen O'Hara's his wife; Bob Francis, one of the cadets Ty counsels. (F) April

✓✓✓ PRINCE OF PLAYERS—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Richard Burton's fine as Edwin Booth, great 19th century actor beset by off-stage tragedy. Maggie McNamara's opposite him; John Derek is John Wilkes Booth. (F) April

✓✓✓ PURPLE PLAIN, THE—Rank, U.A.; Technicolor: Action, gentle romance, vivid war scenes combine in a story set in Burma, but shot in Ceylon. Gregory Peck, neurotic RAF flyer, finds healing in a Burmese girl's love. (F) February

✓✓✓ RACERS, THE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Against varied European backgrounds. Kirk Douglas plays a ruthless auto-racer, with no regard for other drivers and little for his girl (Bella Darvi). Plenty of action. (A) April

✓✓✓ SILVER CHALICE, THE—Warners; CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Pageant of the Roman Empire, with handsome sets. Sculptor Paul Newman weds a Christian girl (Pier Angeli), remains infatuated with Virginia Mayo, assistant to a power-mad magician (Jack Palance). (F) March

✓✓✓ SIX BRIDGES TO CROSS—U-I: Rapid-fire cops-and-robbers yarn. Cop George Nader tries to reform Tony Curtis, juvenile delinquent who becomes a master crook. (A) March

✓✓ SMOKE SIGNAL—U-I, Technicolor: Dana Andrews, under arrest as a traitor, and Piper Laurie are among whites fleeing Indians on a risky river voyage through a canyon. (F) April

✓✓ THREE RING CIRCUS—Wallis, Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Martin and Lewis create a fair number of laughs in a vaguely plotted tale of the big top. (F) January

✓✓✓✓ 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA—Disney; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Splendid, eye-filling science-fiction adventure. Brooding James Mason captains a 19th century submarine, captures Kirk Douglas and others. (F) March

✓✓✓ UNCHAINED—Warners: Earnest, moving close-up of an honor prison designed to rehabilitate inmates. Chester Morris is the warden; Elroy Hirsch, a rebellious convict. (F) January

✓✓✓ UNDERWATER! — RKO; SuperScope, Technicolor: Humorous, excitement-filled treasure-hunt tale. Jane Russell, husband Richard Egan, pal Gilbert Roland borrow Lori Nelson's yacht to seek a galleon sunk in the Caribbean. (F) March

✓✓✓ WAGES OF FEAR, THE—Filmsonor: Unbearably suspenseful French film (dialogue in both French and English). Derelicts volunteer to drive truckloads of high explosive over rough roads to a Central American oil field. (A) April



LOVE...OR A HIDING PLACE...  
WHICH DID HE WANT?

It all takes place in  
the hot green hell  
of the Burma jungle!



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ROBERT WARWICK • REGINALD DENNY



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## SOAP BOX:

Hollywood is overlooking something. I have just seen "Barefoot Contessa" and I am wondering how Hollywood has overlooked such a good actor as Rossano Brazzi. He gave a good performance, even though his part was not big, that kept him right up with the stars of the picture. His quiet, forceful appeal is of a new type, and I think he should be given a chance to demonstrate his acting ability. I hope your magazine will help him along.

SHIRLEY MCNEMAC  
Lima, Ohio

Why, oh why, is there never an article about my favorite star George Nader? His pictures are successful, he's handsome, talented and, on top of that, a really "swell" person.

ROSE MARIE ANTONOW  
Rochester, New York

I saw Vittorio Gassman in his American picture, "Rhapsody," and I think he is the greatest performer of the year. I was astonished to see that you didn't put his name in the list of "favorite stars." We like him very much in Egypt, and we hope that some day you, too, will appreciate his great talent.

MALAK RANY  
Heliopolis-Cairo, Egypt

I note with pleasure that you do features on newcomers as well as well-established celebrities. It is with this thought that I bring up the name of Todd Markham. I first saw him in "Give a Girl a Break." I almost forgot about him and then found out he was in "Jubilee Trail." Both performances were worthy of some attention. I'm not sure if Mr. Markham is currently making any movies or not, but I'm sure many people besides me would love to see a feature on this handsome, versatile young actor.

ROBERT HARRISON  
Dravosburg, Pennsylvania

## CASTING:



With Greg in the cast, a success

Here are some casting ideas for books I think should make excellent movies: Marcia Davenport's *My Brother's Keeper*, starring Marlon Brando as the older brother and Montgomery Clift as the younger; William E. Barrett's *Shadows of the Images*, starring Gregory Peck as Tom Logan, Richard Burton

as Paul Logan, Marilyn Monroe as Beverly Colter and Jean Peters as Vicky Leighton.

DALE SANDAHL  
Detroit, Michigan

I have just finished reading *Star Money* by Kathleen Winsor. A wonderful book—magnificent—and would equally make a wonderful emotional, dramatic picture with cast as follows: Mara Corday as *Shireen Delany*; George Nader as *Edward Farrell*; Lance Fuller as *Johnny Keegan*; Lana Turner as *Georgia Marsh*; Elroy Hirsch as *Mike Callahan*; Gregg Palmer as *Philip Thayer*; Hugh Marlowe as *Jack MacDonald*; Steve Rowland as *Paul Worth* and Paul Picerni as *Dallas Cavanaugh*.

MARVIN TERRY  
Farber, Missouri

I have just finished reading *The Dark River*, by Nordhoff and Hale. I am sure that if this picture was made with Jean Simmons and Edmund Purdom as *Naia* and *Alan*, Hollywood (and 20th Century-Fox) would have a great picture on its hands.

BLANCHE CZERWINSKI  
Detroit, Michigan

Why don't they make a movie about Michael Shayne, the private detective? I think the cast should be as follows: *Mike Shayne*—Charlton Heston, *Lucy Hamilton*—Jean Peters or Jean Simmons, *Chief of Police*, *Will Gentry*—Ward Bond or William Conrad, *Tim Rourke*—Frank Sinatra or Keefe Brasselle, *Peter Painter*—Phil Carey or Russell Johnson.

DOROTHY OLSON  
Hempstead, Texas

An offbeat Western story that would make a top-notch movie is Max Brand's *The Night Horseman*. I would like to see it made with the following cast: Guy Madison as "*Whistling Dan*" Barry, Richard Widmark as *Buck Daniels*, Harry Morgan as *Dr. Byrne*, Steve Cochran as *Mac Strann* and Terry Moore as *Kate Cumberland*.

ARTHUR STOCKMAN  
Longmont, Colorado

I hope that someday Hollywood will make a picture of Ardyth Kennelly's book *Good Morning, Young Lady*, a story of wonderful young love, with stars Debbie Reynolds as *Dorothy Leaf*, Bob Wagner as *Butch Cassidy*, Ben Cooper as *Leige Desmond* and Debra Paget as *Crystal*.

SHIRLEY GARRANT  
Astoria, Oregon

I have recently read a sensational magazine novel. The story was entitled "That Evil Woman," written by Gertrude Schweitzer. The authoress cleverly concealed the identity of the guilty person. I think it would make a terrific movie with all its mystery and emotion. The portrayal of the fictional characters by the following actors and actresses would be exciting: *Nick*—Rock Hudson, *Wade*—Jeff Richards or George Nader, *Carla*—Grace Kelly, *Gwen*—Debra Paget.

BETTY LYNTH  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I have just read *The Black Spearman*, written by Pitt L. Fitzgerald, which I reckon would make a mighty different, wonderful movie. *Ghost of a Wolf* would be for Burt Lancaster to act out, *Man Upon a Fox* for Jeff Chandler, *Long Panther* for Maurice Jara, Ian MacDonald for *Old Scar*, Bart Roberts for *Swift Beaver*, Rock Hudson for *Man Who Swims* and Eugene Iglesias for *Spotted Bull*.

MELBA AYKROYD  
Wainwright, Alberta, Canada

I think a boxoffice hit would be the movie version of the wonderful book by Mary Deasy, *The Corioli Affair*, with Marlon Brando as *Joe* and Jean Simmons as *Lacey*.

NORMA JALLEY  
Dallas, Texas

If Tallulah Bankhead's life story is ever brought to the screen, I choose Ann Sheridan, Lauren Bacall and Elizabeth Scott as the actresses best qualified for the title role. Miss Sheridan bears a striking resemblance to the fabulous Tallulah, and certainly has the necessary acting ability to play the part.

FAY BURGESS  
Alabama City, Alabama

I recently read a book called *Hot Rod*. It is by Gregory Henry Felson. I think Tony Curtis would be the perfect player for it.

TONI PAT MARINCELL  
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Why hasn't anyone thought of making the book, *The Bishop's Mantle*, into a movie? I am sure it would be a terrific hit with that wonderful actor Charlton Heston as *Hilary Lauren* and pretty May Wynn as *Alexa*, his wife.

DIANE INGRAM  
Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada

I have just finished reading Irving Stone's *Love Is Eternal*, and I think it could be made into an unusually great motion picture starring Olivia de Havilland as *Mary Todd Lincoln* and Michael Rennie as *Abraham Lincoln*.

BEGNICE ELLIS  
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

*I'd Rather Be Kissed*, by F. Hugh Herber is one of the most delightful books I have ever read. I think it would make a delightful comedy starring Debbie Reynolds as *Delores*, Ta Hunter as *Terry*, Clifton Webb as *Mr. Duff*, Mike O'Shea as *Mr. Keith* and Maureen O'Hara as *Mrs. Keith*.

SUSAN LULIC  
Newark, New Jersey

## QUESTION BOX:

My friend and I are having an argument about Edmund Purdom. I say he is married and my friend says he isn't. Who is right? Where can I write to him, and may I have some statistics on him, please?

SALLY CURRIER  
Washington, D. C.

Edmund Purdom was born in Welwyn Garden City, England, on December 19, 1926. He



to any letters not published in this column.

acted on stage, radio, TV. He's 6'½" tall, has brown hair, brown eyes. He married dancer Anita (Tita) Phillips in January 1951, is now suing for divorce. They have two daughters. Ed's next are "The Prodigal" and "The King's Thief" for his studio, M-G-M.—ED.



There's debate on Elaine's height

Can you set me straight on something? I read that Elaine Stewart was 6'2" tall and my girl friend read she was 5'6". Which is right?

JEANNETTE MOORE  
Alhambra, California

Elaine is 5'6½" tall.—ED.

In one magazine I read that Montgomery Clift's birthday is October 17, 1920. In another place I read it was November 17, 1920. Could you please tell me which is correct and where he was born? I would also like to know when and where Marlon Brando was born. Could you please tell me?

LILA STENCEL  
Brodhead, Wisconsin

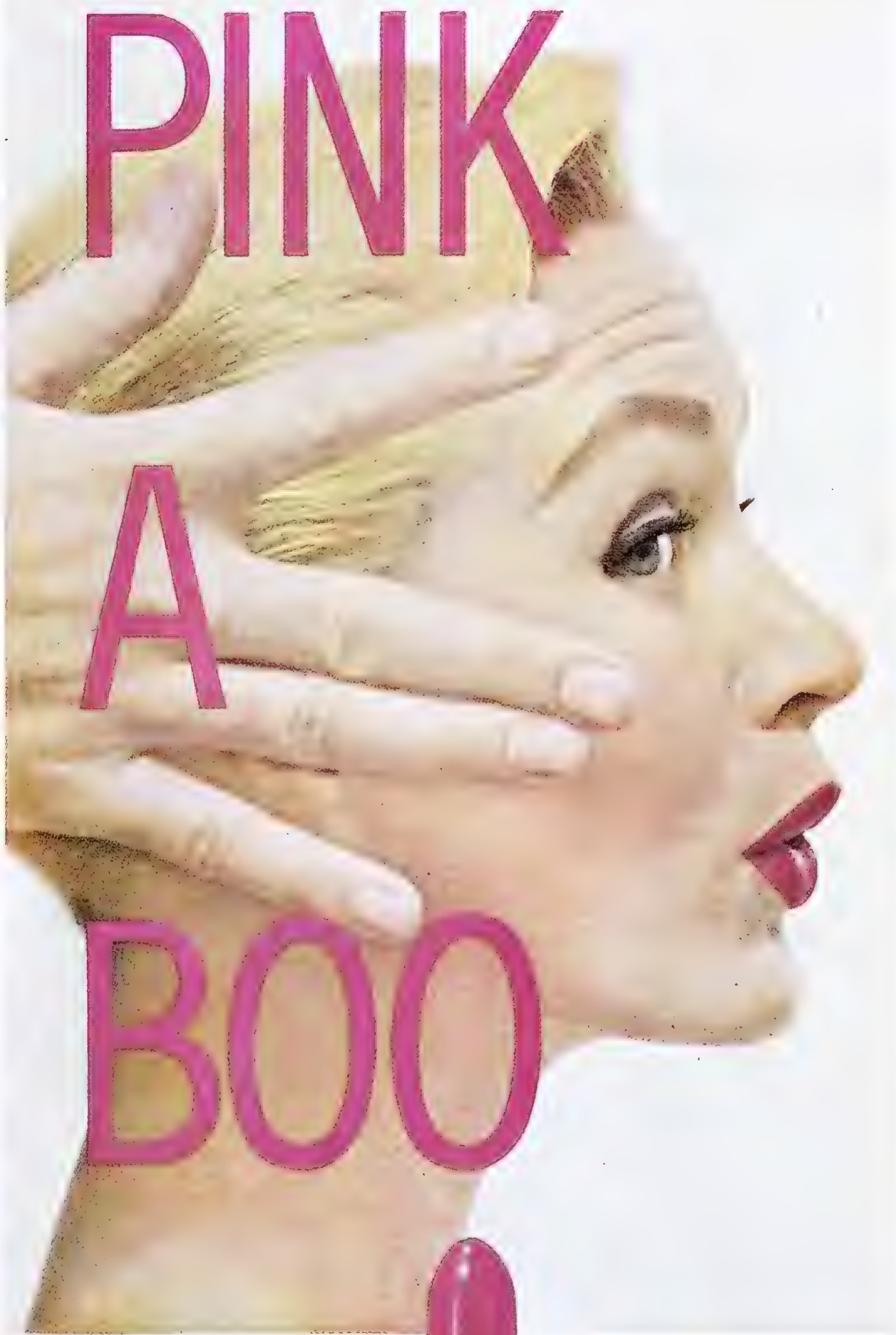
Monty was born October 17, 1920; Marlon April 3, 1924, both in Omaha, Nebraska.—ED.

Would you please tell me who played the part of Ed Perkins in "Athena," and give some information about him, too?

NORMA CARTER  
Beaumont, Texas

Steve Reeves, Mr. Universe of 1950.—ED.

■ We'd like nothing better than to answer every single letter we receive asking for information and addresses of the stars. We can't! Each week hundreds of letters are received. We can only answer a limited number in Readers Inc. each month. We suggest, therefore, that if you want to start a fan club or write your favorite stars, address them at their studios. And if you're collecting photographs, a good bet is to investigate the commercial organizations that have pictures for sale. ED.



A playful pink . . . but it's strictly for grown-ups! There's nothing little-girl about the kiss-me-quick look it gives your lips. This bright new shade of Cashmere Bouquet Lipstick does its good work discreetly, too—Pink-A-Boo stays on you, stays off everyone else!

7 Cover-Girl Colors **49¢** plus tax



Conover girls pick  
Cashmere  
Bouquet

"Have a lipstick wardrobe: a blue-red, an orange-red and a definite pink. All three cost less than \$2 when, like our Conover girls, you choose Cashmere Bouquet".

Candy Jones

**cashmere bouquet**

**Indelible-Type Lipstick**

Super-Creamed to Keep Your Lips Like Velvet



**YOUR SKIN WILL LOVE**

# Camay's Caressing Care!



"There's nothing like it,"  
says Mrs. Charles J. Gossner,  
a radiant Camay Bride.  
"Cold cream Camay is the perfect  
beauty soap as far as  
I'm concerned. It's so mild and  
gentle on my skin. And so  
delightfully fragrant!"

THERE'S FINE  
**COLD**  
CREAM  
IN  
**CAMAY**

*No other Beauty Soap pampers your skin  
like Camay!*

**Let It help you  
to a softer, fresher,  
more radiant complexion!**

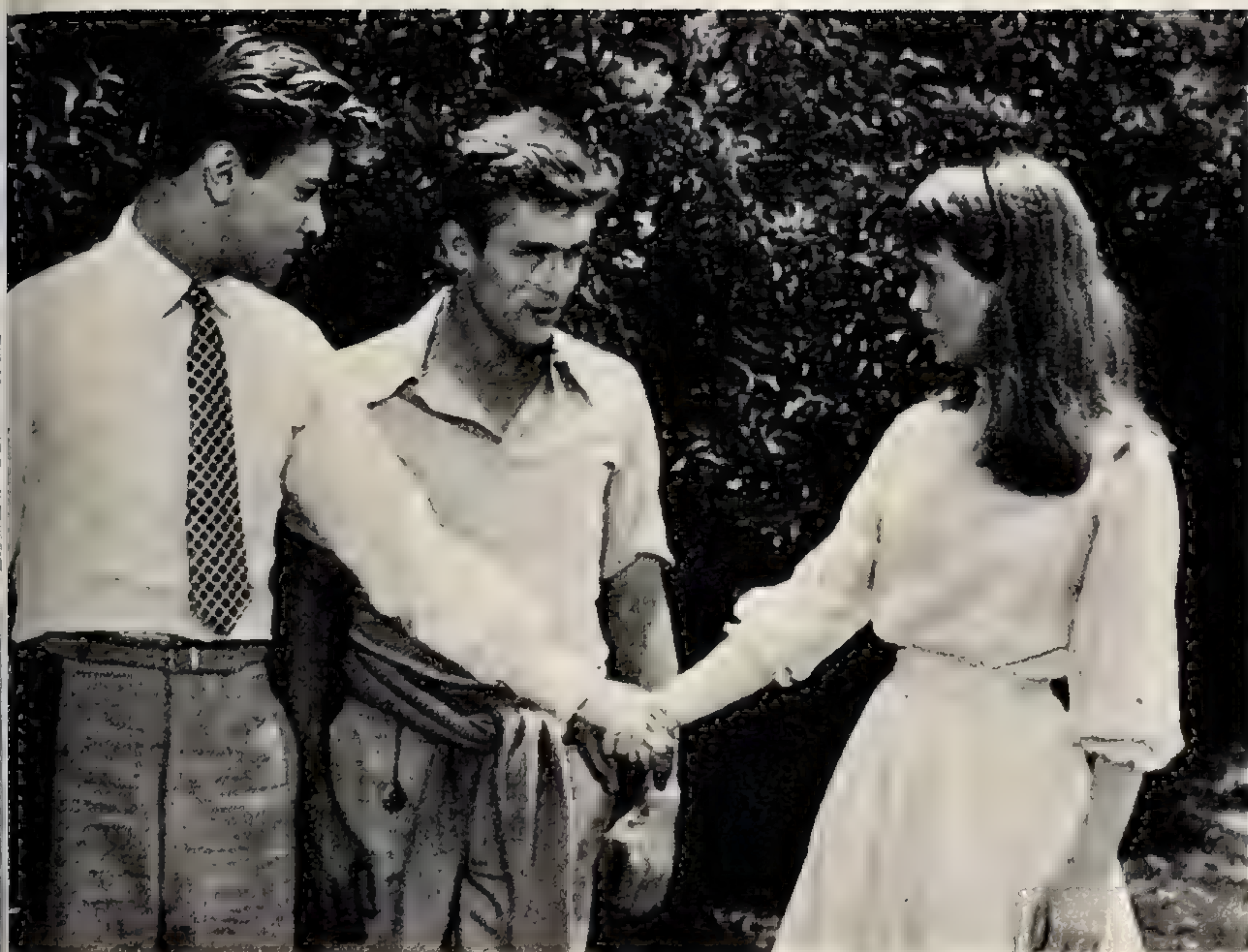
New millions have tried it! New millions love it! Your precious complexion, too, deserves Camay's Caressing Care. With that famous skin-pampering mildness, luxurious lather, and exclusive fragrance, it's no wonder cold cream Camay is the beauty secret of so many exquisite brides. Let its gentle touch caress *your* skin to new loveliness. Change to regular care . . . use Camay alone. Your skin will become softer, smoother with your first cake. And remember, you get the added luxury of fine cold cream in Camay at no extra cost. For your beauty *and* your bath, there's no finer soap in all the world!



THE SOAP

OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN





Cal greets Aron, Abra, after mysterious all-night absence



In gambling den, Cal meets scared barmaid Anne (Lois Smith)

## "EAST OF EDEN"

● "East of Eden" is one of the most wonderful stories ever filmed. It is beautifully acted. It is beautifully photographed. It merits all the superlatives one has come to attach to a fine motion picture.

Director Elia Kazan, in our opinion, has heightened the intensity of Steinbeck's fine story, *East of Eden*, by ignoring name stars in favor of players who are relatively unknown to motion-picture audiences. James Dean, who plays one of the twins, Cal, is from tv and the stage. His portrayal is likely to make him an Academy Award contender. Richard Davalos, the other twin, has never had his name on a motion-picture theatre marquee before. Stage personalities Julie Harris, the girl Abra whose vital force finally brings father and son together, and Raymond Massey, the father, bring fresh acting techniques to the screen. All these performances put together make "East of Eden" fairly scream authenticity.

Darken your television screen, take along a handkerchief—your emotions will be deeply touched—and let your favorite motion-picture theatre bring you the kind of entertainment that can make you happy you're a moviegoer.

ANN HIGGINBOTHAM  
Editor

A bitter Cal tells Aron truth about Kate (Jo Van Fleet) →



Birthday ends in tragedy for Cal, father (Raymond Massey)







*Mitzi Gaynor, who wants to be a model wife, models the latest in nightwear—a bloomer-nightie*



*Jane Powell cooks like a dream, but who wouldn't get breakfast for a girl who looks like this!*

*Who would believe that this vision in satin—Kim Novak—once thought she wasn't pretty!*



*Rita Moreno's a red pajama girl, even wears tailored models on the set. But a green chiffon waltz-length gown sends pretty Piper Laurie whirling into bed*





# Nighttime Belles

Mitzi Gaynor's bloomer-nightie from Bullock's Westwood

• Piper Laurie's waltz-length gown by Juel Park

• Kim Novak's gown and peignoir by Juel Park



Short story: Debra Paget likes shortie gowns and tv. There are 9 sets in Debra's 26-room house!

## INSIDE STUFF

*Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood*

**Nighttime Belles:** Piper Laurie, who is an unusual girl, gave herself an "unusual" (for Hollywood!) 23rd birthday party at Ciro's. The important names on her guest list were her mother, father, grandfather, sister, brother-in-law and the Lee Scotts—he created Piper's exciting choreography in "Ain't Misbehavin'". . . . Debra Paget, however, is a stay-at-home-with-her-family-girl these nights. In her 26-room house there are ten people who

watch nine tv sets! To quote Debbie's Mom: "We keep a running account with Vic Mature!" . . . On her recent trip to New York, Kim Novak tasted her first hollow victory since success. With eager anticipation she stopped off in Chicago for a reunion with hometown friends. Instead of a royal welcome, they were cooler than that proverbial cucumber. Now *why* pull a stunt like this on a sweet, unspoiled gal like Kim? . . . Rita Moreno has

such a passion for red pajamas, she even wears tailored models on the set when she's rehearsing in "The Vagabond King" . . . And Martha Hyer is responsible for a new and fancy fashion in the boudoir. A fan in Hawaii sent her one of those colorful native muumuus, which the blond beauty uses to sleep in! . . . Mitzi Gaynor wants to be a model wife, so she's taking cooking lessons from a model chef. Jane Powell's (Continued on page 102)





*Tony's enthusiasm, genuine liking for people, willingness to slave long hours in perfecting himself for a role, have endeared him to other actors. Above, with Gene Nelson, right, with June Allyson, Jeff Chandler. In Boston, below, for "Six Bridges to Cross," he proved that Curtis charms children, too!*

**BY HYATT DOWNING**



Tony is next in "The Purple Mask"

● Tony Curtis came bounding into the big U-I commissary, took a quick, impulsive leap and landed gracefully with a flourish and deep bow alongside the table where a group of his friends were eating lunch. The flourish and motions were distinctly theatrical and could have been part of a scene from "The Black Shield."

"Look at that guy," said Jeff Chandler, who was eating at another table close by. "He gets a tremendous thump out of everything. Such enthusiasm I've never seen."

A round of applause went up and Tony offered a card trick. "See this five of hearts?" he asked, producing the deck with a gallant swish. "I place it in the pack, so, right in the middle; cut three times and there's your card on top. Good, hey? Now watch this one. . . ."

"Tony's got the greatest gift of enthusiasm I've ever seen," Jeff said warmly. "Hollywood never gets to be an old story, neither does life. Every day's a new adventure to Tony. The kid really likes people and the amazing thing is that with all his popularity none of it has spoiled him. He just gets along with everybody. Look at that grin," Jeff added as Tony walked over to his table, all smiles. (Continued on page 135)

# MIAMI

*Life is for kicks—and a lot of people are getting more*

*of a kick out of life since Tony Curtis moved to Hollywood*





ALIVE!





*Deb's remained unspoiled because of things her mother instilled in her*

*Debbie Reynolds is next in "Hit the Deck"*

The engagement period is romantic, but as Debbie and Eddie learned,



# Getting in Step for Marriage

BY MAXINE BLOCK

● "Eddie and I know just what we want in a house, now," Debbie Reynolds declared, as she fitted her ninety-eight pounds into a snug position on the sofa in her dressing room. On her pert, pixie face was the secret glow that only comes to a girl deeply in love. She was chewing away at her gum and had already kicked off her ballerina slippers—a necessary preliminary to conversation for Debbie. Conversation with Deb-

bie these days always centers around such nice topics as—brides, weddings, getting prepared for marriage and love. There's no doubt, when you listen to Debbie talk, she's been giving some mighty serious thinking to the subject of marriage.

"We want English architecture with contemporary furniture," she continued seriously. "And light wood paneling, three bedrooms, a little garden in front,

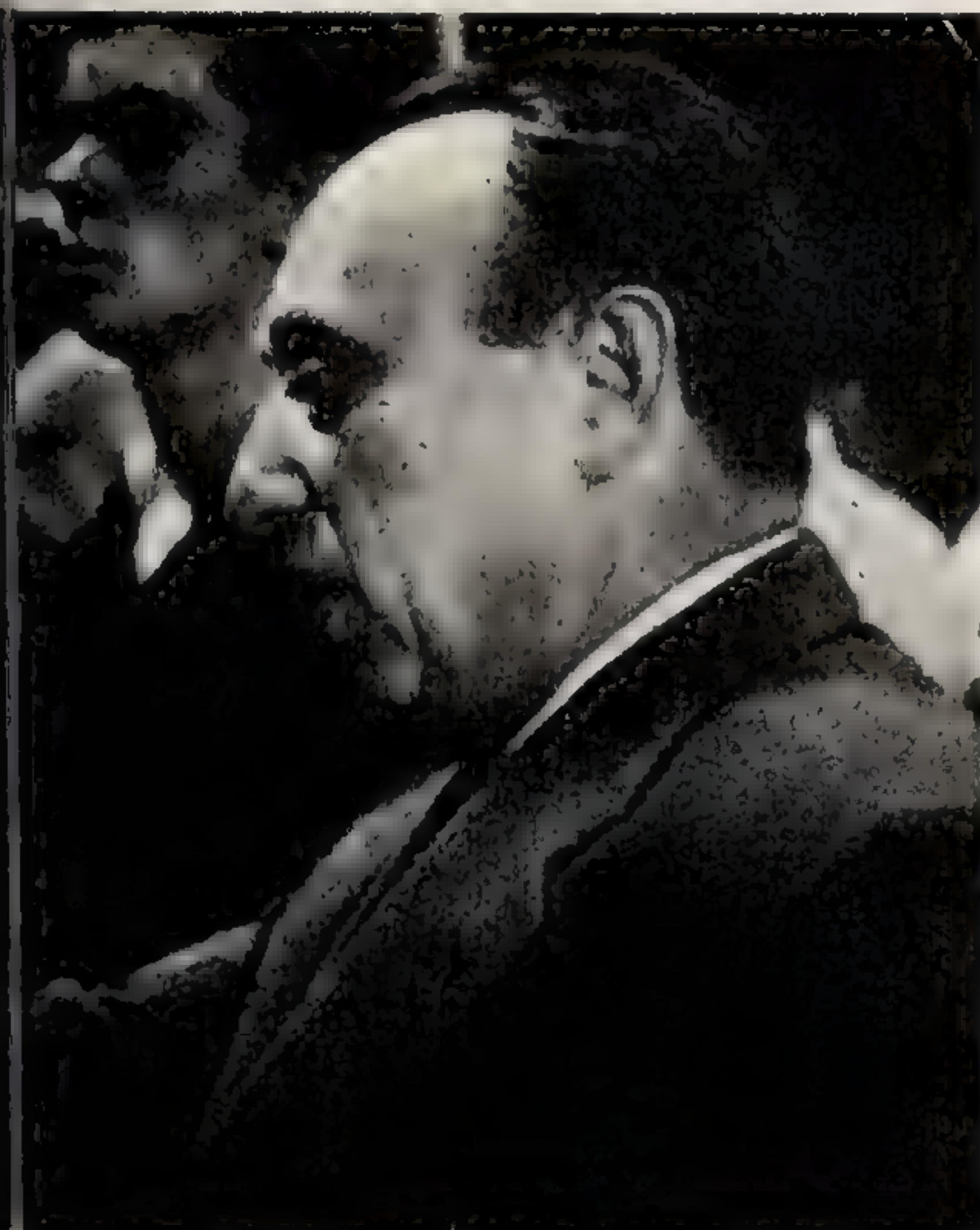
a swimming pool and barbecue, big trees, but not too much ground to take care of. And we want it in Beverly Hills. But we'll have to give up a view, because a view out here means a hillside far from neighbors. I'm a sugar-borrower, you know. I love having folks close by. When I'm by myself, I get a spooky feeling. You know, I've never really spent a night alone in a house!

"Eddie and (Continued on page 123)

Two happy mothers will see Deb and Eddie married on June 17



With producer Joe Pasternak. "I'm not planning to give up my work"



Forgetfulness of self is a bond. With Keenan Wynn, they spent Xmas with troops



"When you're engaged . . . so many things to straighten out"



"I would have been sorry if I'd had my way about my ring"

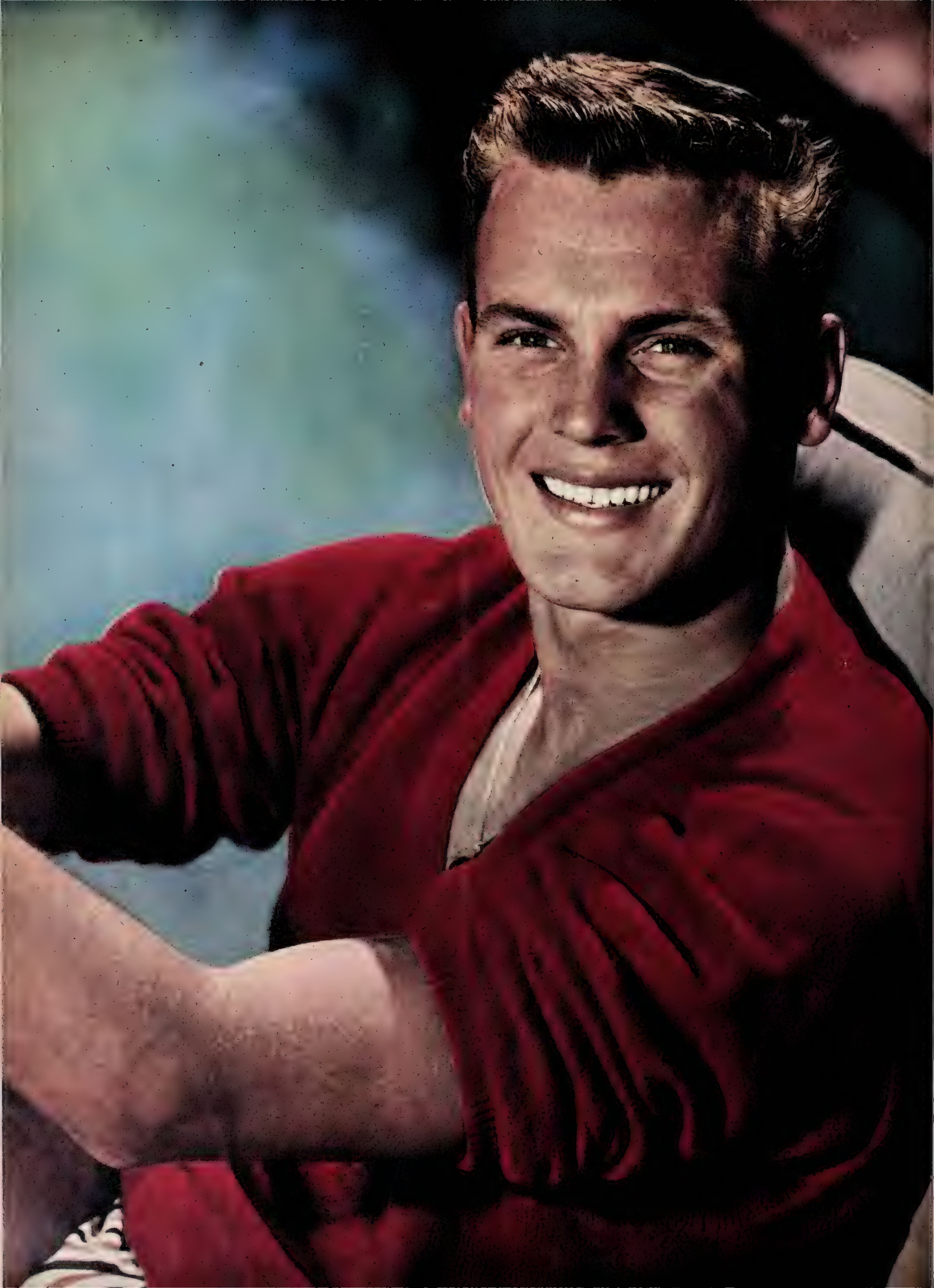


"I'm a sugar-borrower," so new home will have near neighbors



it's also the time to fall in love—for keeps







# I'm in Love with a Wonderful Mom

By Tab Hunter

*Soap in my mouth—giving it to me straight when I was lousy. And oh, these daily reminders! Salt and spice and sweetness—that was Mom. She still is*

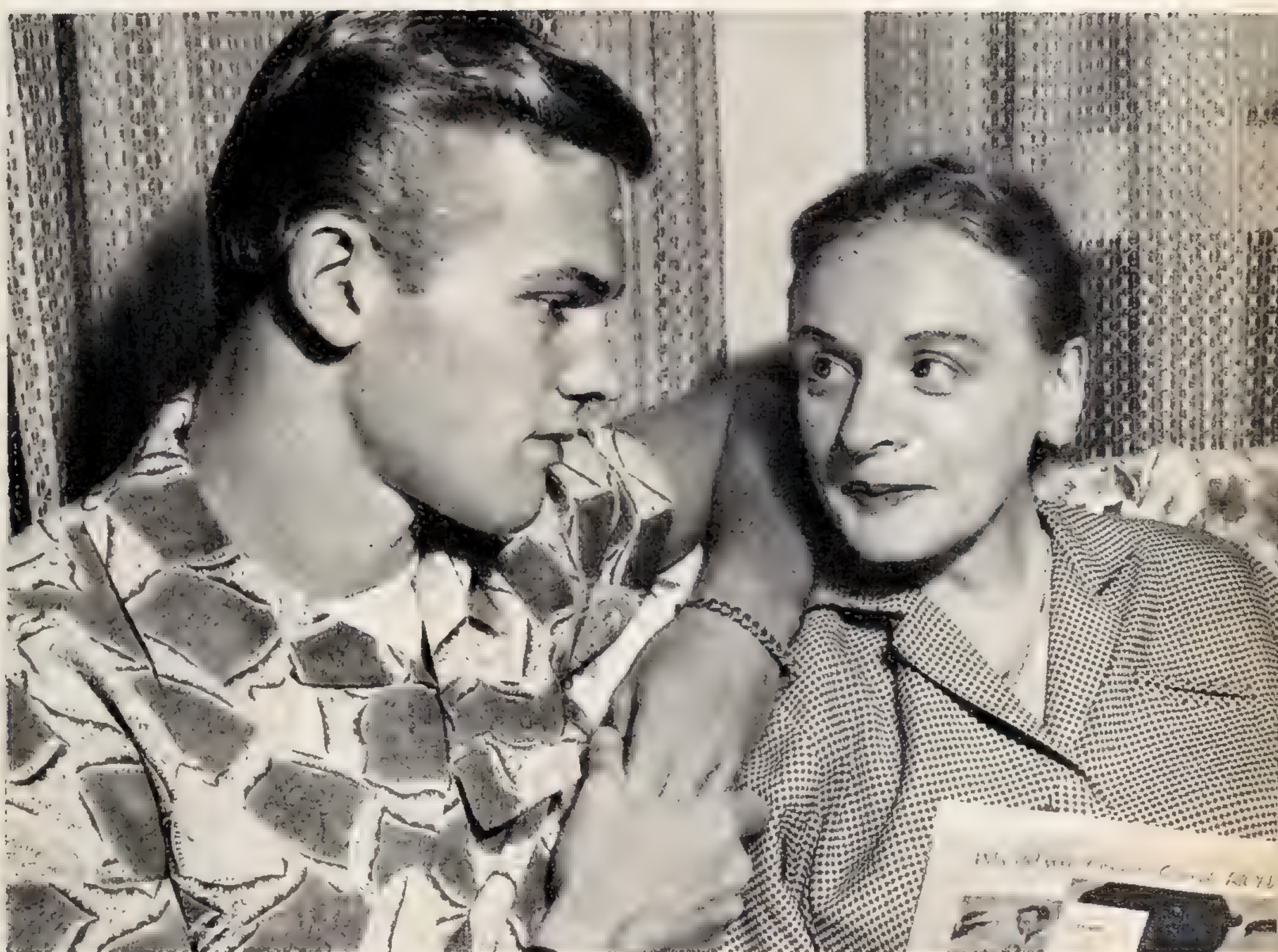
● It's funny how you can remember little things from 'way back when you were just a kid. I don't think I'll ever forget one autumn morning that my brother Walt and I waited for mother to come home from a trip. It was one of those cold San Francisco autumn mornings; the kind of morning you hate to get out of bed. But this day both Walt and I were up and dressed early. I remember I had on my best pair of pants. They were brown corduroy and every time I crossed the room to watch out the window for Mom, they swished and made a funny sound. I also had on a tie. Walt and I didn't usually wear ties, but today was important. We hadn't seen Mom for almost a month. She was working on a steamship line as a physiotherapist and was away a great deal. Not seeing Mom each day was hard on Walt and me—there was an emptiness, a kind of aloneness. We didn't talk about it much, Walt and I, but it was there. Like the feeling I had when the teacher told me, "Take this slip home and have your mother sign it." But Mom wasn't home. Or like the time Walt tore his pants, but (Continued on page 114)

*Tab and his mother. "I've always been able to talk with her. A woman like this is not only a mother but a friend"*

*"My love of sports, which are clean things, stems from Mom's maxim 'Soap and water are cheap, don't forget that'"*

*"They say mothers resent it when their kids want a place of their own. Not Mom—she helped me find an apartment"*

Tab Hunter is in "The Sea Chase"





Janet Leigh is in  
Columbia's "My Sister Eileen,"  
RKO's "Jet Pilot"



SOME

WIVES

*There are some things inside of you that you can't tell because you can't really express them — something that, deep down, is your own. . . .* **JANET LEIGH**

**J**anet Leigh says, "Though I risk the wrath of that body corporate known as husbands, I say wives should have secrets, but they should never be the kind that are in any way vital."

"By anything vital, I mean secrets concerning your past (assuming you have one), or money you've spent and

perhaps shouldn't have, work problems that come up, family problems, or anything concerning your health. These are the secrets you should not have. These are the vital ones and you cannot build a good, enduring relationship if you are secretive with your husband about such important matters as these.

"In the less important, trivial things a wife should have her secrets. Why not? I have mine," Janet confessed.

"One of them, a silly one, is that unknown to Tony I use a special bath oil. 'Gee,' he'll say, 'you smell good.' So I just let him think," Janet smiled mischievously, "that it's my own



Doris Day  
in Warner's "Young at Heart,"  
-G-M's "Love Me or Leave Me"

BY  
GLADYS HALL



# HAVE SECRETS

*Complete sharing of deed and thought, work and play is the  
only way to insure a complete marriage. . . . DORIS DAY*

sweet-smelling self he likes so well.  
"Glamour secrets, the things a girl  
does to make herself pretty in her hus-  
band's eyes, should certainly be as  
secret as she wants—or is able—to  
keep them. You can't help your hus-  
band seeing you with your hair up. If  
you live under one roof and share a

bedroom this is impossible! I'd like it  
fine if Tony could always see me with  
my hair brushed out, lustrous and wav-  
ing, but since this can't be managed  
I don't worry about it, for if your hus-  
band's love for you depends on a pin-  
curl it isn't going to last much longer  
than a pin-curl is likely to last!

"A lot of married girls are more  
concerned with trying to make their  
husbands believe their curly hair and  
flawless make-up is the way nature  
made them than they are about the  
real fundamental factors in their mar-  
riages—like companionship and keep-  
ing the budget (*Continued on page 111*)



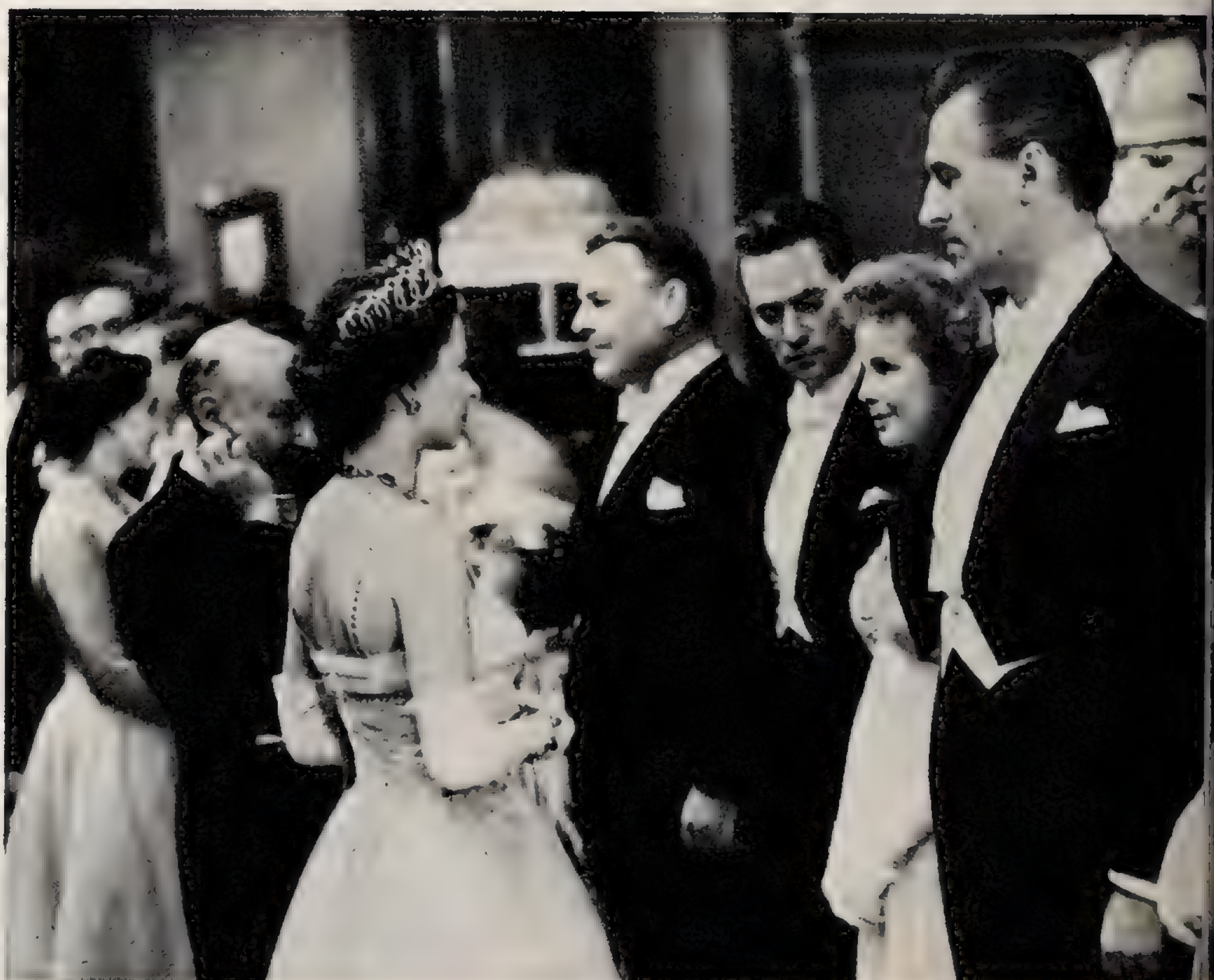


*He still prefers home, but Granger has thawed considerably about going places*



*Some think it's the gentle, constant influence of Jean that has changed him*

# LOOK WHO'S SMILING



*In London, he and Jean, other actors, meet Queen Elizabeth at Royal Command Performance*

*The fiery temper's still there. But it no longer blisters like it did. Somebody took the growl out of Granger. The question is—whodunit?*

BY JOHN MAYNARD

● One momentous day last summer the "Moonfleet" company was on location and an important scene was being shot of Stewart Granger. The day was momentous not for this reason but because that night Rocky Marciano, heavyweight boxing champion of the world, was scheduled to defend his title against an oddly persistent challenger named Ez-zard Charles. The bout was to be televised on closed circuits to theatres only, and Granger had purchased a 70-seat bloc in a nearby house for himself, his wife and members of the movie's crew.

That was nice of him, yes—and not altogether compatible with a Stewart Granger of a slightly earlier time. But wait a minute. It's not the whole story. Time dragged and staggered and fell all over itself that afternoon, and soon it became evident that while Granger would be free to go, the crew wouldn't. Even after shooting, they'd have to stay around to strike the set and stow the gear. Tough. Now Granger's a red-hot man on matters pugilistic and he'd been looking forward to this fight for a long time. But





Jean and Stewart co-star in "Rebound"

*The temper's under control—until someone hints at trouble between him and his wife!*

he declined to press his advantage, which again seemed a trifle out of character when viewed against the backdrop of the man who used to be. Instead, deeply pained by the stunned disappointment of the crewmen, he stayed with them, later hosting a large buffet in his motel suite.

It may be that heaven chose to take a benign view of this deed. The fight was rained out and (Continued on page 127)

*The old Granger would never have admitted Jean knew best about role he objected to*







*It's Ricky, the tease, not Pam, who keeps June Allyson hopping!*



*Just a toddler, but Mary Catherine has Mom Ginny Mayo hustling*

*Barbara Rush's son Chris is re cool—about that first hairc*



June Allyson is in "Strategic Air Command," "The Shrike," "The McConnell Story" • Virginia Mayo, "in "The Silver Chalice" • Lauren Bacall.

EVERY DAY IS  
MOTHER'S DAY



*Why Mama stays young! Jeanne Crain and her foursome, Timothy, Jeanine, Paul Jr. and Michael*



'Blood Alley' and 'The Cobweb' • Barbara Rush, in 'Captain Lightfoot' • Jeanne Crain, in 'Man Without a Star' and 'Gentlemen Marry Brunettes'

 Life begins, for these Hollywood mothers, when they open the door to their homes and hear excited voices calling, "Mommy's home!" For Jeanne Crain, mother of three big boys and a little girl, it usually means chaos—and she loves it. For there's magic in kissing away bruised hurts, in chubby arms reaching for a warm hug or, as June Allyson ruefully admits, "having to paddle 'em occasionally!" Lauren Bacall

was so busy being wife and mother of two she delayed going back to her movie career. And Mary Catherine's nurse knows it's time to disappear when Mom Ginny Mayo comes home! The stars can't spend as much time with their children as most mothers. But what counts is the way they are bringing them up—the love and happiness that shines from the faces of the little boys and girls who call these glamour girls, "Mother."







*What happened in one day  
could only happen to a guy who's tall,  
dark and single—and has just become  
the owner of a house without a wife!*

Rock Hudson is in "Captain Lightfoot" and "Giant"



*Rock borrowed bed until eight-foot, custom-built bunk's ready*

● At eight o'clock the alarm clock rang, two wonderful hours later than usual, but Rock Hudson opened his eyes reluctantly, then sat up in surprise. He was in a strange room in a strange bed. Then, smiling sheepishly, he stretched out again—all six foot four of him—until his bare feet stuck out from under the covers. He'd forgotten! Of course! He was in his new home. There was his jacket hanging over the new wardrobe unit he'd just bought yesterday and his slacks flung over the packing cases that had yet to be emptied.

Since he was a kid he'd looked forward to having a house of his own. It sure felt good.

Last night was the first he'd spent in his new palace. The gang had come over for an impromptu housewarming that lasted until after three and he didn't get much work done. There wasn't much that could be done though, he rationalized. The bed still belonged to the furniture company; it was only a loan until they finished (Continued on page 117)

*Rock and new date, Phyllis Gates. Usually voluble, he now clams up about dates, switches conversation to his new house!*



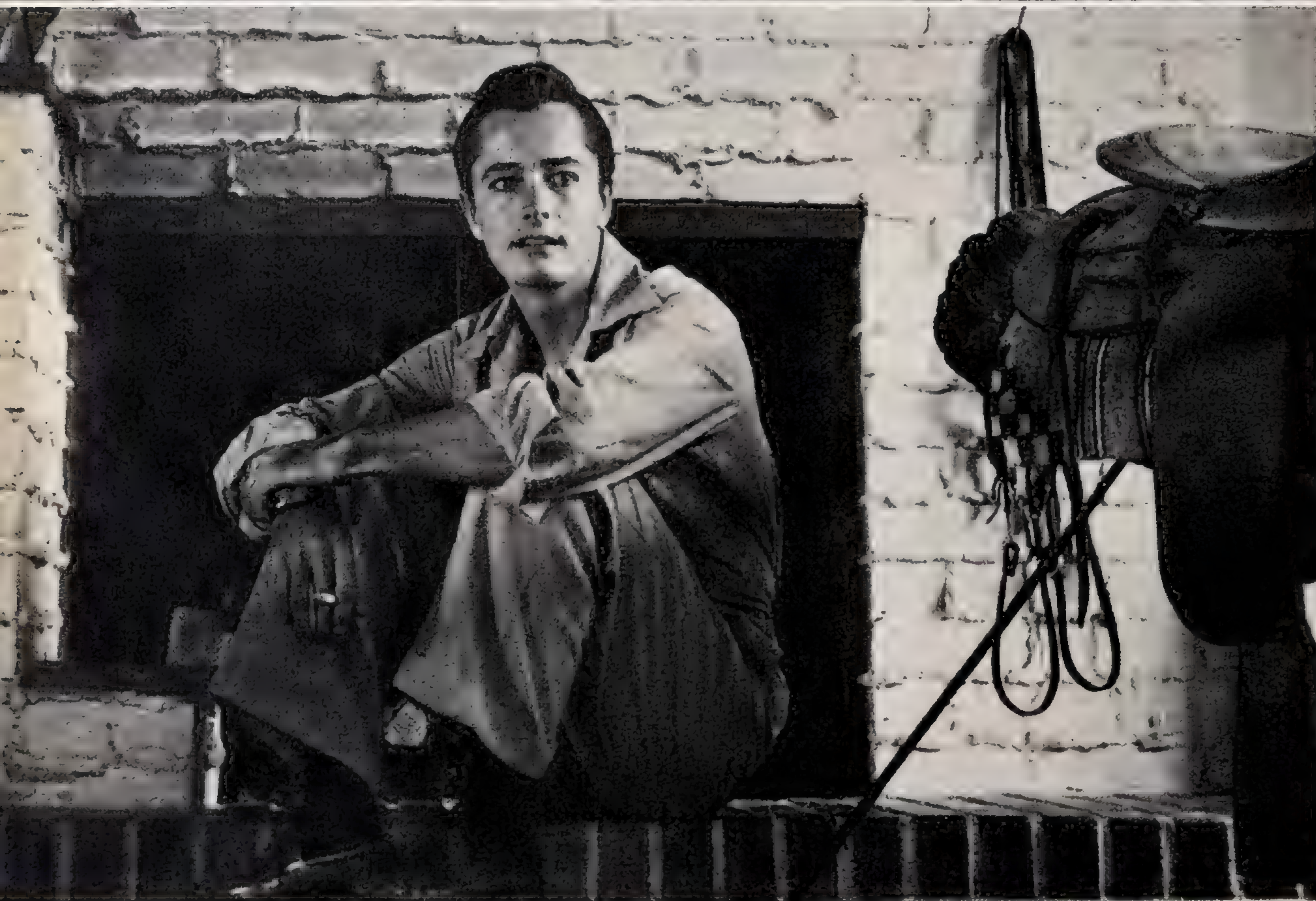
*Player piano has a rival—now he wants baby grand!*

# BACHELOR DAZE

BY PAULINE SWANSON TOWNSEND







*Jeff Chandler's encounter with those boys on his block taught him looks can be deceiving!*

*After some mighty lean years, John Derek began to wonder if he hadn't acted on impulse!*



*His ego took a beating—and so did Bob Francis. But he's grateful to his brother, today*



# OOPS! YOUR ERROR?

*Ever pull a boner that makes you want to crawl into a hole?*

*Then move over, kids—you've got star company!*

BY  
SHEILAH GRAHAM

● Standing in an easily accessible corner in Jane Powell's bedroom is a big, all-inclusive copy of the dictionary with heavily fingered pages. Jane's a word looker-upper, which goes back to one day when she was still in school.

"I was called upon to read an essay I'd written," Janie says. "I mispronounced a simple word. I don't remember what word it was, but there were snickers from several of my classmates. Our teacher, a wise and wonderful woman, interrupted my reading, asked me to sit down, then said to the class: 'I want everyone in this room who has never made a mistake to stand up.' There was complete silence—no one stood up."

*Continued*



*Mom didn't appreciate Grace Kelly's reasons for flunking math, but moviegoers did later*



*Even a beauty like Liz Taylor had to learn—that you can't take your looks for granted!*



*Audrey Hepburn just missed making the mistake that might have changed her entire career*



Which just goes to show, we're all born equal—at least in the mistake business—for when it comes to making errors, seems nobody's immune. Like Janie, haven't you found yourself blushing after mispronouncing a common word? Well, it's okay so long as you follow Janie to the dictionary and make it your new friend.

And how many times has someone told you not to do something but you felt you knew better—like taking math or typing instead of another study ses-

sion—but you knew the easy way. Then months later, you painfully discover you can't get into college because you need another year of math or didn't get that job because you couldn't type. Sound familiar, huh? Well, don't despair, you've lots of famous company.

Grace Kelly, for one. No matter how much pleading Gracie got from mother to study her math, her thoughts were always with the latest venture of the local amateur dramatic group. Came time for Grace to take her college en-

trance exams for Bennington and she flunked. She failed to pass math. Which brings up another point worth remembering. Not all mistakes are tragic, for Grace went on to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts and from there to modeling and on to become Hollywood's darling—a girl who could stand up with Academy Award winners. There's hope for you, too, so take advantage of an error.

John Wayne's what you'd call a pretty clever and astute businessman. After

# OOPS! YOUR ERROR?

*Continued* •



*Still acting up, but not the clown he was is the Mickey Rooney who's in "The Bridges at Toko-Ri"*

*Today, a happily married Pier Angeli wishes she hadn't been so blind to real love, four years ago*



all, he's been Mr. Boxoffice for so many years we've lost track of the number. He's not only top movie hero but is now producing, through his own company Wayne-Fellows, such popular hits as "The High and the Mighty." Would you believe that Duke says he wasted his first ten years in the movie business because he didn't listen to good advice?

Seems Duke was working in pictures but from behind the cameras, not in front. He was doing pretty well, working as a grip, (Continued on page 125)



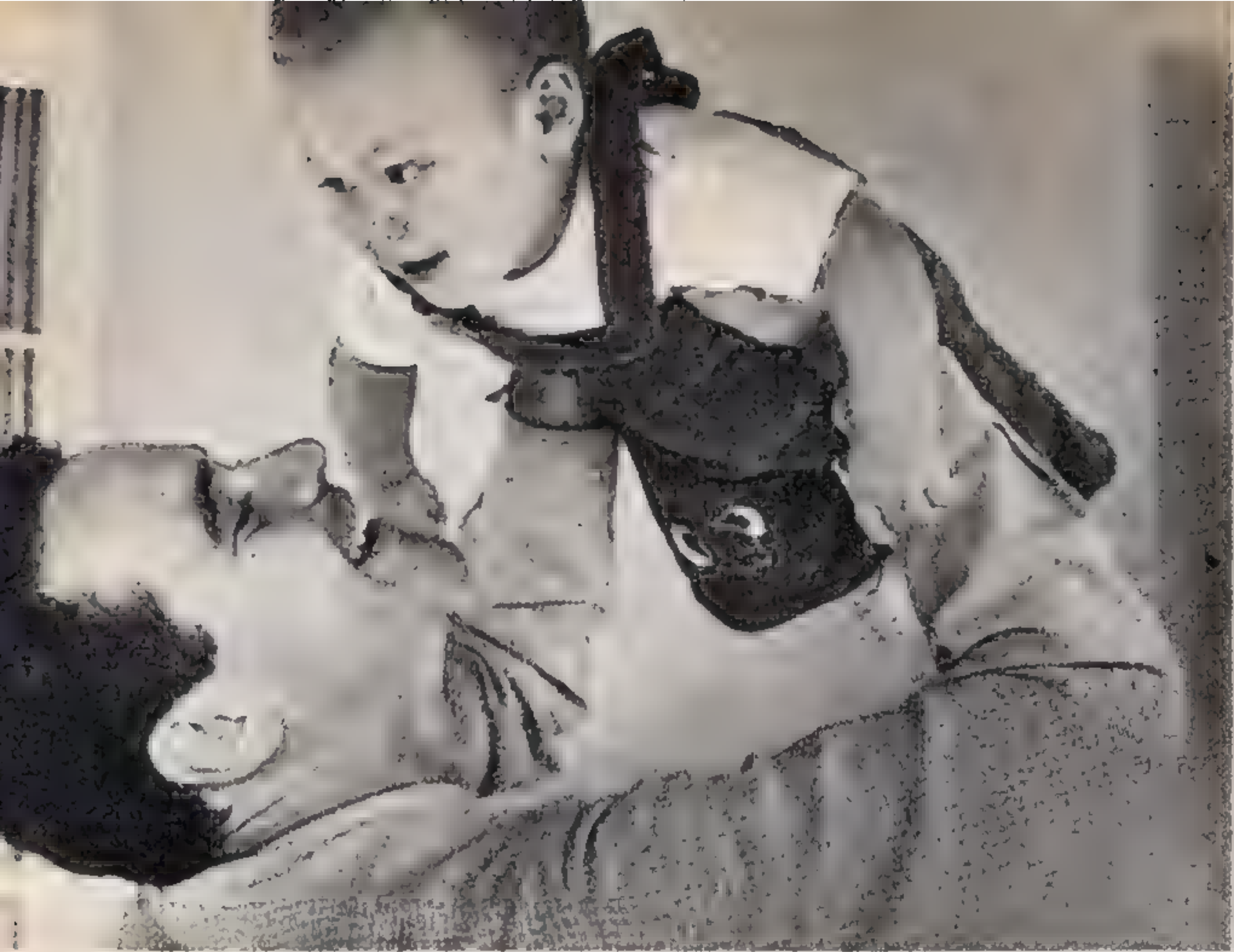
*Was it a mistake when Marilyn Monroe cut herself off from husband Joe DiMaggio? Is Marilyn wondering?*

*John Wayne wouldn't listen to friends—and his debut in "The Big Trail" left, became his biggest flop!*



*Wayne Madison was a disillusioned guy. Now he's Photoplay's star of the year—and Sheila's happy husband*





*Doesn't need a cue to talk about son Chris*

*BY DOROTHY O'LEARY*

# It Should Happen to a LEMMON!

Jack Lemmon is in "Three for the Show" and "Mister Roberts"



*A talented guy, Jack plays several musical instruments, sings, dances, composes*

*He looks like a young executive  
lives like an average Joe.  
Hollywood has never met anyone  
like Jack Lemmon,  
that comedian from Harvard*





*When Jack and Cynthia moved to Hollywood they passed up a swimming pool for a garden. Jack's become an expert on roses*

● From the dimmed sidelines of the stage, an eager young actor, in the costume and make-up of a middle-aged English bobby, stood alerted and anxious as he waited for his cue. It came in the last few crucial moments of the last act of "Angel Street," just in time for him to enter and arrest Francis Lederer, the husband with murder in his heart. . . .

The young actor admitted he was nervous. After all, it was his first role with a real star like Lederer. True, he didn't have a word to say—but he had

action. And his role was tricky. After all, he didn't get a spoken cue. Nope, he had to count his entrance—from the time Lederer turned his back and started walking off the stage towards the door. Timing was all-important—poor timing could ruin the scene. Awfully important, he mumbled to himself as he kept his eyes glued on Lederer. There, he's turning his back, get ready. . . .

The young man made his entrance and timed it to the split second—perfectly. Then, in his enthusiasm, he jerked his head sharply and the bucket-like hat

slipped down over his eyes. He couldn't see a thing and he couldn't budge the jammed hat. All he could do was grope—and listen to the howling of the audience. Finally, the fleeing Lederer, for plot purposes, saved whatever was left of the scene by running smack into his arms instead of out the door. And the audience, which was supposed to be screaming with suspense, applauded in good-natured glee.

Today, Jack Lemmon still insists "that was the biggest laugh I've ever had in my life," despite (*Continued on page 129*)



# THAT DO OR DIE DOLL





*With Farley Granger. She fights for friends with same enthusiasm she does for herself*



*With Julie Harris, Laurence Harvey in "I Am a Camera." Working for "Tordy" keeps her busy*

*Daughter "Tordy" has changed Shell's attitude towards men, eased some of her fear of love*



*With Marisa Pavan. She's tongue-tied with only two people—Britain's Queen and Gable!*



*Shelley is also in "Mambo," "Night of the Hunter" and "The Jagged Edge"*

*Spunky, temperamental,  
needing love  
but fearing it,  
Shelley Winters dares life  
to defeat her*

BY DEE PHILLIPS

● In her early days in Hollywood, Shelley Winters made a discovery. If you want to be a star, you better have personality. She hired a press agent. Three days later she made page one of every morning newspaper in town—a feat not to be underestimated in the publicity-conscious town of Hollywood.

That morning thousands of readers saw a picture of an unknown starlet named Shelley Winters being dragged away from an exclusive party by two burly members of the local police force. By the time the afternoon editions hit the stands, that unknown starlet had already been nicknamed the Blond Bombshell and was well on her way to becoming Hollywood's most colorful glamour girl. Very few readers stopped to read the corrections in the later editions—the corrections that explained Miss Winters was merely being escorted to the local Police Benefit where she entertained. It was a press agent's stunt and it worked. From that day forward, Shelley Winters was a star.

Since then, Shelley has had her share of (Continued on page 131)







# He lost his shirt and became a star

*He was a swellhead.*

*Until he reached for*

*success and lost weight*

*around the waist—and*

*changed that head line*

BY RUTH WATERBURY

● "The toughest thing a guy can learn when he's twenty," Richard Egan said, "is that he's not as brilliant as he thought he was when he was sixteen. It's still tougher, when a few years later, he has to face the fact that maybe instead of being the biggest success in his field, he may end up being its least-known flop."

"And that's just the state I was in a few years ago. It was the absolute low point in my ambitious life up till then. I certainly wasn't the boy wonder any longer. In fact, I began to wonder if I were even an actor. It was then that I decided to give up all thoughts of acting and go back home to my folks in San Francisco and try something easier."

"Back home I tried to forget acting—for all of five minutes. But I ultimately came back to Hollywood. I had to. Acting has always been my goal, it always will be. And I knew that while I faced lean years (Continued on page 121)

Richard Egan will also be seen in "Untamed"



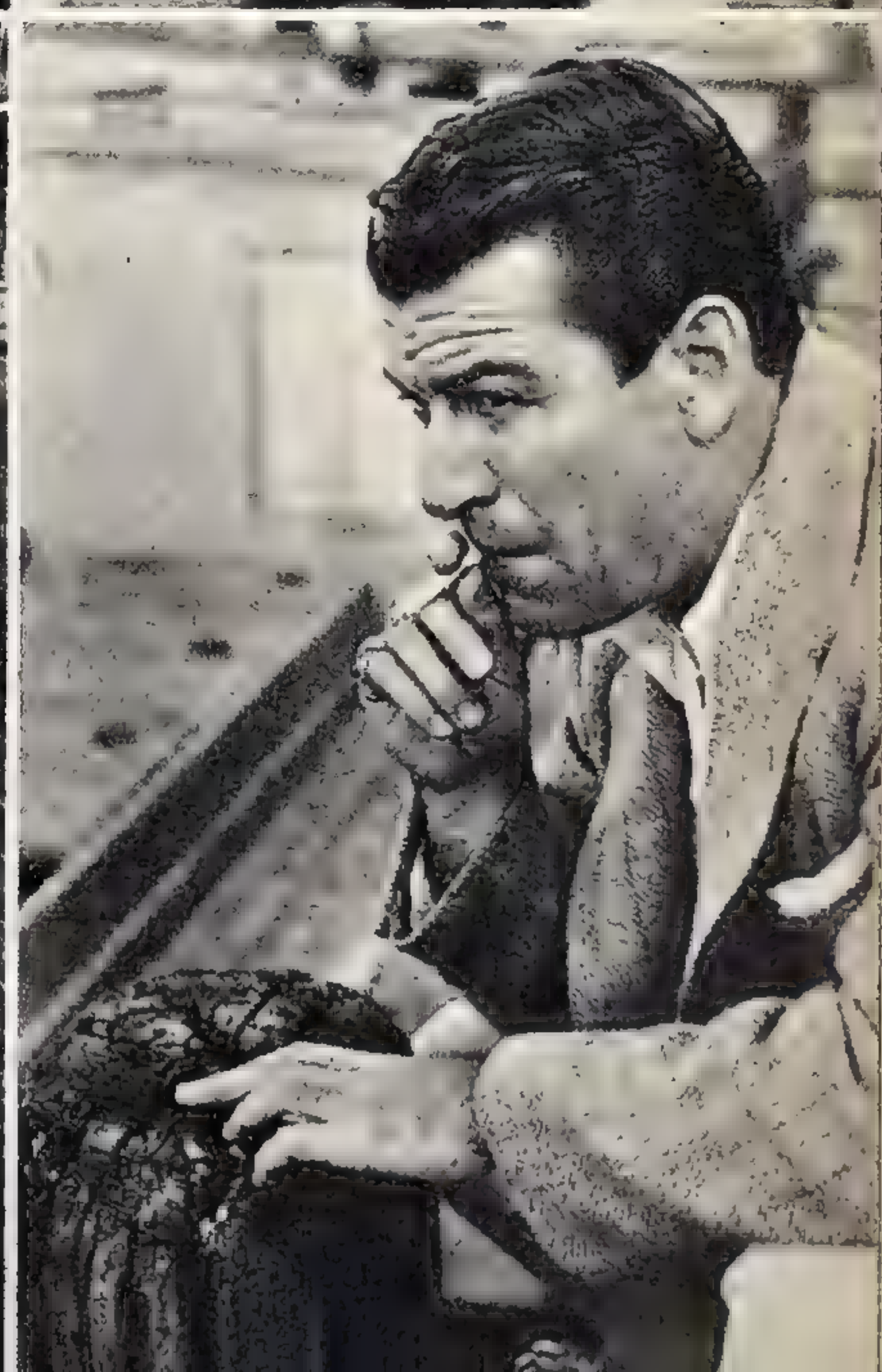
Richard and Lori Nelson at Silver Springs where preview of "Underwater!" was shown—under water!

Center, on location in Arizona for "Violent Saturday." Virginia Leith plays opposite Richard

At far right, with "Underwater!" co-star, Jane Russell. Picture is Richard's twenty-first!

With Barbara Darrow, Rosemarie Bowe at Silver Springs. Aqua lungs weigh sixty pounds each

"The ham really boiled in me then," says Rich of early career when he flunked every screen test!







She's tired of playing the perennial waif



With Elsa Lanchester in "The Glass Slipper"



Excited about dancing with Fred Astaire!



Mother's pet name for her was Minnie Mouse



*She's a magic sprite with a wistful face,  
a modern Cinderella in ballet slippers.*

*She's restless when she's loafing,  
enchanted when she's dancing,  
is that gay ballerina Leslie Caron.*

# PIXIE FROM

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

● She never wears jewelry of any kind. She hates the smell of a cigar. She is fond of all dogs, strong-smelling cheeses and roaming about department stores.

She wore a bikini bathing suit on the occasion of her first visit to a Hollywood swimming pool when she first arrived here. "I noticed everyone eyeing me strangely, and I came home and told my mother, and she said: 'Yes, of course, people in this country have different ideas about swimming wear.' I have never worn it since."

She is shy in the presence of strangers, and her mother, Margaret Petit Caron, born in Topeka, Kansas, was formerly premiere danseuse with the Greenwich Village Follies.

She was baptized Leslie Claire Margaret Caron. She hates beets and turnips. She wears out more than one hundred pairs of ballet shoes each year.

She doesn't believe in hunches, plays no musical instrument and is unable to practice economy.

She adores clothes, prefers black, would like to appear on the stage as well as in movies. After she completes "Daddy Long Legs," she will play in "Orvet," which Jean Renoir wrote for her.

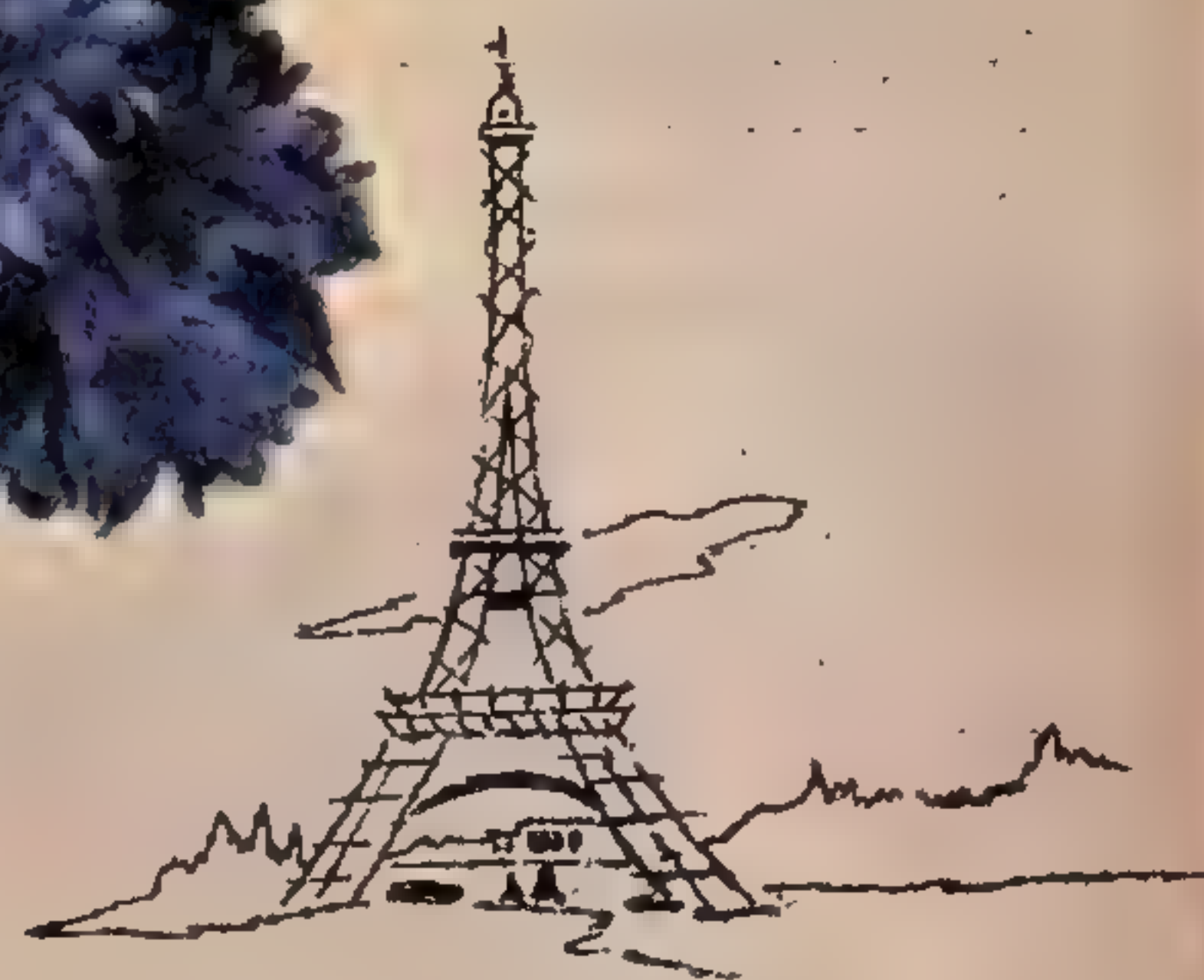
She weighs 110 pounds.

(Continued on page 106)

Favorite film is "Lili," with Mel Ferrer



PARIS







## **BURTON - The Welsh Rare Bit**

*He forgets his wife's name, won't be serious*

*when he should, admits he's a regular flirt.*

*A real crazy guy, this Mr. Burton*



BY MARTHA BUCKLEY

**R**ichard Burton, looking as unlike a Hollywood star as possible in baggy corduroys, a well-worn tweed jacket and with bits of grease paint still clinging to his forehead, put down the newspaper clipping with a sigh and turned to the man behind the well-worn oak bar in the murky London pub.

"Another pint of mild-and-bitter, please," he said, and then, picking up the dog-eared bit of paper, turned to his companion.

"How do you like this?" he said, and in an exaggeration of the majestic Shakespearean tones that were thrilling patrons of the Old Vic Theatre nightly (and at matinees on Thursdays and Saturdays),

he read the gossip of a London society writer: *Richard Burton has been titillating his English friends at all the fashionable soirees in the better drawing rooms of London with his hilarious accounts of the fantastic life in Hollywood.*

Burton glanced around the drab, smoky interior of The Olive Branch, a nondescript public house in a squalid part of London. A pub as far removed in appearance as in distance from the glamour and bright lights of the West End night clubs usually frequented by visiting Hollywood stars. A pub whose "regulars" are, for (Continued on page 108)

Richard Burton is next in "Alexander the Great"

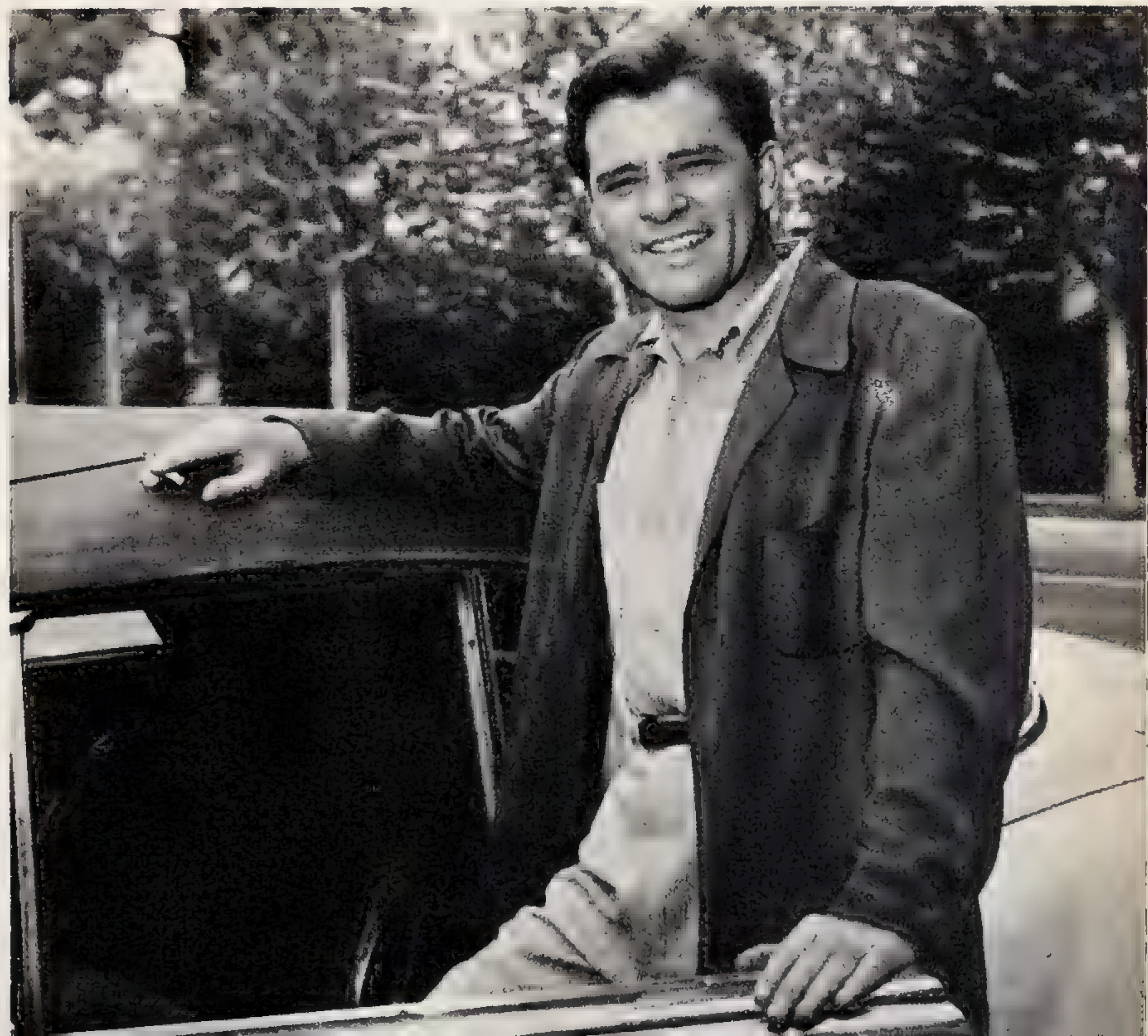


*The fact that Sybil refuses to be worried by his flirtatious tendencies is a continual source of wonder. But she sees more than casual observers!*

*Hollywood was puzzled when the Burtons refused to live in the style expected of a star. But it wasn't because Richard was stingy, as they said*

*"When I was a kid," Rich recalls, "the only answer to difficulties—and there were plenty—was to work harder and laugh while we were doing it"*

*Misquoted he may be—but never about the man he calls "my second father," the teacher who gave Richard the chance to escape a life in the mines*









*Wisdom, humor and love—these are the coins that Ann and Jim deposit daily in their mutual marriage fund*

BY ROBERT EMMETT

# ANN BLYTH'S LOVE BANK

*Ann Blyth is in "The King's Thief"*



*Best investment is Timothy Patrick, first in their large-family-size dream*



*Their social worlds were far apart. But Ann and Jim have made them one*



*Ann learned early to become the person she most loves to be—a doctor's wife*

● Ann Blyth, being a very sensible and bright young girl, knew even before her wedding that marriage called for some adjusting, some give and take. She knew that just as most young couples make a down payment on a house, move in and must continue to make payments to a bank in order to make that house a long-lasting possession, so must regular payments be made to the invisible bank of love in order to maintain a solvent marriage. Ann knew an emotional shelter against the storms of daily living and marriage have to be planned for in advance. That they must be built day by day upon the

cornerstone of devotion with a hundred and one little deeds of confidence, consideration, understanding and respect. Without these, a young couple cannot build a working partnership.

"I was prepared—or thought I was—" laughs Ann today, "to make some adjustments in my habits and schedule and to accept the little tensions and strains that might come from our separate careers or from minor domestic problems. But I didn't realize the adjustments would start so soon.

"When we returned from our honeymoon, we unpacked, opened the (Continued on page 119)



# HOLLYWOOD



*Follow in Rock Hudson's footsteps, visit Farmers Market—it has something from all parts of the world*



*Ann Blyth at W & J Sloane in Beverly Hills, where luxury stores tempt the stars—and the visitor!*



*Pat Crowley and Lori Nelson at Sunland Sports Lodge. If you like tennis, California has the courts!*

A journey  
to the stars  
that will make  
your vacation  
seem like a trip  
to Paradise

● In search of romance? Romance of a thousand different varieties? Romance of sun and sea, of mountains and timeless desert? Romance of seeing with your own eyes the glamorous world of movieland? For all these pleasures and more, a Hollywood vacation is the answer.

If sports are your greatest thrill, you'll find it easy to swim, sail, aquaplane, water ski. Or you may prefer to have a go at tennis, horseback rid-

ing, hiking, volleyball, handball,ature or standard golf.

There are miles of window-shop for the gift-buyer. Or you may be charnted to investigate and buy some California's own styles for yourself.

In Hollywood you may exercise curiosity by seeing motion-picture in the flesh, by watching radio and broadcasts, by visiting airplane tories, the Griffith Park planetarium, the nearby Mount Wilson Observa-



# HOLIDAY

BY  
FREDDA DUDLEY



Hunter, Joanne Gilbert at  
's at the Beach, Santa Mon-  
popular seaside restaurant



Mitzi Gaynor and Jack Bean at  
Luau's, one of many restaurants  
that cater to gourmet tastes



At colorful San Pedro you'll see  
Jeff Richards, others, with their  
boats, see famed fishing fleet



at chessmen intrigue visit-  
like Bob Francis, May Wynne  
Palm Springs Racquet Club

If you yearn for culture, your fun  
lie in seeing a play at Pasadena  
Community Playhouse, the Huntington  
Theatre, the Players' Ring or  
other legitimate theatres. You may, if  
you desire, prowl miles of art galleries  
and museums. You may hear sym-  
phonies under the stars at the Holly-  
wood Bowl.

Dining out is an international matter  
in Hollywood. You may dine in Sweden  
at Scandia, in (Continued on page 96)

on a trip to Hollywood, next page





# WIN A HOLLYWOOD HOLIDAY

## FIRST PRIZE

Round-trip transportation for two to Hollywood and return—winner to have choice of traveling via either of the following:

- Greyhound "Scenicruiser" Bus
- Trailways Bus

(Winner must start trip from nearest available embarkation point to his or her home town on either of the above-mentioned bus lines.)

PLUS—a beauty bonus for the winner. A special Hollywood beauty treatment by famed Max Factor of Hollywood, on arrival in California. In addition, a Max Factor treasure chest of cosmetics suited to the winner's type and coloring. Also a "Pretty Polka" print swimsuit by Catalina and the "Damask Rose" swimsuit by Rose Marie Reid.

## SECOND PRIZE

Complete travel wardrobe, in winner's size, selected from the fashions featured in this issue's fashion section. These fashions originate from the following brand-name manufacturers:

**Swimsuits:** Red lastex sheath suit by Sea Nymph. "Pin Money" print suit by Maurice Handler of California. **Dresses:** four daytime dresses by California Girl • linen dress with jacket by Justin McCarty of Dallas • two daytime dresses by Ilene Ricky. **Shoes by:** Huskies. **Luggage:** Samsonite Ladies' Hang-It-All Case. **Lingerie:** Bra by Maidenform • "Living" bra and girdle by Playtex • bra by Formfit • bra and girdle by Lewella • packable petticoat by Koret of California. **Jewelry by:** H. & S. Originals. **Swim-caps by:** Playtex.

## THIRD PRIZE

**Shoes:** Wardrobe of three pairs of Grace Walker (Connie) shoes, in winner's size, as follows: One pair of casual shoes • One pair of dressy shoes • One pair of "little heel" shoes (not illustrated on fashion pages). **Swimsuit:** Sea Fashions cross-stitch print cotton bloomer style.

## FOURTH PRIZE

Three Clifton leather handbags.

## FIFTH PRIZE

**Swimsuits:** "Gingerbread Man" print by Catalina • Lastex print boy short suit by Maurice Handler of California • "Staccato" sheath by Rose Marie Reid.

## SIXTH PRIZE

A Meeker leather handbag.

## Six exciting prizes to be awarded to the six winners in this PHOTOPLAY vacation contest

**P**ut your dreams on paper and you may be the winner in PHOTOPLAY's exciting new contest. All you have to do is tell us, in a hundred words or less, why you want to go to Hollywood. If you win the grand prize, you and your traveling companion will be given a round-trip ticket for two to that magic movie-land of your dreams. Plus—a bonus beauty treatment for one by famous Max Factor of Hollywood on arrival in California. For the next five winners there are other exciting prizes described on this page. It's a magic chance to solve that summer holiday problem. So don't let this opportunity go by. The rules, given below, are simple. And the prizes, out of this world. GOOD LUCK!

## CONTEST RULES

1. Write or print on plain letterhead, in one hundred words or less, why you want to win a Hollywood Holiday. Be sure to give your complete name and address and mail your entry to: Win a Hollywood Holiday, Box 1505, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. Each entrant agrees to accept the decisions of the judges as final.

2. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, May 15, 1955.

Anyone living in the continental United States and Canada may enter this contest except employees of Macfadden Publications and their advertising agencies.

4. Each entry must be the original work of the contestant and submitted in his or her name. Joint entries will not be accepted.

5. Entries will be judged for originality, interest and aptness of thought by the editors of PHOTOPLAY magazine.

6. All entries become the property of Macfadden Publications and may be used as they see fit. No entries will be returned.

7. The winner will be announced in the August 1955 issue of PHOTOPLAY. The winner will be advised by wire no later than May 30, 1955. This contest is subject to all federal and state regulations.

8. Should the winner of the first prize be a minor, such winner will have to be accompanied on the trip by an adult of the winner's family. In such event, the person accompanying a minor shall be in lieu of a guest and be identified as the traveling companion entitled to accompany the winner on the round-trip ticket for two, to Hollywood.



# PHOTOPLAY TRAVEL FASHIONS



SEE NEXT PAGE FOR  
FASHION INFORMATION



No matter how you go,  
you're off on a Hollywood  
holiday with Photoplay's  
own travel wardrobe

Lovely Barbara Rush stars in U-I's "Captain Lightfoot"

TWA's Super Constellation

Trailways holiday tour bus



Santa Fe's Diesel engine Super Chief



Greyhound's new Scenicruiser







May Wynn stars in Columbia's "The Violent Men"

Look for Connie Towers in "Bring Your Smile Along," Columbia

Lucy Marlowe's in Columbia's "My Sister Eileen"

## AWAY YOU GO- TRAVELING LIGHT IN COTTON

Trio of stars, a lovely sight to see in sight-seeing cottons. Pretty May Wynn, left, loves the crisp lines of a pique charmer starring new high square camisole bodice, long torso releasing a flourish of skirt. A little girl look for the sophisticated traveler. Sizes 7-15, 8-16. California Girl. Under \$15.

Center, Connie Towers in a jumper sheath vieing for 1955 honors, its boat neckline dipping low in back. Carnival of colors. About \$9. Right, pert Lucy Marlowe favors the sweet look of massed flowers in a self-ruffled bouffant cotton print. \$14.95. 7-15. Both by Ilene Ricky. Jewelry, H. & S. Originals.

**On Preceding Page** Pretty Barbara Rush graces the travel scene in a costume spotlighting a flattering white linen sleeveless sheath, its collar and button front piped in same red, black, white box plaid of the versatile cotton tweed cardigan jacket.

All pearl buttoned and very 1955. Sizes 8-20. By Justin McCarty of Dallas. Under \$40. She travels light with Samsonite's compact Hang-It-All case, \$25. Red pillbox by Madcaps. Glovelets by Wear-Right. Glitter jewelry, Trifari. Bur-Mil Cameo hosiery.

**Continued**





*Lovely things happen to you in a*  
**Catalina**



Left: Tear Drop. Batiste Lastex  
 embellished with pearls. \$15.95.



Any girl who wears a Catalina swimsuit is apt to be singled out for special attention by Mr. Cupid.

That's because Catalina swimsuits not only shimmer with high fashion—they are engineered to flatter specific figure types.

The Glamour Guide at right shows which Catalina swimsuits will do the nicest things for you. Why not take this chart with you when you shop?



Snug Harbor  
\$14.95

*These  
 enhance  
 a  
 small  
 bosom*

Gingerbread Man  
\$12.95

Bandolier  
\$17.95



*These  
 slim  
 the  
 upper  
 leg*

Continental  
\$25.00

Dots and Dashes  
\$15.95

Peg O' My Heart  
\$19.95



Sun Sticks  
\$10.95

Encore  
\$19.95

Water Witch  
\$15.95



# Justin McCarty



Gingham Gal... Justin McCarty's daisy-fresh *crease resistant* two-piece gingham check, with crisp pique collar accented with a velvet bow... the skirt's slimness released with a kick-pleat in back. Green, turquoise, black, brown. Sizes 6 to 18... \$17.95

Write for store nearest you.

**JUSTIN McCARTY • DALLAS, TEXAS**

**HOLLYWOOD HOLIDAY**

PHOTOPLAY TRAVEL FASHIONS

For  
Where to Buy travel fashions  
turn to pages 104 and 107



Mary Murphy stars in Paramount's "Hell's Island"

## AWAY YOU GO - TRAVELING LIGHT IN COTTON continued

Above, in the lounge of TWA's Super Constellation, Mary Murphy wears fashion's love, the shirtwaist dress in checked gingham, tailored perfectly with boy collar, barrel cuffs. Bouffant skirt rustles with its own crinoline. Lovely pastels. Under \$18

In shape for the sheath—Mara Corday in a reed-slim dress starred for travel. Washable, creaseless linen-look rayon with Empire bodice shaping a surplice closing. Under \$18. Sizes 7-15, 8-16. Both by California Girl. Pearls, H. & S. Originals. Trailways Bus

**Continued**

Mara Corday's next in U-I's "Foxfire" with Jeff Chandler







**Gloria de Haven**  
Starring in "The Girl Rush"  
a Paramount Picture



**Joan Bennett**  
Starring in "We're No Angels"  
a Paramount Picture

# Hollywood Stars

**AND  
SMART  
WOMEN  
EVERYWHERE...**



**Ginger Rogers**  
Starring in "Twist of Fate"  
released thru  
United Artists

## Wear Playtex swim caps...



### THE SWIM CAP OF THE STARS

You've never worn a more comfortable swim cap! The exclusive "contour-molding" and wonderful stretchability means there's no binding or pressure with Playtex Swim Caps. Yet special watertight seals give maximum protection to ears and hair-do. Good looking, too . . . designed with an eye to fashion in three different colors — white, red, blue. Only \$1.00 at drug stores everywhere!

## PLAYTEX® SWIM CAPS



# sea nymph

glamour  
swim  
suits

**Get your man and keep him** with Sea Nymph —

the best man-bait yet to win your kind of fella now and forever.

Left: Shirred sheath, tempting in or out of the water. \$11

Right: Little boy shorts, decidedly feminine, gets him every time.

In run and fade resistant Celaperm® lastex.

Perfected built-in boned bra in all

Sea Nymph suits plays up your best curves.

Misses 32-38, juniors 9-15, teens 10-16.

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.



Write Penny Lewis for your free copy of *Sea Nymph's Guide to Summer Glamour*

JORDAN manufacturing corp., 1410 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

Sea Nymph of Canada, 425 River St., Montreal



# AWAY YOU GO - TRAVELING LIGHT IN COTTON

continued

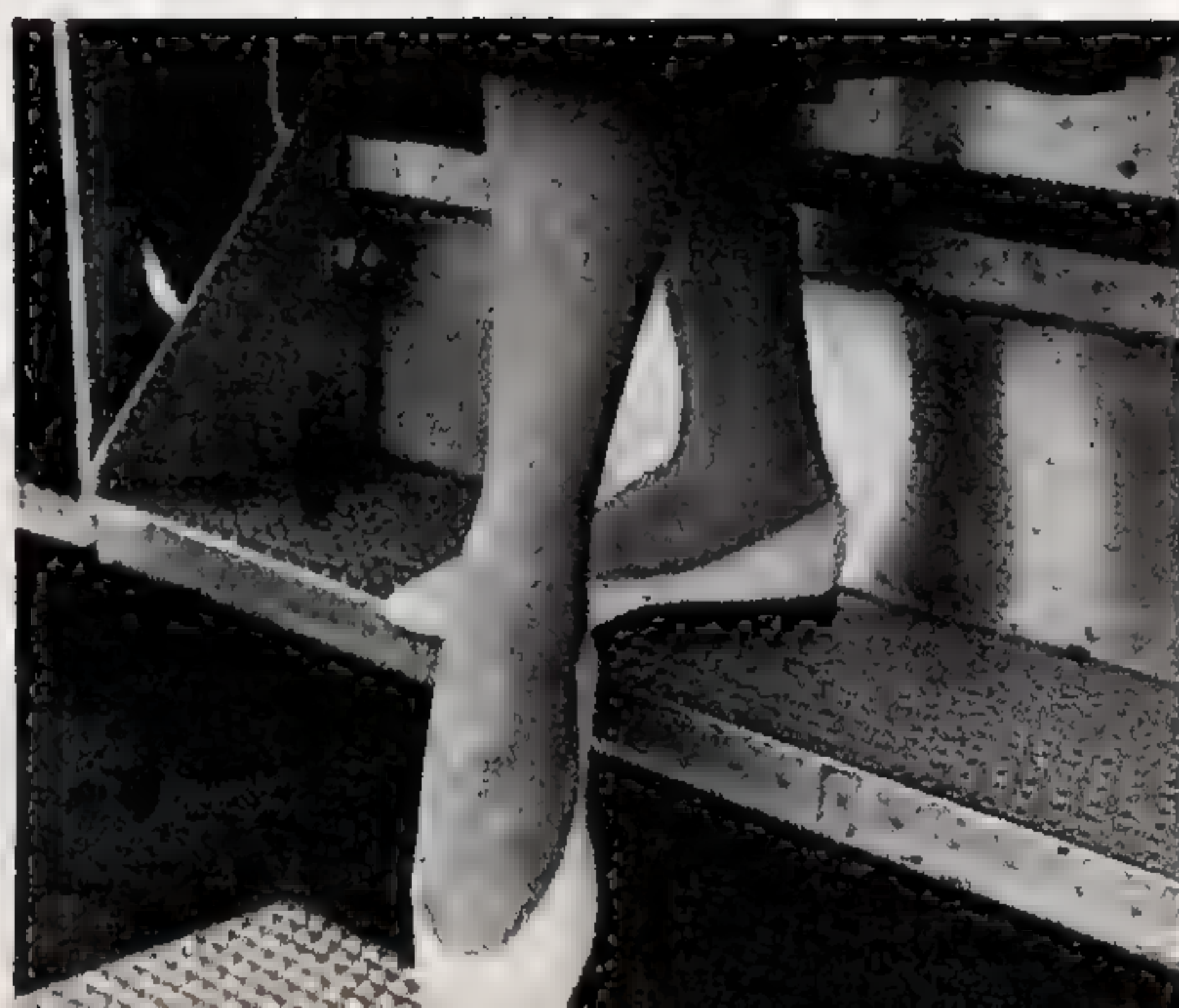


Myrna Hansen is featured in U-I's "Man Without a Star"

Boarding Santa Fe's Super Chief, Myrna Hansen wears an easy-on, jet buttoned coat dress. Satin-striped handkerchief cotton's travel perfect and fashion-wise. Long line bodice is sleek down to the full flare skirt. Spanking white peau de soie collar frames, flatters your face. Sizes 7-15, 8-16. By California Girl. Under \$15. Wear-Right glovelets. For a fleet-footed miss, her darling on-the-go Kiltie shell skimmers, right. Butter-soft glove leather with pancake heel. Colors to spark your cottons. By Huskies. \$4.99

Continued

For  
Where to Buy travel fashions  
turn to pages 104 and 107



on  
swim  
suits  
by

maurice handler  
Original

made in  
CALIFORNIA

Every gal becomes a long-stemmed beauty in this dramatic faille lastex confection by Maurice Handler, designed for Junior figures *only*.

No wonder it brings out the siren in you... and the glint in a fella's eye! Ingenious boned bra, concealed 'neath fly-away wings. Under \$13

Aqua, brown or black with pink, lilac with lavender. Sizes 9 to 15.

MAURICE HANDLER OF CALIFORNIA  
846 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.



## TOPS FOR EN ROUTE TOSS-ON

For Where to Buy travel fashions  
turn to pages 104 and 107

Terry Moore stars in 20th Century-Fox's "Daddy Long Legs"



**MARY MURPHY**

co-starring  
in Paramount's  
"Hell's Island"

Filmed in VistaVision  
Color by Technicolor

*Rose Marie Reid* JEWELS OF THE SEA

SHINING STARS ON THE SWIM SCENE... THESE  
FAMOUS, FABULOUS SUITS ARE "INSIDE" DESIGNED  
TO LIFT AND HIDE YOU WHERE YOU WANT IT. HOLD  
YOU WHERE YOU NEED IT... CURVE YOU INTO A BRAND-  
NEW, BEAUTIFUL SHAPE! TO SEE HOW IT'S DONE...  
SEE "ROMAN CANDLE," A SIZZLING ELASTICIZED SHEATH  
AT 17.95... FROM A WHOLE COLLECTION OF  
EXCITING SHAPE-MAKERS! FOR THE NAME OF  
STORE NEAREST YOU WRITE ROSE MARIE REID  
DEPT. MP, LOS ANGELES 45, CALIFORNIA



The beloved velvet-collared Chesterfield jacket goes casual in a new checked cotton and rayon homespun fabric, crease-resistant, water-repellent and a traveler's delight. Terry Moore wears it with great chic over playclothes or late-day cottons. Black, avocado, peacock with white, cocoa with beige. 7-15, 8-16. By Wilroy. About \$12.95

**Continued**





I'm buying this...with what I saved —

Town and Travel Shop — Beverly Hills, Calif.

on my **TRAILWAYS** HOLIDAY TOUR

It's like getting a new dress for free, whether you buy it in your home town or, like me, in glamorous Beverly Hills. This year make your holiday tour by TRAILWAYS and enjoy *scenery level* luxury travel for less! Trailways Tours, including hotel accommodations and sightseeing, are available to all of the vacation areas in this country, Canada, Mexico and Alaska... *and even overseas*. Write today for your FREE copies of colorful illustrated folders describing TRAILWAYS 1955 tours.

TRAILWAYS, DEPT. P-55, 1012 14th St., N.W., Washington, D. C.

Please send me one of your free full color vacation folders. I am interested in  
☐ expense paid tour ☐ vacation trip (check one).

To \_\_\_\_\_

From \_\_\_\_\_

Approx. Leaving Date \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# "Watch your skin thrive on Cashmere Bouquet Soap!"

HOLLYWOOD HOLIDAY

PHOTOPLAY TRAVEL FASHIONS

## TOPS FOR EN ROUTE TOSS-ON

continued



says *Candy Jones*  
(Mrs. Harry Conover)  
CONOVER SCHOOL BEAUTY DIRECTOR  
"Our Conover girls know what it can  
do for every type of complexion—  
dry, oily or normal!"

Joan Fetherston, lovely young dancer and TV actress, says: "It's such wholesome beauty care for my dry skin! I never knew any soap could do so much so gently until Candy taught me to beauty-wash twice every day with mild Cashmere Bouquet. I just cream that fluffy, fragrant lather over my face with my fingertips. It leaves my skin looking wonderful — smoother, softer, with a lovely, fresh glow!"

*P.S.* "Scatter a few cakes of Cashmere Bouquet through your lingerie and handkerchief drawers. Leaves a lovely, flowery fragrance, much more subtle than sachet!"

*Candy*



For  
Where to Buy travel fashions  
turn to pages 104 and 107

Complexion and big bath sizes





Fashion-wise Rosemarie Bowe travels in a cool, cool sleeveless version of the new Paris-inspired overblouse fashion. It stars a rounded collar, cutaway shirt bottom in the best man-tailored tradition and added self belt that forever cinches your waist. In an Everglaze rose'n'chair cotton fun print of red, blue or maize on white ground. Sizes 30-38. By New Era. Price about \$3.98

Rosemarie Bowe's in "The Big Bluff,"  
a W. Lee Wilder production

The ever-ready blouse with real talent for looking crisp whether under your travel suit or fancy-free with your shorts. In wash-easy Sanforized cotton broadcloth, the soft Baby Doll look's pointed up by the pretty sleeve puffs and spanking white rosebud embroidered collar. Colors are delectable pink, blue or yellow, all with neat white collar. Sizes 30-38. New Era. About \$3.98

Continued

# say when-say where

and Greyhound will arrange  
a complete vacation package

tailored to your taste—fitted to your budget!

**Vacation Planning Service**—at no extra charge—is yours, at any Greyhound Travel Bureau. Expert counselors make hotel reservations, schedule transportation, special sightseeing . . . or tailor complete *Expense-Paid Tours* (like examples below).

**CALIFORNIA - YOSEMITE**—A magnificent three-week vacation in Hollywood, San Francisco, and beautiful Yosemite National Park; 20 nights' hotel included, from Detroit . . . . . \$205.86

**FLORIDA CIRCLE**—Visit every sun spot from St. Augustine to Miami, Key West. 11 days from Jacksonville \$82.85

**CHICAGO**—With a night club, and dinner at a theater-restaurant included. 5 days from Cincinnati . . . \$49.25

**NEW ENGLAND CIRCLE**  
6 days from New York . . . \$57.05

**PACIFIC NORTHWEST**  
13 days from Los Angeles . . \$111.40

**COLORADO ROCKIES**  
13 days from San Francisco . . \$128.00

**NEW YORK-WASHINGTON**  
7 days from Pittsburgh . . . \$65.00

**OLD MEXICO (Escorted from Laredo)**  
12 days from San Antonio . . \$137.80

**COLONIAL VIRGINIA**  
6 days from Washington . . . \$45.50

Similar tours available from your city. Prices shown include double-room hotel rates (per person). U. S. tax extra. Prices subject to change.

**FREE! VACATION PLANNING MAP**—showing dozens of places and Tour prices. Mail to **Greyhound Tour Dept., 71 West Lake Street, Chicago, Illinois.**

Name.....

Address.....

City & State.....

Send me special information on a Tour to:.....

TS-9-55

**GREYHOUND®**



Pack it all...Take it all in one case!

# New Samsonite Hang-It-All!



Look!

*It carries everything!*

*It can be separated into  
2 compartments*



The hang-up top—  
it holds up to  
8 dresses...

the bottom lies  
flat for packing  
accessories,  
cosmetics and  
shoes...



put them together,  
they spell HANG-IT-ALL  
— the **lightest** way to  
carry everything for y  
vacation in one case!

LOOK AT ALL YOU GET  
for only \$25\*

This firm yet light case separates, the top attaches to any door (with its removable hang-hook). Hang-It-All carries up to 8 dresses on its own non-snap hangers. A special fold-bar holds your clothes neatly, wrinkle-free.

Bottom lies flat for packing accessories, toiletries, shoes. Elasticized cover-curtains on both top and bottom keep all your things neatly in place. Put the top and bottom together...snap shut the streamlined, non-tarnishing brass locks...and Samsonite's tongue-and-groove construction makes the case moisture- and dust-proof. All in all, Hang-It-All is the best *lightweight* carry-all case ever made!

Featured:

Bermuda Green

... in 6 beautiful  
better-than-leather  
finishes that wipe  
clean with a  
damp cloth.



RAWHIDE FINISH



SADDLE TAN



ADMIRAL BLUE



COLORADO BROWN



ALLIGATOR

**Streamlite Samsonite**  
*flight-proven luggage*

BY THE MAKERS OF SAMSONITE CARD TABLES AND CHAIRS

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Shwayder Bros., Inc., Luggage Division, Denver 9, Colo., Folding Furniture Division, Detroit 29, Michigan





## FASHION ARRIVAL- SWITCHABOUT SEPARATES

Marjorie Hellen appears in 20th's "Daddy Long Legs"



To stretch the summer budget, show off your fashion know-how, a quartet of coordinated separates designed by Stella Landré of Ilene Ricky. Marjorie Hellen, above, wears a smart sleeveless beach coat with triple string ties. The surprise fabric, familiar striped cotton ticking, newly flower embroidered. About \$13. It's lined in same gold polished cotton of the flattering princess swimsuit, back-zipped down to its drawstring bloomer. Under \$18

More double take-alongs for the scene of your Hollywood Holiday. The shiny gold polished cotton blouse with flattering side-swept boat neckline ending in shoulder ties, about \$5.95. It tucks into Marjorie's full stand-out skirt of unpressed pleats in the same embroidered ticking, with a bonus in added gold cotton belt. About \$14.95. Teamed, these go sunning or dancing with the greatest fashion ease. All sizes 7-15, By Ilene Ricky

**Continued**

For  
Where to Buy switchabout separates  
turn to pages 104 and 107

ASK

*Mary Gordon*

OF **TWA**

## HOW TO GET TO HOLLYWOOD



"Fly TWA"—  
that's what Mary  
Gordon will tell  
you. Just step

aboard one of TWA's fast, comfortable planes... and before you know it, you're stepping out in the heart of the motion-picture world (feeling like a star yourself!). When you fly TWA, you add extra hours, extra days to your dream trip.

**TWA's bargain fares** will make you think they were planned with a career girl in mind. And not only does TWA offer low rates, but flying TWA saves you heavy expenses en route... gives you more money to spend on vacation fun.

**TWA's Time Pay Plan** is the perfect plan for a budget-minded girl! The smallest down payment sends you on your Hollywood holiday. You pay the balance in monthly installments... spread over as long as 20 months.

**Ask about TWA's Western Tour.** It's made to order if you'd like to include many places and pack as much fun as possible into your two weeks' vacation. Spend 14 wonderful days in Los Angeles, Hollywood, Yosemite, San Francisco, Las Vegas. For more details, visit your travel agent or local TWA office, or mail the coupon below to Mary Gordon of TWA.



Fly the finest... **FLY TWA**  
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Mary Gordon of TWA, Dept. P55  
Trans World Airlines  
380 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.  
I am interested in information on a trip from

to Hollywood on or about \_\_\_\_\_.

Also, please send me details on:

☐ Time Pay Plan ☐ How to Tour the  
West in 2 Weeks

Name \_\_\_\_\_

PLEASE PRINT.

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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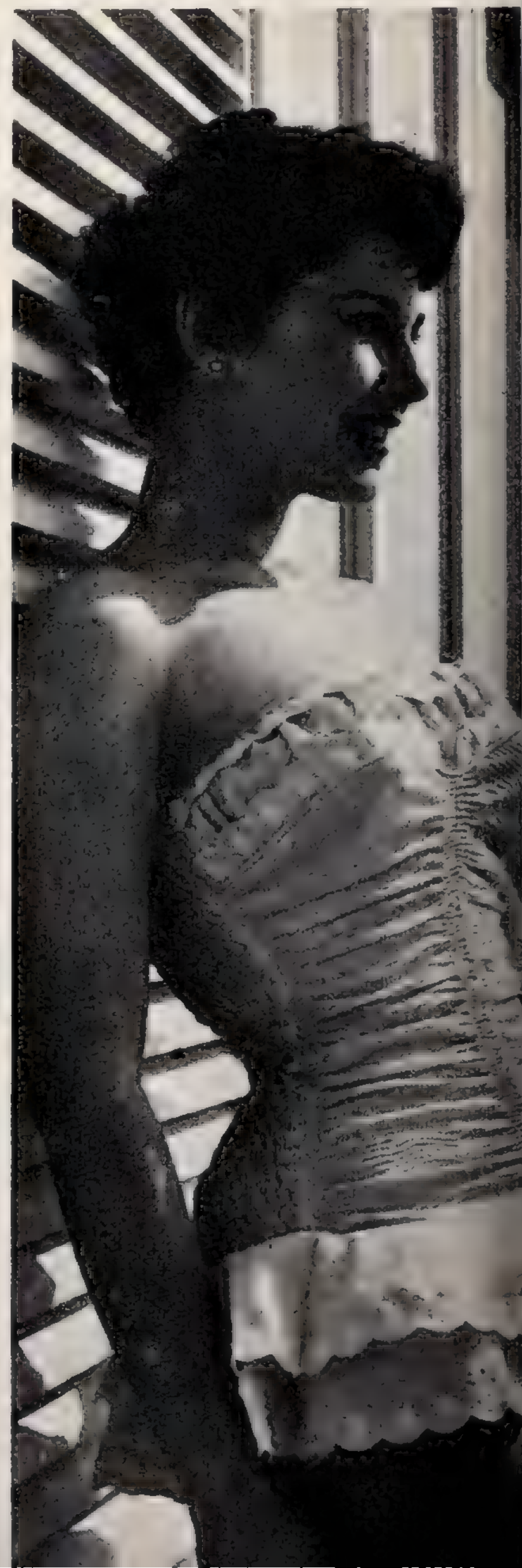




## YOU'RE IN

M-G-M's Taina Elg, left, graces the sands in the newsiest print of the season—rows of darling gingerbread men (our favorite's pink and cocoa) on a Shirred cotton suit with flouncy ruffling. 32-38. Under \$13. Gingerbread man beach towel, \$3.95. By Catalina

Below, fine-pleated pale pink cotton makes the Pretty Polka suit, its flared double-ruffle bottom and bra top both white dot-embroidered. Elastic shirring insures for Lisa Montel the shape-ly little girl look. Panties, of course. Sizes 32-38. About \$12.95. By Catalina





# THE HOLIDAY SWIM

Right, Fox's lovely Marjorie Hellen spends her day in the sun in Rose Marie Reid's Staccato, an elasticized faille sheath, with shirred front panel for a dreamboat figure. White split bra top has touch of embroidery. Sizes 10-18. Fashion colors. About \$15.95



For Where to Buy  
holiday swimsuits  
to pages 104 and 107

Below, capturing the beach scene, Rosemarie Bowe in a sleek red princess-line sheath suit, with a plus in the snow-capping lingerie touch. Triple ruffle of white nylon eyelet lace adorns Pellon-reinforced bra, intensifies your tan. 32-38. By Sea Nymph. About \$11

All  
fashion photographs  
by Christa

Rosemarie Bowe, below, in Damask Rose, a bengaline glamour sheath topped with bewitching black lace. Sheer overlay of wispy black net has embroidery of Shocking pink flowers. All in the famed hourglass silhouette. 10-16: Rose Marie Reid. About \$35

Continued





## YOU'RE IN THE HOLIDAY SWIM

continued

Taina Elg is in M-G-M's production, "The Prodigal" • Lisa Montel, next in "Escape to Burma," RKO



*Sunday-opening game*

Carry a classic  
Clifton-it goes  
everywhere  
with everything!

Here's the one fine accessory that gives you so much for your spring fashion dollar! The secret? Classic lines, sculptured hand-tooling. It's distinctively right... wherever you go... whatever you wear. Wouldn't a classic Clifton bag be a wise spring purchase for you?

Shoulder or underarm models in rust, dark brown, oxblood, tan, and natural russet. Full grain saddle leather with leather lining and compartments; zipper, leather, and brass closures. Retail from \$2.98 to \$21.75.

At Fine Stores Coast-to-Coast

*Clifton's*

HAND TOOLED BAGS

For dealer nearest you write:

WESTERN SUPPLY COMPANY, Ardmore, Okla.



For our upcoming season in the sun, lovely Taina Elg, left, spotlights sparkling white in a sharkskin lastex suit with figure-conforming shirred side panels, a flange bra bedecked with tiers of red and white checked Chromspun ruching. \$10.95. Right, Lisa Montel in new long torso bloomer silhouette. Bright stylized cotton print has petal bra, peek-a-boo inset. Guaranteed lock-stitching insures long wear. Under \$8. Bath sizes 32-38. Swimplay suits by Lee

Continued

For Where to Buy holiday swimsuits turn to pages 104 and 107

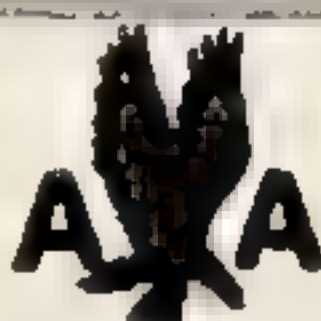


# Grace Walker



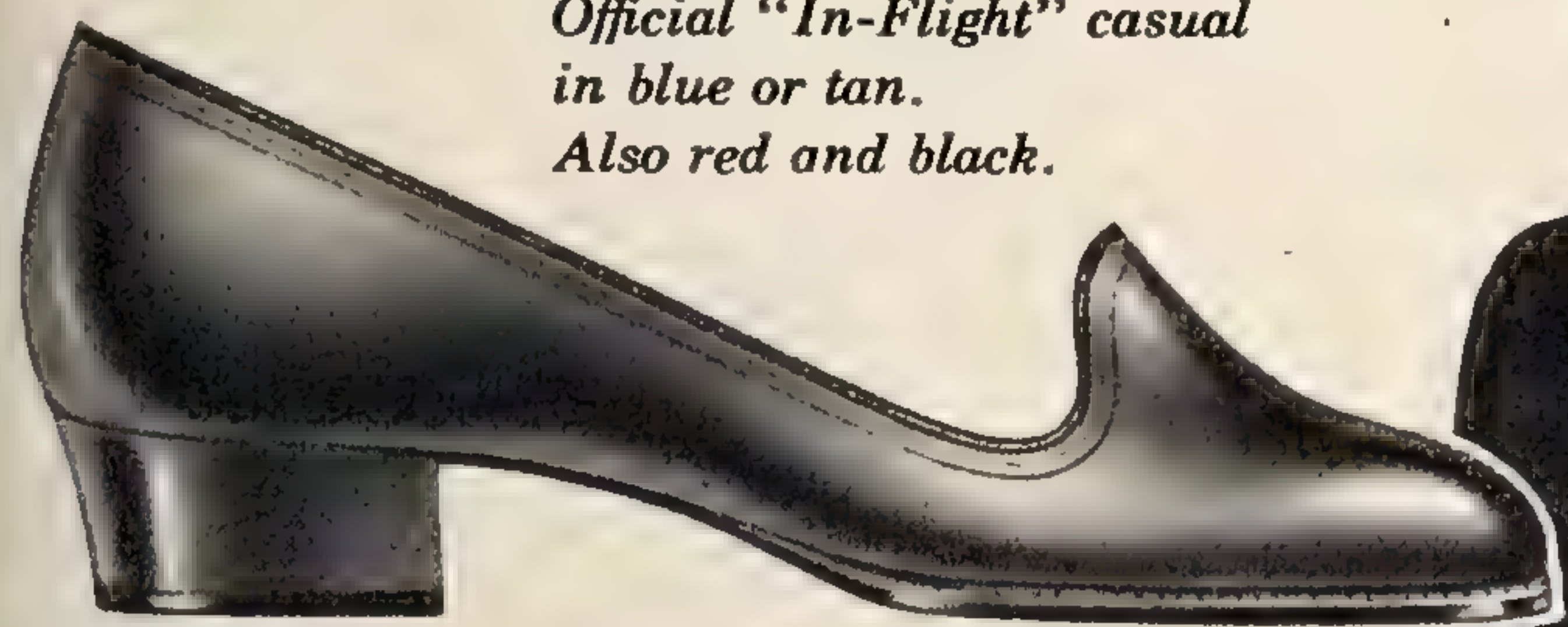
has  
gone  
aloft...

N303AA  
AMERICAN



selected by the stewardesses of **AMERICAN AIRLINES** for smartness and comfort

**"SKY-WALKERS"**  
Official "In-Flight" casual  
in blue or tan.  
Also red and black.



**"STAR-SPECS"**  
Official tan and white  
spectator. Also in blue,  
**"STAR-STEPPERS"**,  
as modeled by  
Miss Marilyn Cope,  
a typical  
American Airlines  
Stewardess.



Patterns illustrated: \$9.95  
(Other styles \$6.95 to \$10.95)

High as the sky in smartness and  
comfort—that's Grace Walker!

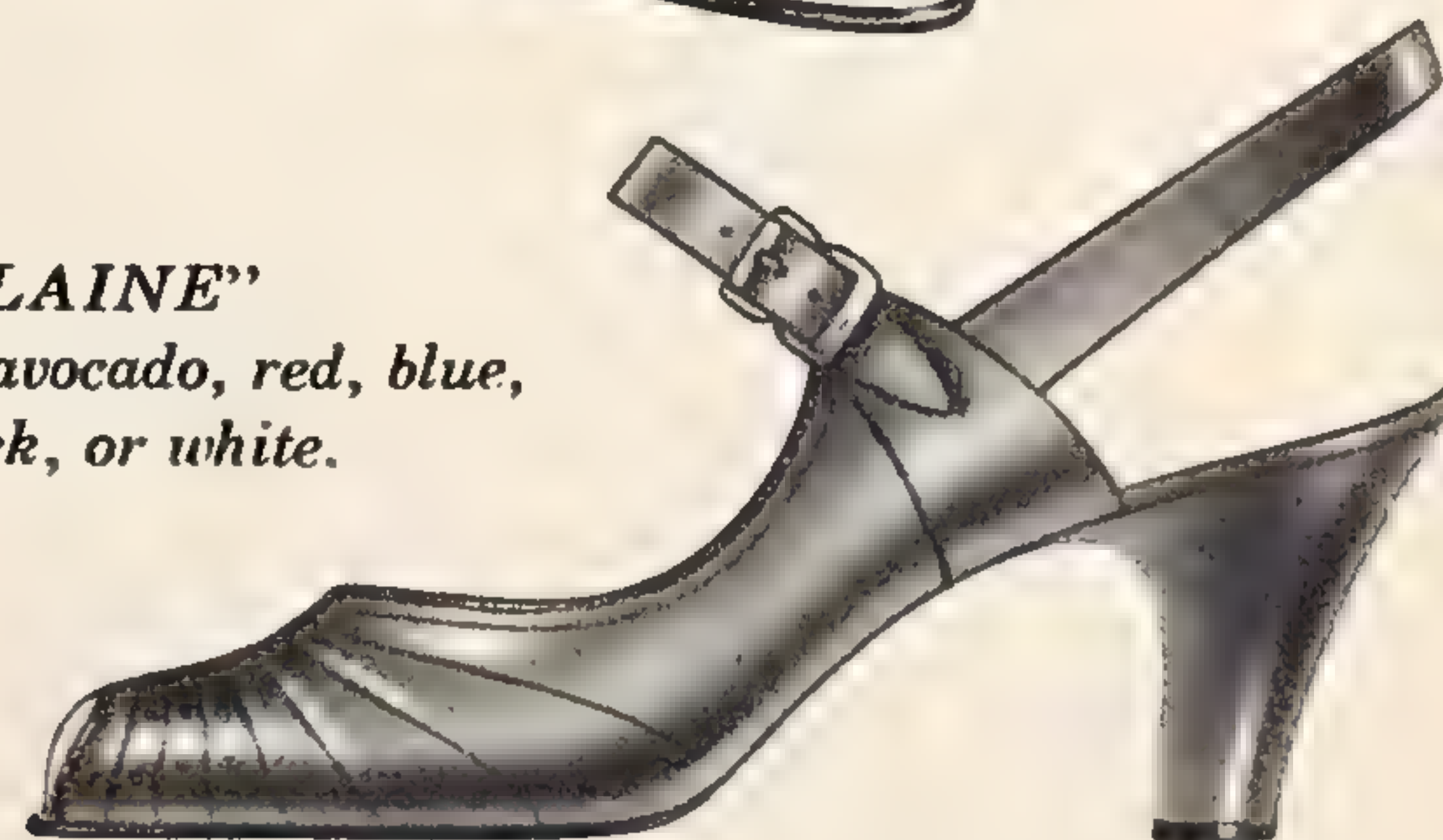
And the millions of style-  
conscious women, who already  
*know*, now welcome the 1000  
stewardesses of American Airlines  
who have adopted Grace Walkers  
as their *approved* shoe! Choose the  
shoes they voted tops for style  
and fit. And, while you're looking,  
check the other smart shoes in  
the beautiful Grace Walker line.

You'll be glad, glad, glad!



**"ENCHANT"**  
In avocado, blue,  
black, or white.

**"BLAINE"**  
In avocado, red, blue,  
black, or white.



# Grace Walker

SHOES

created by FRIEDMAN-SHELBY division

International Shoe Company • Saint Louis



be a Meeker Peeker . . .



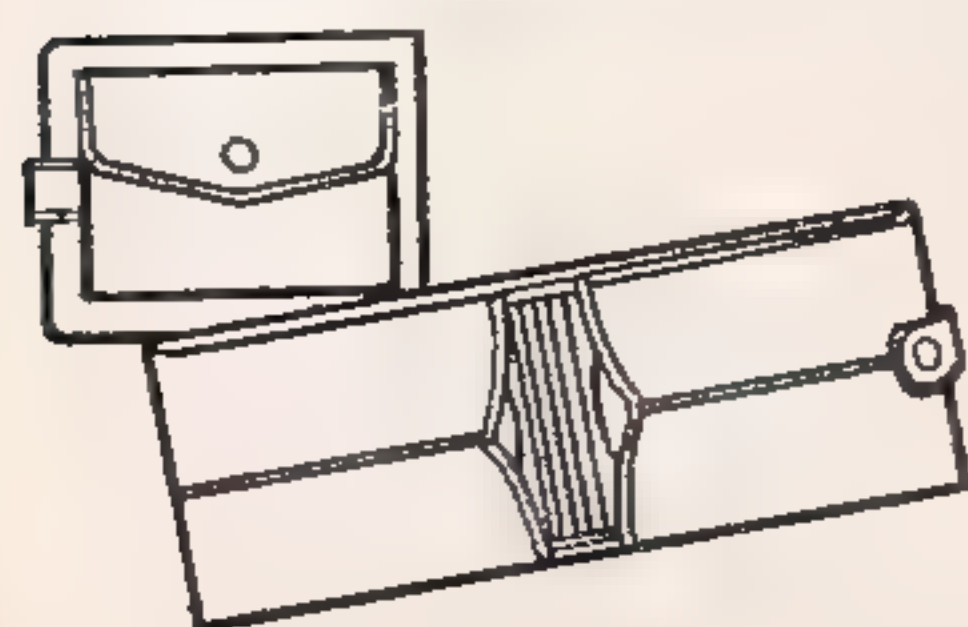
Alexis Smith  
now starring in Republic's  
"THE ADMIRAL HOSKINS STORY"



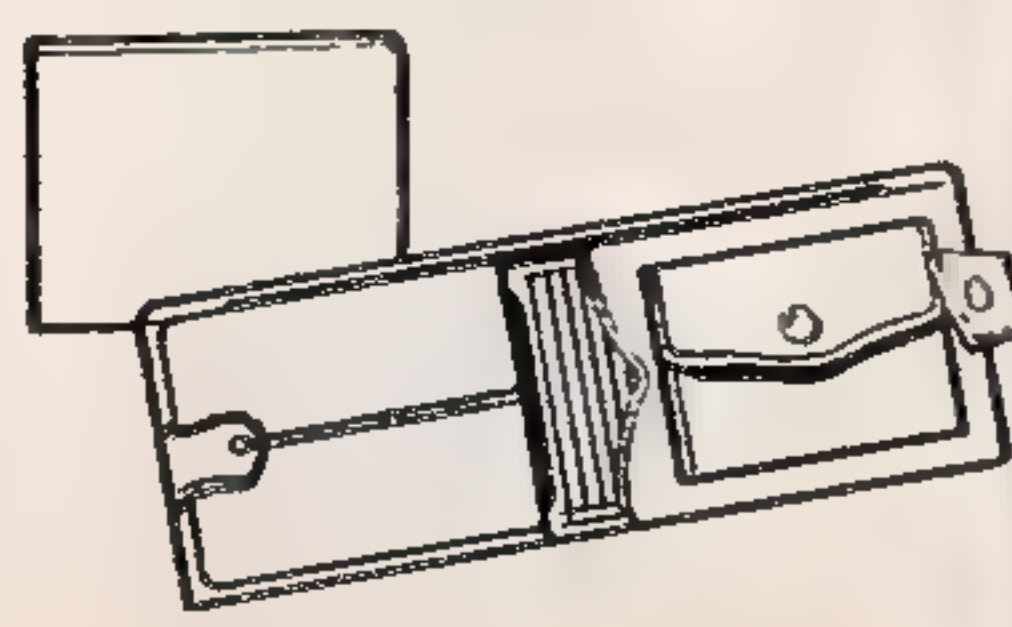
See what's  
inside Alexis Smith's  
**meeker**  
HANDBAG

. . . and it all fits neatly! . . . because this handbag features SEVEN roomy POCKETS. Meekers are famous for their many compartments . . . their rich hand-tooled designs in hand-colored steerhide. Styles also in smooth saddle leather . . . at fine stores. \$15 to \$35 plus tax.

THE MEEKER CO., Joplin, Mo., New York Office: 347 Fifth Avenue



Left: The Meeker Cash 'n Carry has outside coin purse. Right: The Money Mad Billfold has removable pass case. Both come in blue, red and green plus six luscious new pastels . . . Cowhide at \$5 plus tax.



HOLLYWOOD HOLIDAY

PHOTOPLAY TRAVEL FASHIONS

## YOU'RE IN THE HOLIDAY SWIM

continued



### TO KEEP YOUR SUMMER HAIR- DO NEAT AND SWEET . . .

Taina Elg retains the well-groomed look despite sun, wind or weather with Helene Curtis Spray Net, a must for any vacation. Keeps hair softly in place all day, sets in a wink. Regular or new Super Soft (no lacquer), in aerosol containers. \$1.25 plus tax





Sunning in style, Taina Elg loves the slimming boy short look, this one sporting a print of festive dancing figures in the bright sealed-in color of Celaperm lastex. Winged bra detail points up reverse-side color print, shadow-proof when wet. Red, blue, green or white. 9-15, 8-16. Handler of California. \$14.95. Veau mont pixie hat

Left, Taina in the "Pin Money" cotton sheath we've fallen in love with. Dotted fabric's asscatter with a print of gold safety pins, and a for-real pin shines at the bra cuff. Elasticized back, shirred front for good figure control. Red or aqua with gold-piped bra and leg cuffs. Sizes S, M, L. By Maurice Handler of California. About \$8.95

**Continued**

For  
Where to Buy holiday swimwear  
turn to pages 104 and 107



*Around the World with Formfit*



**Adventures of FRAN,  
the Formfit Gal, or**

*How to Pick a Dilly in London*

✻ SKIPPIES PANTIES • LIFE BRA

*skippies*

**BY FORMFIT**

Fran wears a slimming-and-smoothing Skippies Pantie Girdle #843 . . . of nylon elastic net, with satin elastic front and back panels. Small, Medium, Large. \$7.50. Her bra is the new Life Romance #566. 32A to 38C. \$2.00.

Prices slightly higher in Canada

Who'd think my unassuming wiles  
Would roll 'em in the British Isles!

But there I was in London town,  
Just turning traffic upside-down;

Where everything, normally, stops for tea,  
It stopped, all right . . . for li'l' ol' me!

On seeing me, a foreign power,  
Big Ben forgot to strike the hour.

The blokes around Trafalgar Square?  
Oi 'ad 'em in a fog, for fair!

A Baron viewed me through a spyglass,  
And one old Dukey dropped his eyeglass.

(They said, by diplomatic courier,  
That I made Merrie England merrier!)

The reason? Rumor has it so:  
My Formfit outfit,\* don't y'know!

THE FORMFIT COMPANY • CHICAGO • NEW YORK • TORONTO





AN

*Irene Ricky*

COTTON COORDINATE

A floral spray skirt in polished cotton... broadcloth belt in soft shrimp... about \$8.  
Coordinate shrimp broadcloth blouse... about \$5.  
Sizes 7 to 15.



*Pat Hilton*

For name of your nearest store see Photoplay's Buying Guide

To order by mail write: PAT HILTON, 225 West 34th St., New York 1, N.Y.

## YOU'RE IN THE HOLIDAY SWIM

*continued*

Very 1955, our pair of swimsuits in this year's popular silhouettes. Dancer Taina Elg, right, stars the long, lean bodice line bursting in a saucy bloomer puff. Unusual cotton cross-stitch print is accented by black-piped V-line, bold black cross motif on bra band. Sunny tangerine or aqua. In sizes 32-38. By Sea Fashions. About \$7.95. Lovely Lisa Montel, at left, wears the Dream Boat suit with exquisite ballerina lines interpreted in a polished Everglaze cotton narcissus print. Extras: bouffant self underpanties, Pellon-lined bra top. In burnt orange, blue or rose on white. Sizes S, M, L. By Nanina. Under \$8. Their pretty sunglasses by Ray-Ban

*Continued*

For Where to Buy holiday swimsuits turn to pages 104 and 107





Change your hair style without a bit of trouble, for SPRAY NET brushes out instantly. It doesn't flake or ever get the tiniest bit sticky.

# Helene Curtis sponsors the Pretty Soft Look

Helene Curtis SPRAY NET\* keeps your hair prettily in place all day, but with a bewitching softness.

How should your topknot look this season? Grimly lacquered into place? Wildly waving in the breeze?

Never! This season the look is *soft and shining* hair that stays put in the *prettiest way*.

For Helene Curtis dipped deep into a chemist's tube and came up with a delightfully different hair spray. A hair spray so silky . . . so soft it couldn't possibly make hair dry or stiff or brittle. Yet it held each curly straggler in place. Waves behaved despite humidity. Flyaway hair tamed down nicely. In a word—it worked! And softly, prettily!

So here, from Helene Curtis to you, with flattery in every swoosh, is SPRAY NET. The ladylike-way, the pretty soft-way to curb your curls and hold your wayward waves!

\*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



No drooping curls on rainy days. With SPRAY NET your hair pays no mind to dampness or humidity. Curls and waves stay in, weather or no.



Giant Economy Size \$1.89  
Plus tax.  
SUPER SOFT OR REGULAR

Now there are two types of Helene Curtis SPRAY NET. Let your hair be the judge. If it's "baby-fine" or you like the casual look, the new Super Soft SPRAY NET, without lacquer, will be beautifully right. For hair that's thick, harder-to-manage, for elaborate hair-dos, use Regular SPRAY NET . . . already the favorite of millions!



Set your pin curls in a hurry. Just roll them up, make large loose curls on top, smaller ones at your neckline, then spray with SPRAY NET. They'll dry in minutes, they'll look soft and pretty.



Use SPRAY NET every day, as often as you like, for it contains exclusive Spray-On Lanolin Lotion. Keeps your topknot soft and silky.



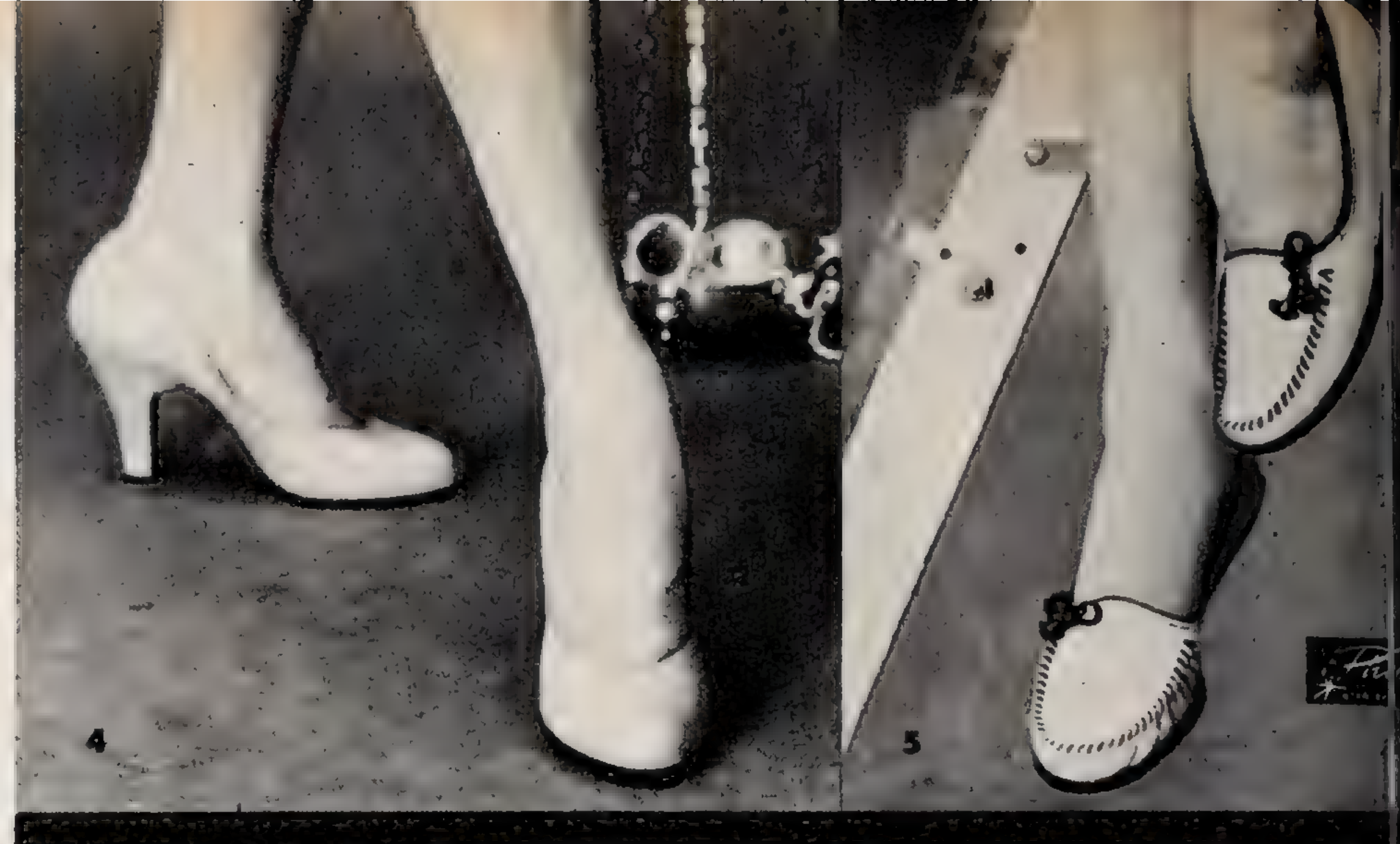
# SEA FASHIONS<sup>®</sup>



## PIPE THE STRIPE...

Sleek-as-a-seal petal sheath over a satin stripe top and bottom. Of color-locked Chromspun lastex faille in red, turquoise, royal, black, sizes 32-38. The specially-designed bra will work wonders with your figure! about **8.95**

At good stores everywhere, or write:  
 East — MARLYLE SPORTSWEAR CORP.  
 1410 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.  
 West of the Miss. — SEA FASHIONS INC.  
 939 S. BROADWAY, LOS ANGELES, CAL.



Photographs by Bert and Stan Rock

## GO-EVERYWHERE ACCESSORIES

1. For travel-toting in style, a tooled design leather s... inner pockets, adjustable... By Clifton. \$15.95 pl
2. Spark your trip with a u... newly textured in black... white tweed effect, pater... and trim. Grace Walker.
3. To resort partying goes c... kid sandal with braided... pings. Prettiest in pastel... queline design by Wohl.
4. Close-up of travel pump... in color on page 73, start... its smooth, slim line. Pe... kid. Jacqueline by Wohl.
5. Our Star Fashion Award to... shoe in creamy glove le... sporting Mexican hat t... pancakewedge. By Huskies.
6. Grace Walker's sleek pur... suit-able wear on the go... heeled polar bear calf ac... by brown saw-tooth trim.
7. Touch of holiday glamour... trimmed pink lustre calf d... sandal, its open back desig... cling. Jacqueline by Wohl.
8. Shoe with nine lives, open... and sling-backed in clou... calf, beaded winged bow... ion colors. Grace Walker.
9. Hold-all bag in rich red... triple inner pockets foldi... cordion-style. Strap's adjus... By Meeker. About \$21 pl



For  
 Where to Buy  
 turn to pages 104 and 105

More fashions on next p





6



7



8



9

*Go the Fun way!*

# ride **El Capitan**

only all-chair streamliner daily  
between Chicago and Los Angeles

*enjoy*

- "Stretch Out" reclining chairs
- "Big Dome" viewing of the colorful Indian Country
- Delicious Fred Harvey Food

*only*

**\$55<sup>44</sup>**

One Way from Chicago  
to Los Angeles, San Diego  
or San Francisco. Round  
Trip \$90.15 (Tax extra).





### Transportation Costs For Your Hollywood Holiday

| To Hollywood:<br>Round-Trip Fares<br>From and Returning<br>To: | Via<br>Greyhound<br>or<br>Trailways | Via<br>Rail<br>(Lower<br>Berth) | Via<br>Rail<br>(Chaircar) | Via<br>Air<br>1st Class | Via<br>Air<br>Aircoach |
|----------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|---------------------------------|---------------------------|-------------------------|------------------------|
| Atlanta                                                        | \$ 86.74                            | \$209.79                        | \$119.63                  | \$264.88                | \$193.38<br>via Dallas |
| Boston                                                         | 117.54                              | 301.52                          | 166.19                    | 350.24                  | 233.20                 |
| Chicago                                                        | 77.94                               | 185.30                          | 99.17                     | 239.91                  | 167.20                 |
| Dallas                                                         | 55.28                               | 127.88                          | 63.80                     | 161.59                  | 125.40                 |
| Denver                                                         | 43.89                               | 122.60                          | 66.66                     | 126.94                  | 94.60                  |
| Detroit                                                        | 90.81                               | 219.67                          | 119.68                    | 271.70                  | 189.82                 |
| Minneapolis<br>via Kansas City rail                            | 75.46                               | 181.94                          | 99.17                     | 230.89                  | 182.82                 |
| New York                                                       | 112.31                              | 287.68                          | 158.84<br>reserved seat   | 332.09                  | 217.80                 |
| St. Louis                                                      | 72.77                               | 175.94                          | 94.11                     | 217.36                  | 160.60                 |
| San Francisco                                                  | 11.83                               | 48.84<br>The Lark<br>Roomette   | 19.03<br>Daylite          | 46.09                   | 29.70                  |

(Federal Transportation Tax of 10%—5% less than last year—included in all quotations)

(Continued from page 71)

Paris at Perino's, in Hawaii at Luau, in Italy at Villa Nova, in the good old USA at Captain's Table, Jack's at the Beach, Barney's Beanery, or the Brown Derby.

Part of the fun of a Hollywood vacation is the trip itself. You have your choice of traveling by plane, train or streamlined bus.

Since last year almost all transportation companies have arranged budget plans permitting you to make a small down payment on a trip, take the trip, finish paying for it in comfortable monthly installments. If you live in a big city, consult a good travel agency about these plans. If you live in a small city, talk to the local representative of the rail, bus or airline company, or inquire through PHOTOPLAY's own service which is noted on page 98.

Next problem: What shall I take along? There are a number of general hints on what you'll need for a Hollywood vacation. California nights are cool and days are usually hot. Thus you'll be happiest with a wardrobe of light cool dresses for daytime wear, with a topper for evening use. In addition, one simple dark suit and one simple and one dressy blouse will take you almost anywhere. A basic dark dress and a pair of comfortable shoes round out the essentials.

Aside from the clothes you take with you, you may also wish to buy other clothes in California. Its sports clothing is world famous, and you may wish to buy bathing suits, casual cottons or party separates after you arrive. The

shopping is all part of the fun here, too.

Upon arriving in Los Angeles, the first thing to do is secure a map of Southern California.

If you are driving, get a map from any service station. If you have arrived by bus, train or plane, your hotel will undoubtedly have a guide book available.

The second move for a quick survey of the city is to take a Gray Line Bus Tour, or two or three. These tours are arranged so that you get the most enjoyable experience at the least possible expenditure of time and money.

The Gray Line collects travelers from each of the major hotels (Ambassador, Beverly Hills, Beverly Wilshire, Roosevelt, Knickerbocker, Biltmore, etc.) and returns them to the same hotel or the route-point of their choice.

Tour #5 sets out daily (excepting Sundays & holidays) at 9 A.M. or at 2 P.M. It takes three hours and costs \$4.30, including tax. You are whisked past Angeles Temple, founded by the celebrated evangelist, Aimee Semple McPherson, and now presided over by her son, Dr. Rolf McPherson. You go through Griffith Park, past the Riverside Rancho, the Walt Disney Studios, the Toluca Lake homes of such stars as Bob Hope and Dana Andrews. Lakeside Golf Course is also on the route. You also go through Universal-International Studios, where it is likely (if you're on the morning tour) that you will see Rock Hudson, Piper Laurie, Rory Calhoun, Jane Wyman, Joan Crawford or any of a dozen other stars on their way to luncheon at the commissary. On your

return, you will go past the world-famed Hollywood Bowl.

Gray Line Tour #2 leaves at 9 A.M. or at 2 P.M. daily the year around. It costs \$3.35 and it takes three hours. You see the original Brown Derby Restaurant (built in a hat shape). You will see Hollywood Boulevard and you pause in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre to scan the footprints of celebrities left on concrete. You will visit the campus of UCLA (University of California at Los Angeles). Also, along the way, you will glimpse the baronial estates of the stars. And as your bus reaches the coastal highway, you will see the Pacific in all its beauty.

Gray Line Tour #6 leaves daily at 9:30 A.M. and 2:30 P.M., takes three hours and costs \$3.10. This trip takes you to Forest Lawn, said to be the world's most beautiful memorial park. Located in Forest Lawn are the celebrated "Little Church of Flowers" in which Virginia Mayo and Michael O'Shea were married, the "Annie Laurie" church "Wee Kirk o' the Heather" and the "Church of the Recessional." In the mausoleum there are hundreds of pieces of sculpture, the stained glass window depicting "The Last Supper" and the Hall of the Crucifixion where you will see Jan Styka's masterpiece "The Crucifixion," a painting 195 feet by 45 feet.

Note: Those making this trip should dress appropriately and wear a hat. Forest Lawn is a hallowed place.

Gray Line Tour #8 is scheduled for 9 A.M. daily except Saturdays, Sundays and holidays, costs \$2.65 and takes four hours. On this trip you visit St. Sophia Cathedral (Greek Orthodox Catholic faith) whose most celebrated layman was the late Charles Skouras. After that you will drive through MacArthur Park, and then to a radio or TV broadcast, depending upon what is most exciting on that day. Afterward you will be taken to the Farmers Market for luncheon (not included in the tour price).

Tanner Gray Line Tour #1 sets out daily (excepting Mondays) at 2 P.M. and costs \$3.10, employing three and a half hours to great advantage. Even if you are driving your own car, this tour would be an advantage over personal driving from an economy and enjoyment point of view. You are taken through the Los Angeles Civic Center, on past Sycamore Grove Park to Orange Grove Avenue. In the old days this was known as "Millionaire Row" and the Wrigley mansion was one of the great show places. You will see the Rose Bowl, the California Institute of Technology and finally you will reach Huntington Library. Here you will want to see the gardens, art galleries with Gainsborough's famous "The Blue Boy" and other noted paintings. The historical manuscripts are world-famous, and include a remarkable 14th century illuminated volume of Chaucer's works. From the Huntington Library, Tour #1 will take you to San Gabriel Mission (35¢ admission is charged so that the grounds and church may be maintained) to give you another insight into California history.

Gray Line Tour #9 is a night tour, starting every evening at 7 P.M. It takes three and a half hours, and costs \$3.10 for transportation. Naturally, any purchases you make on route are extra. This tour takes you through Olvera Street.

Olvera Street is shabby in the re-



morseless light of day, but at night it takes on all the romance of the candle-lighted long ago; Mexican *mariachis* stroll the street. Mexican shops offer scented candles, handmade laces, hand-woven serapes and huarachos. And in the restaurants, you may sample the Mexican hot chocolate made with vanilla and cinnamon.

On Gray Line Tour #9, you will also see China Town—and drive on past the Mulholland fountain, the Griffith Park Observatory, and along Hollywood and Wilshire Boulevards—in the heart of Movieland.

Having polished off the short trips around Los Angeles, the avid adventurer should set out on some excursions requiring more time. All of these field trips are recommended for families traveling with children, but adults will enjoy them just as much as the small fry do.

**SOUTHWEST MUSEUM:** 234 Museum Drive, Capital 1-1318. (Highland Park) This is the towering cream-colored structure visible to the northwest from the Arroyo Seco (Pasadena Freeway). The easiest way to reach it is to follow, or take, a northbound W car to Museum Drive. (There are signs on the right pointing to Museum Drive.) If you aren't sure where to catch the W-line car, call PProspect 7211 and ask for Information.

Southwest Museum (admission free) offers to those interested in Indian lore a fascinating history of the Red Man throughout the Americas.

The Museum is closed on Mondays, otherwise it is open daily from one until five in the afternoon.

**KNOTT'S BERRY FARM** is located two miles south of Buena Park on Highway 39. Buena Park is reached by driving east on Manchester Boulevard, which becomes Firestone Boulevard, which is literally Route 101. If you aren't driving, the Tanner Gray Line offers a fine Knott's Berry Farm excursion. The year around, buses leave at 2 P.M. and return after dinner. Cost, exclusive of food, is \$3.35. From June 15 to September 16, the Gray Line offers a full day's excursion on Sundays, Wednesdays and Fridays, leaving at 8:30 A.M. and providing sight of Hollywood Park Race Track, the Beach cities from Hermosa to San Pedro, Fort MacArthur, Los Angeles Harbor, the Long Beach and Signal Hill oil fields (forests of derricks), and Knott's. The price, exclusive of food, is \$5.50.

What are the charms of Knott's? First of all, food. Prices are moderate and the food delicious.

The Ghost Town at Knott's is its second great attraction. The town is open from 12:30 P.M. until 9:30 P.M. daily and has a saloon that serves soft drinks; a newspaper office that will turn out the story of your trip; and you can take a stagecoach ride or tour part of the grounds on a narrow gauge railway.

There is a "working" gold mine, a theatre, a rickety hotel transplanted from a ghost town board by board, an assay office and a jail.

There is a medicine man who plays banjo and sells boysenberry juice, a top-hatted gambler dealing Faro, and a music hall populated by ancient music boxes collected by Mr. Knott over the years.

In the evening, in a rustic amphitheatre surrounded by authentic prairie schooners which actually crossed the

plains, Western entertainments are given—the music, the costumes, the dances are drawn from the last century.

Knott's is also a good place to buy gifts for the folks back home.

**CATALINA ISLAND:** It is still advertised "In all the world, no trip like this." The Catalina "season" actually starts with the Memorial Day weekend and terminates Labor Day weekend. During the season steamers make a daily trip, leaving Wilmington at 10 A.M., arriving at Avalon at noon, leaving at 4 P.M. and reaching Wilmington at 6 P.M. During the non-summer months the trip is made by motorboat. If you don't care to drive to Wilmington, a boat train leaves the Pacific Electric Station (6th and Main Streets) at 9 A.M. and returns at 7 P.M. Round-trip L.A. to harbor fare is \$1.04. Round-trip steamer or motorboat fare is \$6.42 for adults; children under twelve years of age pay half fare.

If you prefer to fly, there are two amphibious departures daily, one at 9:30 A.M. and one at 4:30 P.M. from Long Beach Municipal Airport. Round-trip fare is \$13.16, and the flight takes twenty minutes each way.

During 1955, for the first time in years, most of the usual Catalina Island activities will be continued each month of the calendar. The glass-bottom boat trip takes forty minutes and costs \$1.50; the mountain rim trip in open buses takes fifty minutes and costs \$1.15. The bird farm is free and fun. And if you love to swim, you will be able to rent whatever equipment you need. During the "season" months there is nightly dancing at the Casino to the music of name bands, and if you wish to remain overnight on the Island, accommodations will cost from \$4 to \$8 for two. For reservations and information, call the Catalina Island Company, 5555 Hollywood Boulevard, HOLLYWOOD 9-2111.

**MARINELAND:** This is a new fun foundation, situated in one of the loveliest of settings and guaranteed to become more beautiful as the months go by and the oleanders, palms, and other vegetation flourishes. To reach Marineland, drive south on Pacific Coast Highway until it turns inland, just south of Redondo Beach; turn right onto the Palos Verdes Estates road and continue along the two-lane highway which works its way around the perimeter of this scenic peninsula. Marineland lies on the southwest elevation of the promontory, almost directly opposite the usually clear outline of Catalina Island.

The Oceanarium at Marineland consists of two mammoth four-story ocean tanks, 358 large underwater viewing windows, an octopus grotto, and a coral reef tank situated along viewing ramps.

Within the diameter of the Oceanarium is an open amphitheatre seating 1500 visitors who fall in love with the porpoises as they leap for their food. From this vantage point there is a breath-taking view of the mountains, the coastline, a section of ocean traffic lanes, and the beach.

Marineland is open from 10 A.M. until 5:20 P.M. during the months of brief daylight, but during the summer it will be open until sunset. Admission: Adults \$2.00; Juniors (13-17) \$1.00; Children (7-12) \$.50. Children under seven, free.

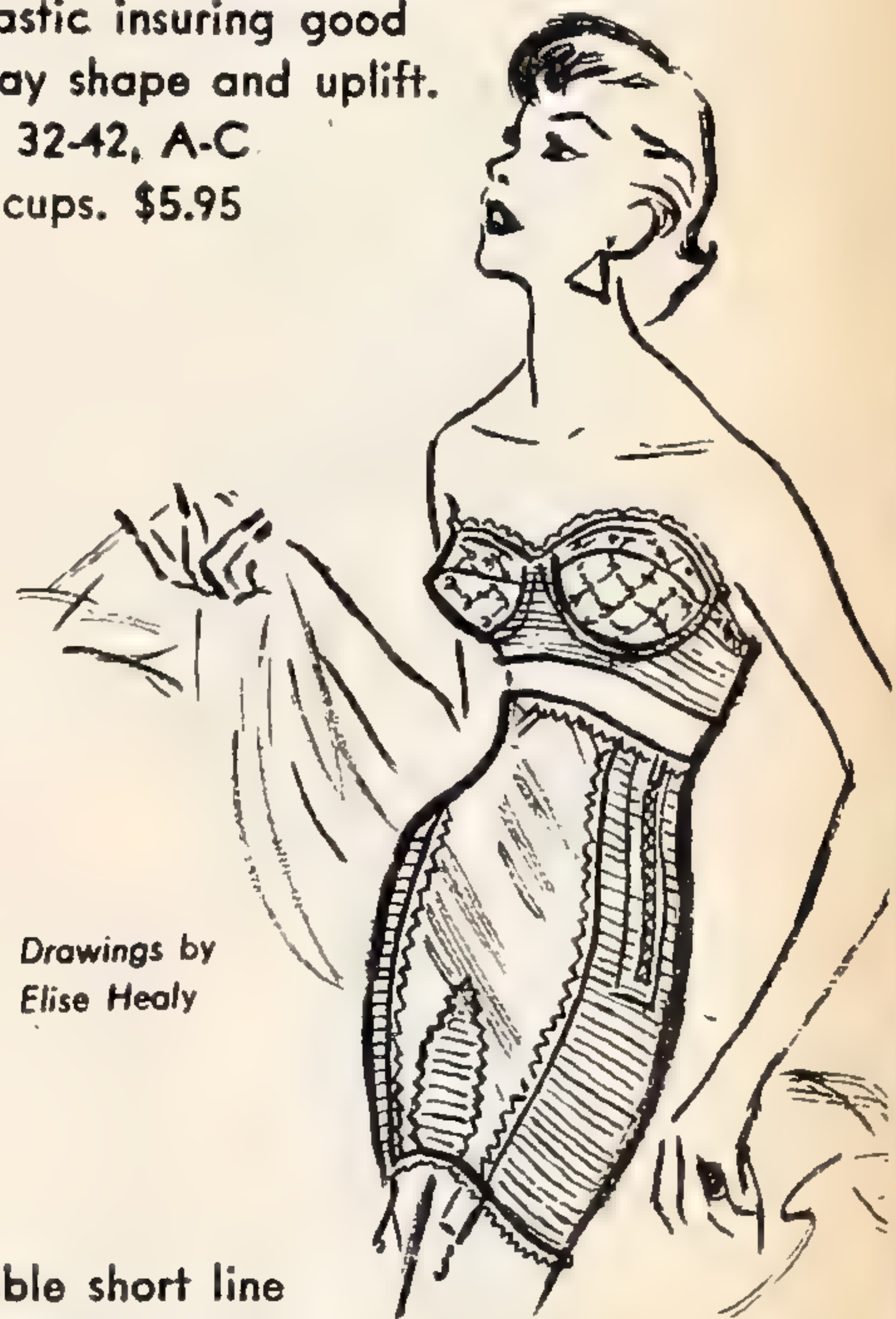
**MARINELAND RESTAURANT:** In addition to the Oceanarium, there is a

## UNDERCOVER TRAVELERS



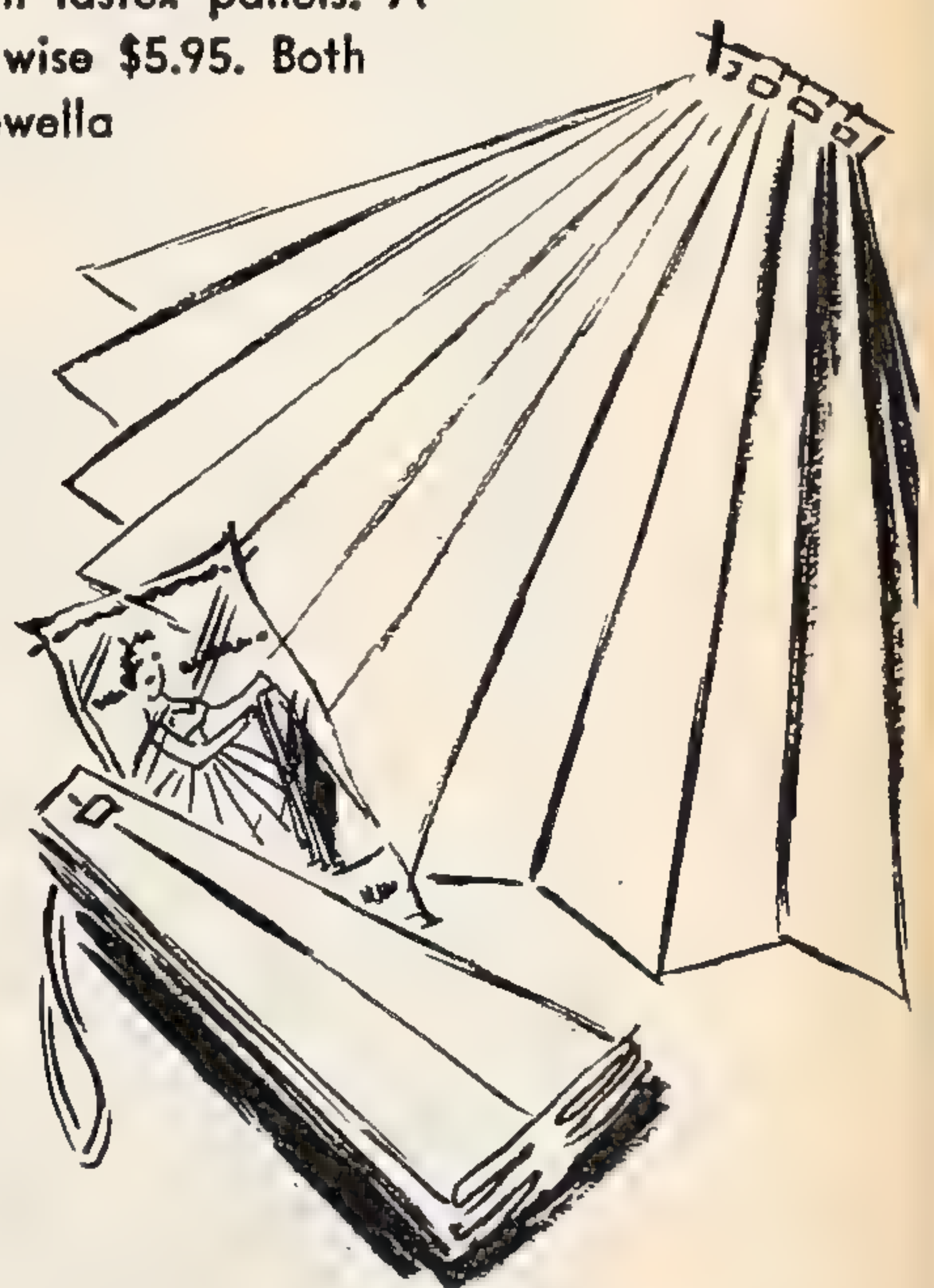
When you're on the go, Maidenform's Pre-lude strapless long-line bra, embroidered cotton and gently boned elastic insuring good all day shape and uplift.

White. 32-42, A-C cups. \$5.95



Drawings by Elise Healy

Packable short line bra, nylon elastic underscoring shapely padded eyelet batiste cups. 32-38, A-B cups. \$1.98. High-waist nylon elastic girdle, side-zipped and lightly boned satin lastex panels. A budget wise \$5.95. Both by Lewella



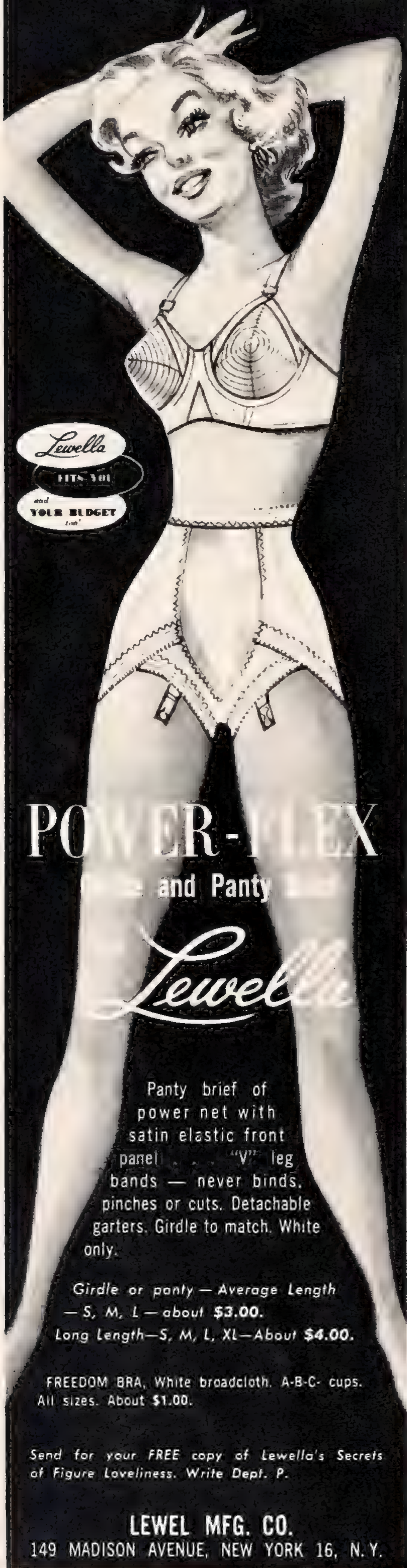
Traveler's treasure, washable nylon taffeta pettiskirt. Folds compactly in its own case, opens to a permanently accordion pleated flare. White, red, black. 10-18. Koret of California. \$8.95



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beautiful restaurant which serves luncheon daily from 11 A.M. until 3:30 P.M., serves dinner from 5 P.M. until 10:30 Sunday through Thursday, but remains open Friday and Saturday nights until midnight.

Prices are reasonable. Dinner for two may be had from \$3.00. Reservations are advisable, especially on weekends—call FRontier 7-1547.

There is also a very pleasant hotel at Marineland, so motorists can spend several days here.

**DISNEYLAND:** One - hundred - sixty acres and nine million dollars worth of pure heaven for children of all ages will be open in July. Disneyland is situated near the city of Anaheim, just off the Santa Ana Freeway and large signs will make it impossible to miss.

At the entrance there will be an American town as it looked in 1900; a frontier town filled with cowboys and Indians; there will be a paddle-wheeler to take passengers along the rivers of America; there will be Fantasy Land with a moat-surrounded castle housing Sleeping Beauty, Donald Duck, Pluto, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs and Peter Pan's pirate ship. At this date, hours of operation or costs are not yet set.

## Restaurants:

To know the romance of a city or a country, you must know its restaurants. Good food is important, but when traveling the good food should be enjoyed in romantic surroundings. Atmosphere with the antipasto, music with the meringue glacée—such combinations provide memories to keep forever.

One of the unique charms of Southern California restaurants is that you may be sitting in the next banquette or at the next table to a famous star.

(Prices do NOT include cost of alcoholic beverages.)

**Romanoff's,** 140 South Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills, CRestview 4-2105. Open weekdays from noon until midnight. Closed on Sundays. Reservations essential. Dress: your prettiest afternoon dress or tailored suit at luncheon; your best cocktail suit at night. This is the most famous restaurant west of New York City, the food is stupendous, and the prices are in proportion. Plan to spend \$6 for two for luncheon plus 15% tip; \$10 up for two for dinner, plus tip.

**La Rue,** 8633 Sunset Blvd. (on the Sunset Strip), BRadshaw 2-2733. Closed Mondays. Open for dinner from 5 until midnight. One of the colony's favorites. \$10 up for two.

**Perino's,** 4101 Wilshire Blvd., DUnkirk 3-1221. Wilshire District. Noon to midnight, daily. Perino's cuisine is chiefly French but steaks are good! Reservations essential. \$12 up for two.

**Dave Chasen's,** 9039 Beverly Blvd., CRestview 1-2168. Closed Mondays.

Other days 6 P.M. until 1 A.M. Co with red leather upholstery and mahogany paneling, Chasen's is always crowded, gay. A suit will take you here at any time. Dinner for two \$12 and up. (Their mixed grill is tops)

**Sportsman's Lodge,** 12833 Ventura Blvd. (in the Valley), STanley 3035. Sundays 4 until 2 A.M., weekdays 5 P.M. until 2 A.M. One of Joe Crawford's favorites when she's making a picture in the Valley. You may fish for your own trout if you like to. \$12 up for two.

**Scandia,** 9131 Sunset Blvd. (on the Strip), BRadshaw 2-3959. Closed Mondays. Other days noon to midnight. Small, cozy room with fireplace—reservations essential. Cuisine is Scandinavian. Try Kalv-filet Oskara. Apful cake. Dinner for two. \$13 up

**Villa Nova,** 9015 Sunset Blvd. (on the Strip), CRestview 5-9431. Daily from 5 P.M. until 2 A.M. Specialty is Italian food; restaurant is romantic, intimate. \$7 up for dinner for two.

**Captain's Table,** 301 S. La Cienega Blvd., BRadshaw 2-1267. Daily from 5 P.M. until 2 A.M. Specialty: live Maine lobster flown in daily, also other seafoods. Informal and charming—\$8 up for two.

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# CALENDAR OF CALIFORNIA EVENTS

WORTH ANY CAMERA ENTHUSIAST'S ATTENTION

**Tail of the Cock**, two locations: 477 S. La Cienega, BRadshaw 2-2214, and 12950 Ventura Blvd. (in the Valley), STanley 7-1914. Both open 11:30 A.M. to 2 A.M. daily. Southern cooking and the best service in Los Angeles. The Valley Tail of the Cock, especially, is a favorite of picture people. \$6 up for two.

**Bantam Cock**, 643 N. La Cienega, CRestview 6-8608. Daily 4 P.M. until midnight. This intimate rendezvous combines superior food with charming decor. \$8 up for two.

**The Brown Derby**, five locations: The restaurant at the corner of Crenshaw and Stocker streets is new this year, and it is open twenty-four hours a day. A boon to the traveler arriving in town at an odd hour. The original hat-shaped Brown Derby is at 3377 Wilshire Blvd., DUnkirk 4-5151, open 8 A.M. to midnight. Hollywood Derby, 1628 N. Vine, HOLlywood 9-5151, coffee shop open from 7 A.M. until midnight. Main dining room, noon until 11 P.M. Beverly Derby is at 9357 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, CRestview 6-2311, 11 A.M. until 10 P.M. Los Feliz Derby, 4500 Los Feliz Blvd., NOrmandy 4-2913, coffee shop, 7 A.M. until midnight. Dining room open noon until 10 P.M. All coffee shops feature moderate prices, excellent food. Dining room rates around \$6 up for two.

**Barclay's Kitchen**, 8438 West Third St., WEbster 7143. Open daily from 5 until midnight. This restaurant is locked. You should have a key to admit yourself after having telephoned for reservations. Write in advance to secure your key. Deposit is \$1. This dining room is of modest size, but food and beverages are out of this world. Dinner from \$6 up for two.

**Cock 'n Bull**, 9170 Sunset Blvd., BRadshaw 2-1937. Reservations essential. Luncheon 12:30 until 2:30. Buffet style except for salad, beverages and dessert brought by waitress. Dinner 6:30 until 10:30, same plan. Hangout for celebs. \$4 up luncheon for two. Dinner \$7 up for two.

**The Trails**, 6501 S. Sepulveda Blvd., ORchard 1-1622. Being completely remodeled as this is written. Telephone for information about hours.

**Nickodell**, 1600 N. Argyle Ave., HOLlywood 7-3557. Daily 10:30 A.M. until 2 A.M. Radio and studio hangout. Reservations a must. \$5 up for two.

**Frascati's**, two locations: 8117 Sunset Blvd., HOLlywood 5-4346 (delightful

**JANUARY:** Pasadena's Tournament of Roses • The Rose Bowl Game • Opening of Santa Anita Park in Arcadia—the giddyaps go! • Los Angeles Open Golf Tournament, usually at Riviera Country Club.

**FEBRUARY:** National Date Festival at Indio, featuring such exotic events as camel races, Arabian Nights Pageant, Arabian horse show, and scads of exhibits. Everyone dresses like Aladdin or Scheherazade and hums Rimski-Korsakov.

**MARCH:** National Orange Show at San Bernardino • California International Flower Show at Hollywood Park in Inglewood.

**APRIL:** The Ramona Pageant at Hemet (usually the last weekend in April and the first weekend in May); the life of Ramona and her ill-starred Indian husband is re-enacted in the Helen Hunt Jackson country • The Easter Sunrise Services.

**MAY:** Rancheros Visitadores Ride; only those invited may participate, but the cavalcade can be seen at many of its encampments—one of the most romantic of early California observances • Opening of the Hollywood Park Racing Season.

**JUNE:** Beaumont Cherry Festival.

**JULY:** Hollywood Bowl Concerts • Laguna Art Festival (if you've ever bought a picture, don't miss this).

**AUGUST:** Danish Days at Solvang, which is just over the hill from Santa Barbara • Old Spanish Days at Santa Barbara when the moon is full. This year a pageant (budgeted at \$70,000) is to be added for the first time. Fiesta days for 1955 are August 10 through 14; there will be the usual parades, the Spanish Fair in De la Guerra Plaza, concerts, parties, and the Fiesta in the Santa Barbara Bowl. Everyone wears appropriate costume—everyone has fun • Huntington Beach has an unique celebration: Twins Day. Prizes are given to the youngest and oldest twins present, the most alike, the most unlike, tallest, shortest, etc.

**SEPTEMBER:** Los Angeles County Fair at Pomona—stupendous, colossal, gigantic • The Fishermen's Fiesta at San Pedro when the fishing fleet is blessed. There is a parade of decorated boats, there are two days of nautical contests, feasting, dancing, and romancing.

**OCTOBER:** Opening of the Palm Springs season with Western Week. The desert season begins around October 15, ends with the Memorial Day weekend • Anaheim's Halloween festival in which both adults and children mask, enter into various revelries.

**NOVEMBER:** All-Western Band Review at Long Beach • Western Livestock Show at Union Stockyards (of interest to stockmen and steak eaters) • Los Angeles Motorama during which you can dream about a Jaguar.

**DECEMBER:** Santa Claus Parade down Hollywood Boulevard nightly (not as elaborate as in the old days, but still colorful).



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rendezvous for those in love); 9501 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, CRestview 5-9702. (Garden dining in the summer, otherwise interior with fireplaces.) Open 11 A.M. to 11 P.M. daily.

**The Luau**, 421 N. Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills, BRadshaw 2-8484. 4 P.M. to 2 A.M. daily. Fine romantic spot. Food and beverages are Island (Cantonese cookery, rum libations) and the place a paradise. Dinner \$10 up for two.

**The Beachcomber**, 1727 N. McCadden Pl. (half block N. Hollywood Blvd., near Highland Ave.), HOLlywood 9-3968. Reservations absolutely necessary. Daily, 4 P.M. until midnight. South Seas magic, rain on the roof, exotic food. \$12 up for two.

**Holiday House**, 27400 Pacific Coast Highway, Malibu, GLenwood 7-2521. Closed Mondays. Luncheon served from noon until 4 P.M. Dinner, 5 P.M. until 10 P.M. Reservations wise. Dinner will be \$12 up for two.

**Moulin Rouge**, 6230 Sunset Blvd., HOLlywood 9-6333. Reservations advised. Decor attractive. Ticket costing \$5.70 each entitles patron to dinner, dancing and gala revue.

**Mocambo**, 8588 Sunset Blvd. (Sunset Strip), BRadshaw 2-3443. One of Los Angeles' great night clubs, serving good food. Reservations essential. Dress in short cocktail gown, men in dark suits. \$15 up for two.

**Ciro's**, 8433 Sunset (on the Strip), HOLlywood 2-7211. Tops in atmosphere, entertainment and food. One of the great night clubs. \$15 up for two. Reservations essential.

**Cocoanut Grove**, in the Ambassador Hotel, 3400 Wilshire Blvd., DUnkirk 7-7011. World famous nitery. Tuesday is Hawaiian night. Reservations always advisable. \$15 up for two.

**Gotham**, 7050 Hollywood Blvd., HOLlywood 9-1438. Daily 10 A.M. until 2 A.M. Typical delicatessen. The younger film crowd (Calhouns, Madisons, etc.) like to drop in late. \$3 for two will do it.

**Barney's Beanery**, 8447 Santa Monica Blvd., HOLlywood 4-9988. Daily 5 P.M. until about 5 A.M. Legend has it that if you sit in Barney's long enough, you'll see all of Hollywood.

**The Patio**, 3077 Wilshire Blvd. (opposite Bullock's Wilshire), DUnkirk 2-9474. Hamburger is 75¢, ham sandwich \$1. Cafe Melange 35¢. Unpretentious, but not to be missed. Open 11 A.M. until 4 P.M. only.

## CHECK CHART

These are the sights you should see in order to consider yourself a successful visitor in Southern California:

✓ **A motion-picture studio**  
(Best managed by taking a Tanner Gray Line Tour.)

✓ **A radio or television broadcast**  
(Send for tickets to your favorite show at least two months in advance of your visit if one show is as good as another to you apply at the information desk of the various studios when you arrive.)

✓ **The Huntington Library in San Marino**  
(Closed during the month of October. Open every day except Monday.)

✓ **Forest Lawn Memorial Park at Glendale**  
(Tanner Gray Line Tour is excellent method of seeing the treasures in the Park.)

✓ **Several of the Missions:**  
In, around, and near Los Angeles are the San Gabriel Mission, San Fernando Mission, San Juan Capistrano Mission, Riverside Mission, Ventura Mission, Santa Barbara Mission.

✓ **The Farmers Market**

✓ **Olvera Street**

✓ **China Town**

✓ **Hollywood Bowl**

✓ **The Rose Bowl in Pasadena**

**Wilshire Boulevard**  
from its birth at Grand Avenue to its terminus at the sea.

✓ **The Sunset Strip**  
from Schwab's to the beginning of the bridge path.

✓ **Grauman's Chinese Theatre**

✓ **Pasadena Community Playhouse**

✓ **Knott's Berry Farm**

✓ **Marine Land**  
at Palos Verdes and the glass church at Portuguese Bend.

✓ **Disneyland**

✓ **Catalina Island**



## Where to Stay

Listed here are the glamorous, the romantic hotels; the wise traveler will stay in one, visit the others, many of which boast fascinating restaurants and shops. Reservations essential.

## NEW AND DIVERTING

**Beverly Hilton** opening in July, located in Wilshire Blvd.-Santa Monica Blvd. triangle, Beverly Hills—Trader Vic's a hi-lite, plus shops, pool—\$15. per couple; up, up.

**Wattler**, Figueroa, 7th & Wilshire, MADison 9-4321, \$10. for 2, up; modern decor, downtown location; Cafe Rouge and Terrace Room popular.

**Harmon**, 7212 Sunset Blvd. HOLlywood 1-9246, near Grauman's Chinese. Heated pool, modern decor, continental breakfast. \$7. up.

**Watt House**, 5547 W. Century Blvd. ORchard 2-9141, double \$10. up. Catty-cornered (NE) from Int. Airport, this is spanking new, paint fresh. Owned by Ginny Sims' "Ex," it is first of chain of airport hotel-restaurants. All rooms have lanai.

**Wineyard**—Hotel planned; may not be ready until fall of 1955.

## THE STANDBYS:

**Ambassador**, 3400 Wilshire Blvd. DUnkirk 7-7011; \$15. double, up. Home of Cocoanut Grove and scene of great events. Pool, tennis courts, pitch & putt course, movie theatre, Dalzell Hatfield art gallery, shops.

**Capman Park**, 615 S. Alexandria, DUnkirk 4-1181; \$12. up double. Opposite Ambassador in heart of Wilshire district. Pool, tennis.

**Cylord**, 3355 Wilshire Blvd., DUnkirk 9-4161; \$10. double, up. Next Brown Derby, opp. Ambassador. Big and convenient.

**Wine House**, 2961 Wilshire Blvd. DUnkirk 2-7171; \$15. double, up. Very chic; near Bullock's Wilshire and smart restaurants. Pool.

**Biltmore**, 5th St. at Olive—downtown, MICHigan 1011; \$10. double. Great Commercial—Biltmore Bowl and Rendezvous Room and Theatre.

## IN HOLLYWOOD:

**Roosevelt**, 7000 Hollywood Blvd. HOLlywood 9-2442; \$10. double, up. Gasp away from Grauman's Chinese and Holly Paramount where great premieres are held. "Islander" is gay Hawaiian nightspot. Shops.

**Kickerbocker**, 1714 Ivar Avenue, HOLlywood 5-3171; \$8. double, up. 2 blocks from Holly-Pantages, 2 from Brown Derby-Vine.

**Pala**, 1637 N. Vine St., HOLlywood 5-131; \$8. double, up. Opp. Holly Brown Derby; block from NBC, 2 from CBS, also near studios.

**Duke**, 6724 Hollywood Blvd., HOLlywood 9-2241; \$5 double, up. Small

hotel on "the boulevard"—convenient lodgings, near everything.

**Hollywood Hotel**, 5811 Hollywood Blvd. HOLlywood 3-4181. \$6. double, up. Historians and traditionalists love this one—all bound with Hollywood heartstrings.

## BEVERLY HILLS AREA:

**Garden of Allah**, 8152 Sunset Blvd. HOLlywood 9-3581; \$8 rooms, \$16 cottages. Set in garden around pool—charming. Schwab's 1 block away.

**Beverly Hills Hotel**, 9641 Sunset Blvd. BH, CRestview 6-2251; \$20 double, up—reserved well in advance. Rendezvous of world famous. Very chic.

**Beverly Wilshire**, 9514 Wilshire Blvd. BH, CRestview 5-4282; \$16 double, up. Opp. Beverly Hills, Brown Derby, Frascati's; within walking distance of world's most glamorous shops. Pool, cabanas, tennis courts.

## GIFT SHOPPING

Come to Hollywood with empty luggage; take home your trip in tangible form to remember each time you wear a California garment or glance at a home memento. Listed below are shops of particular interest:

**Farmers Market**, 3rd & Fairfax. World's wares in a city block—everything from Guatemalan handloomed skirts to Philippine lace. Antique china beside free form jewelry, Brazilian leather & Mexican silver. Have luncheon, progressive style.

**Patsy Brogan**, 444 N. Camden Dr. BH. CRestview 5-7126, sells couturiere garments at trifling sums; stock supplied by picture stars who can't be seen in same garment more than two or three times at most; star's receipts all go to charity.

**Dear John**, 459 N. Canon Dr. BH. See it to believe it: gadgets for your powder room, gifts for your gayest friend with a sense of the absurd.

**Artificial Flower Studio**, 678½ S. Vermont Ave. DUnkirk 8-2653; roses smellable in their fake perfection. Lilacs, poppies, tropical leaves—desert foliage at sensible prices.

**Bullock's Wilshire**, 3050 Wilshire Blvd. DUnkirk 2-6161—One of the most beautiful women's specialty shops (men's department, too) in U. S.

**Matthews**, 9669 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills. BRadshaw 2-6655—Where stars buy sports clothing. Sharp, smart, expensive and worth it.

**Patio Shop**, 321 N. Beverly Dr., Beverly Hills. CRestview 1-5271—unique lamps, bric-a-brac—visit it for thrills.

(Rock Hudson is in "Captain Lightfoot" and "Giant," Ann Blyth in "The King's Thief," Lori Nelson in "Ma and Pa Kettle at Waikiki" and "Underwater!," Tab Hunter in "The Sea Chase," Mitzi Gaynor in "Anything Goes," Jane Powell in "Hit the Deck," Robert Francis in "The Long Gray Line" and "White Feather," May Wynn in "The Violent Men," and Jeff Richards in "The Marauders.")

THE END



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(Continued from page 39)  
teaching Mitzi how to cook her steak and be able to eat it, too.

**Say It Isn't So:** That ever since he made "Country Girl," Bing Crosby's been bitten by the "acting" bug and is searching for new dramatic fields to conquer . . . That Edmund Purdom's so weary from overwork and so unnerved by his personal life problems, he's reached the point of throwing things on the set . . . That the marital troubles between June Allyson and Dick Powell could be traced to the presence of his high-spirited teenage daughter Ellen (her mother is Joan Blondell) who now makes her home with them . . . That talented Grace Kelly who's never aspired to becoming a cheesecake queen, may sue the parties responsible for putting her head on a curvaceous body. Object: "Green Fire" advertising! . . . That Michael Wilding obtained his release from his M-G-M contract because he felt he was "Elizabeth Taylor's husband" on that lot.

**Young At Heart:** Debbie Reynolds was still in New York visiting Eddie Fisher when Lori Nelson called her from Hollywood and introduced Robert Francis over the telephone. Bob was flying East for personal appearances and Lori didn't want her new boy friend to get lonely in the big city! . . . And reporters flipped when Terry Moore leased a cottage for two for Jack Sernas. It will be occupied by the handsome Frenchman, who returned to Europe to bring his mother back to this country . . . Rusty Tamblyn carries Luana Lee's scripts instead of her school books these days. She's a beautiful studio messenger girl now enrolled in M-G-M's dramatic classes. Object: eventual stardom.

**Father's Dare:** The day before Charlton Heston's wife gave birth to a 7 pound 14 ounce boy (they named him Fraser which is Chuck's Scottish family clan name), Chuck was so nervous on "The Private War of Major Benson" set, he wasn't aware he had his boots on the wrong feet! . . . And anxious Jose Ferrer took several runs to St. John's Hospital before Rosemary Clooney presented him with a son and heir they named Miguel Jose . . . But fatherhood's no novelty to Robert Cummings who welcomed his fourth child and third daughter.

**Funnies:** Jeff Hunter to Dan Dailey: "How come you and Gwen O'Connor got married when you fight all the time?" Dan back to Jeff: "All our fights were about the same thing. *Should* we get married!" . . . Robert Mitchum to Jane Russell: "Tell me, how did you like Europe?" Jane back to Bob: "I'm glad it's over there!" . . . And then there's that woman who wrote to Liberace about his highly publicized "romance" with Sonja Henie: "I'm much better for you than Sonja. At least I have piano legs!"

**Personal Piffle:** Richard Widmark is a handy man who just designed and built his own furniture for that new room in his Mandeville Canyon home . . . Rory Calhoun calls Jeff Candler "Big Grey" and Jeff calls Rory "Old Smoke" . . . Debra Paget and her sister attending a Beverly Hills church each Sunday, dress like they're going to a cocktail party later! . . . And Doris Day finally asked for her first autographed photograph. She couldn't have picked a worthier subject—Jimmy Cagney!

**Ladies In Waiting:** Susan Hayward broke right out in front of everyone on the "Soldier of Fortune" set and planted a big birthday buss on Clark Gable. But not a single news hound found out that Grace Kelly gifted the King with a real live miniature burro for his ranch. While she was in Hollywood long enough to turn down her next picture, Grace called Clark constantly. And sometimes the calls came in when Kay Williams Spreckels was sitting a few feet away with an amused smile on her beautiful face!

**Our Town:** Ever since he hit Hollywood again, perfectionist Marlon Brando has been rehearsing like a demon for his songs and dances for "Guys and Dolls." Finally one hostess did manage to snare him for a Saturday night party. Marlon worked late and was the last to arrive. The room was filled with aspiring young actors—all trying to look like you-know-who in leather jackets and dungarees. The original one and only walked in wearing a white shirt, black tie and a beautiful charcoal gray suit!

**A La Carte:** Jeff Richards passing by Louis Calhern's table in the M-G-M commissary, exclaimed: "You're my favorite actor!" With that inimitable twinkle, Calhern countered: "Mine, too!"

**Town Talk:** Cal caught up with Tony Curtis, who was on the set making "The Rawhide Years." "Jan gained five pounds," he greeted us joyously. "Every time she gains a pound she gets a gift, so that makes five gold trinkets for her charm bracelet!" Does this sound like a man in love with his wife?

**Sexy Santa:** There may not be anything serious between Rock Hudson and secretary Phyllis Gates, but the big boy gets very serious when he picks out gifts for her. Rock recently devoted an entire day to personally selecting a complete outfit for Phyllis. It included gloves, shoes, handbag and perfume to go with a coat and dress. Then as an extra gift he threw in—a set of pink and white candy stripe sheets and pillow slips. No wonder every glamour puss wants Rock for a husband. "They don't hardly make them that way no more!"

**Peaks At Production:** After her experience at Paramount, Pat Crowley refused that U-I contract. But they needed her so badly for "There's Always Tomorrow," she got the role anyway . . . Paging Hollywood's number-one miracle man! For their roles in "Giant," Elizabeth Taylor ages from 21 to 45 and Rock Hudson from 27 to 50! . . . And here's a bit of irony. Stewart Granger over in India is helping Ava Gardner acquire a British accent for "Bhowani Junction." But back in Hollywood, Jean Simmons Granger is trying to lose her British accent for "Guys and Dolls!" . . . The old gang ganged up on John Derek who was once a stock actor at 20th. When he went back to make "The Prince of Players," the sign on his dressing room door read "Derek Harris"—his real name and the one John used to use!

**As We Go to Press:** The Jack Webbs celebrated one month of marriage with their first "lovers' quarrel." She went home to mama, "But I've been working very hard and we got to snapping at each other," says Sergeant Friday. "There's nothing to it." Da da dum dum! . . . Joan Evans and Kirky Weatherly are going to

be happier (if possible!) when their first wee one arrives next September . . . And that blessed event for Aldo Ray and Jeff Donnell could be a double production—twins to you! . . . And to you from the front office at M-G-M: "Eleanor Parker's brilliant performance in 'Interrupted Melody' has lessened enthusiasm for Grace Kelly." . . . Since breaking his arm skiing at Squaw Valley, Dick Powell is even closer than ever to June Allyson . . . But Edmund Purdom's one-man holocaust for Liberace Christian is becoming a feeble flame—and his studio couldn't be more relieved to see it dying!

**Cal Salutes:** William Holden whose exemplary family life is worth many millions to Hollywood. Recently all the Holdens appeared on Edward R. Murrow's "Person to Person" tv show. For ten days fifty men were in and out moving furniture, setting up four cameras and wiring the Holden house for sound. He served them 250 sandwiches and endless gallons of coffee. After the telecast he opened up his bar for the men and when he talked to Mr. Murrow in New York, Bill told him how painless it all had been because of his great crew. Those headline hunters who give the town a black eye should observe Bill Holden and learn how a real star operates.

**Optimistic Type:** Looks like Marilyn Monroe's buying a permanent residence in Connecticut and with Joe DiMaggio back there to help her select the right place. Draw your own conclusions. Speaking of the blond bombshell, remember Cal told you she'd formed her own "Marilyn Monroe Productions, Inc." and dismissed her agents at the same time. She also sent all parties concerned a wire and wished them—a Happy New Year!

**City Slickers:** When Debbie Reynolds visited Eddie Fisher recently, she fell in love with New York. "After we're married," she confesses, "I'd love to live in the East when I'm not working." Bet M-G-M wouldn't love that! . . . And when Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis blew into the big city to meet the press, they held quiet conferences with important playwrights. The popular pair are just panting to face a live audience in a good comedy . . . Tab Hunter had an odd experience during his brief stopover in New York en route to Europe. Someone swiped Tabbie's long underwear (used for ice skating) out of his hotel room. He just hopes it fits!

**Funnies:** In surgery for two hours for removal of a kidney stone, Bing Crosby came through like a block-buster and Elizabeth Hope cracked: "Wouldn't you know the find uranium in Bing's kidney stone!" . . . After waiting a year (on salary) She North finally replaced Marilyn Monroe scheduled for "Pink Tights" and "How to Be Very, Very Popular." Hearing the news, sizzling Sheree cracked: "If I were married now, with my luck, I'd probably be pregnant!" . . . And some sentimental soul (?) dedicated a song to Ava Gardner entitled: "Barefoot Contessa, Where Are Your Shoes!"

**Wee Ones:** Because her baby had to be born by Caesarean section and she couldn't name the date, Elizabeth Taylor switched the day to February 27th and on her twenty-third birthday, Liz gave birth to a 5 pound 12 ounce boy, whom the Williams have named Christopher Edward.



# Each time you wash your face... your skin *"dies"* a little

There are 1- to 3-hour periods each day, dermatologists say, when your skin cannot defend itself against these dreaded complexion problems:

A shriveled look . . . cracking . . . large pores . . . coarseness.

The vulnerable periods begin the

moment after you have washed your face. When you wash away dirt, you also remove the skin's natural protectors. Nature takes 1 to 3 hours to restore these vital protectors. During these hours of "un-balance"—your defenseless skin "dies" a little.

## After each washing— *"re-balance"* your skin

From your teens through the "maturing years," your skin is open to this problem of "un-balance" after washing.

A shiny, "skinned" look . . . a taut feel  
Flaky roughness . . . blotchy color

Don't ignore these small warnings—for in the 1 to 3 hours Nature takes to re-protect skin, much worse problems often begin. Inside moisture evaporates, skin "shrivels." Dry lines deepen. Secretions harden in pore-openings—cause large pores, blackheads.

Should you *stop* washing your face? "No," skin doctors say, "but always 're-balance' your skin at once after washing."

Don't leave your skin un-protected *an instant!* Follow each face washing with a light touch of Pond's Cold Cream. This swift-acting cream "re-balances" your skin in 1 minute—at least 60 times faster than Nature does. It promptly combats dryness. Keeps pore-openings cleared, keeps skin texture fine and smooth.

### A vitalizing clearing at bedtime

Besides "re-balancings" after each washing, your skin needs a *thorough clearing* at night. Pond's Cold Cream dislodges water-resistant dirt from the pores. Keeps your skin *radiant*. Today begin this *complete* beauty care with Pond's Cold Cream. Soon, it will be such a *satisfying* habit, you will want to keep it—and your lovely "new" complexion, always.



Most famous beauty formula in the world—never duplicated, never equalled. More women use and love Pond's Cold Cream than any other face cream ever made.



*Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont*

A recent camera study of the charming Mrs. du Pont, on the sweeping lawns of Ridgely, the du Pont country house outside Wilmington. Mrs. du Pont is known for her animated, champagne-toned beauty . . . her clear, clear complexion. Since her debutante days, she has been a

devoted user of Pond's. She finds quick daytime "re-balancings" after washing and a thorough clearing with Pond's Cold Cream each night the simplest, yet most effective skin care. "Nothing clears and smooths my skin like Pond's Cold Cream," Mrs. du Pont says.



## PHOTOPLAY'S BUYING GUIDE

"Where-to-Buy" the Hollywood Holiday fashions shown in this issue. Each manufacturer is identified with a code number as listed below. Use that number to check stores who have fashions in your city.

## MANUFACTURER

## CODE NUMBER

|                              |    |
|------------------------------|----|
| Ballet Hosiery               | 1  |
| Catalina Swimsuits           | 2  |
| Clifton Handbags             | 3  |
| Formfit                      | 4  |
| Grace Walker Shoes           | 5  |
| H. & S. Jewelry              | 6  |
| Handler of California        | 7  |
| Hussco Shoes                 | 8  |
| Ilene Ricky Sportswear       | 9  |
| Justin McCarty               | 10 |
| Lewella                      | 11 |
| Maidenform                   | 12 |
| Meeker Bags                  | 13 |
| Playtex Swimsuits            | 14 |
| Playtex Bras & Girdles       | 15 |
| Rose Marie Reid              | 16 |
| Samsonite                    | 17 |
| Sea Fashions                 | 18 |
| Sea Nymph                    | 19 |
| Spray Net (by Helene Curtis) | 20 |

\*At fine stores Coast-to-Coast

## ALABAMA

Birmingham—Southern Shoe 5  
Hick's Bootery 5  
Maurice's 9  
Birmingham Trunk 13  
Decatur—Sherron's Burnett Jewelry 13  
Dothan—Kraselsky's 9  
Geneva—C. D. Chapman 10  
Mobile—Gerhardt's 13  
Scottsboro—Children's Shop 10

## ARIZONA

Phoenix—Harry Stone 5  
Tucson—May's 18-20

## ARKANSAS

Hot Springs—Hollywood Dress Shop 10  
Little Rock—M. M. Cohn 10  
Watson Fashion 10  
Thomas' 10  
Cutter-Karcher 5  
Van Buren—Hays & Graham 10

## CALIFORNIA

Hollywood—Frederick's 18  
Long Beach—Paris Shop 18  
Shaulis Jewelers 13  
Bullock's 2-11  
Alan's Shoes 5  
Los Angeles—May Co. 2-6-7-11-15-17-20  
Broadway Dept. Store 2-6-11-20  
Fashionwear Shop 18  
Horn's 18  
C. A. Hamm 13  
Waxman's 5  
Sacramento—Halle's 8-20  
Lee's Luggage 13  
Tallac Bootery 5  
San Francisco—  
The Emporium 2-11-15-19-20  
The White House 15-18-20  
Steinberg & Sons 5  
Stockton—The Sterling Co. 10

## COLORADO

Denver—Denver D. G. 8-13-17-20  
Altman's 9  
May Co. 2-7-11-15-17-20  
Greeley—Dodd's 9

## CONNECTICUT

Ansonia—Weitz Co. 9  
Bridgeport—Howland D. G. 11-20  
Hartford—G. Fox 2-7-8-11-15-20  
Ronett's 9  
Stamford—Jill Fashions 9

## DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington—Hecht's 2-6-15-19-20  
Urdong's 9

## FLORIDA

Daytona Beach 5  
Hollywood Lebo's 10  
Miami—Burdine's 2-6-11-15-19-20  
Carl's 13  
Miracle Shoe Corp. 5  
Tampa—Ritz Shoe 5  
Winter Haven—Kathryn's 10

## GEORGIA

Albany—Town & Country 10  
Atlanta—Davidson-Paxon 2-11-15-17-20  
Rich's 2-6-11-17-20  
Morris Luggage 17  
David's Bootery 5  
Columbus—Patricia Gown Shop 10

## ILLINOIS

Chicago—Marshall Field 2-8-18-20  
Carson, Pirie Scott 2-11-15-19-20  
Weiboldt's 7-15-18  
Ace Trunk Co. 13  
Goldblatt's 5  
Seder's 9  
Elgin—C. Bloemke 13  
Oak Lawn—Alice's 10  
Peoria—Block & Kuhl 6-11-15-17-20  
P. A. Bergner & Co. 13  
Lynn's 10

## INDIANA

Evansville—Salm's 9  
Evansville Luggage 13  
Fort Wayne—Wolf & Dessauer 2-11-15-20  
Frank D. G. 13  
Indianapolis—L. S. Ayres 2-5-6-11-20  
South Bend—Robertson's 11  
Worth's 9  
Jacob's Jewelry 13  
Baldwin Shoe 5  
Terre Haute—Meis Bros. 11  
Levinson's 9  
Berkowitz's 13  
Vanity Shoes 5

## IOWA

Cedar Rapids—Newman's 13  
Des Moines—Yunker Bros. 2-7-11-15-17-20  
Haddon's 17  
Iowa City—Richey's 10  
Sioux City—Yunker-Davidson 11-15-20  
Master Luggage 13

## KANSAS

Independence—Halsey Bros. 10  
Leavenworth—Carolyn Kihm 10  
Salina—Stiefel Stores 9  
Topeka—Topeka Leather 13  
Wichita—Woods 13

## KENTUCKY

Lexington—Jewel Box 17  
Louisville—Levy Bros. 17-20  
Bon-Ton 11  
Stewart D. G. 17  
Silverman's 5  
Owensboro—Salm's 9  
Paducah—Salm's 9

## LOUISIANA

Alexandria—Wellman's 10  
Baton Rouge—Dalton's 15-17  
Monroe—Masur's 10  
New Orleans—Maison Blanche 2-13-15-17-20  
D. H. Holmes 17-20  
Krauss Co. 17  
Joy's 5  
Shreveport—Palais Royal 9-20  
Sue Peyton 10

## MAINE

Augusta—D. W. Adams 13  
Bangor—The Rines Co. 13  
Lewiston—Fogg's Leather

## MARYLAND

Baltimore—Hochschild Kohn's 2-6-19-20  
Stewart's 11-20  
Julius Gutman 15-18-20

## MASSACHUSETTS

Boston—R. H. White 8-20  
Filene's 2-6-8-11-18-19-20  
Leed's 9  
Jordan Marsh 2-6-11-15-18-20  
Lynn—Goddard's 11

## MICHIGAN

Adrian—Berndt's 13  
Maurice's 9  
Detroit—J. L. Hudson 2-8-15-17-19-20  
Kline's 19  
Crowley Milner 5-15-17-20  
Federal D. S. 17  
Winkelman's 18-20  
Town & Casual 10  
Sams 18  
Theisen's 13  
Nat Greene 10  
Grand Rapids—Moderne Shop 10  
Kalamazoo—Gilmer Bros. 11  
The Leather Shop 13  
Aunt Katie Shop 10  
Lansing—Maurice's 9  
Knapp's 13  
Lincoln Park—Fisher's 9  
Saginaw—Dodd's 5  
Brandle's 18  
Morley's 13

## MINNESOTA

Duluth—Glass-Block 17  
Heinzen's 13  
Minneapolis—Powers D. G. 17  
Dayton Co. 2-6-7-11-15-17-18-20  
Donaldson's 7-11-15-17-20  
Fallon's 13  
Kassler Co. 5  
St. Paul—Field Schlick 19  
Haddon's 17  
The Emporium 11-13-15-17-20  
Golden Rule 6-11-20  
Schuneman's 11-15-20  
Bishop's 10

## MISSISSIPPI

Brookhaven—Debuten Shop 10  
Jackson—Boston Store 5  
Natchez—Roslyn's 10

## MISSOURI

Clayton—Ziock's 9  
Independence—Moore's 10  
Kansas City—Rosalie's 9  
Kline's 17  
J. H. Mace 13  
Gailbraith's 10  
St. Joseph—The Paris 9  
B. H. Rhodes 10  
St. Louis—Stix, Baer & Fuller 2-6-11-17-19-20  
Anatel's 9  
Famous-Barr 2-17-20  
Scruggs Vandervoort Barney 6-7-15-17-20  
Milton Mandel 5  
Springfield—The Paris 9  
F. A. Powell's 13

## NEBRASKA

Lincoln—Gold & Co. 5-13  
Omaha—Thomas Kilpatrick's 15-17  
Borsheim's 17  
J. C. Penney 6-17-20

## NEW JERSEY

Atlantic City—Nat'l Dry Goods 11-15  
Elizabeth—Levy's 6-8-15-20  
Newark—Bamberger's 2-11-15-20  
Ridgewood—Sealfon's 9

## NEW YORK

Albany—Magin's Leather 13  
M. Whitney 11-15  
G. G. Myers 19  
Solomon Furs 10  
Brooklyn—Abraham & Straus 2-6-8-11-15-19-20  
Bleeker's 5  
Buffalo—J. N. Adams 6-15-19-20  
Hens & Kelly 6-11  
J. A. Baker 18  
Sattler's 13-15-20  
Slotkin's 10  
R. Kimaid 5  
Jamaica—Gertz 2-6-8-15-20  
New York City—Arnold Constable 7-8-15-19-20  
Russek's 19  
Mace's 2-7-15-19  
Leed's Luggage 13  
Gimbel's 7  
Bloomington's 11-15-18-20  
Hearn's 18  
Stern's 2-7-15-18-20  
Saks 34th Street 2-15-18-19-20  
Rochester—Krolls 9  
Sibley, Lindsay & Curr 11-20  
B. Forman 6-10-20  
Genesee Bootery 5  
Syracuse—Chappell's 19  
Fleischer's 9  
E. W. Edward's 11-20  
Blanche Le Clair 10  
White Plains—Phyllis Jane 9

## NORTH CAROLINA

Durham—Annie Lee Shop 10  
Winston-Salem—Anchor Co. 11

## NORTH DAKOTA

Fargo—Herbst 17  
Monson Trunk 13

## OHIO

Akron—Polsky's 2-11-15-20  
Schaffer Leather 13  
Carter-Lee 5  
Cincinnati—Shillito's 7-11-13-15-17-19-20  
Mabley & Carew 17-20  
J. Fanger 5  
Lepof's 9

Cleveland—Higbee's 2-6-7-11-15-20  
May Co. 19-20  
Wm. Taylor Co. 11-20  
Halle's 5-11-20  
Columbus—Boston Store 18-20  
F. & R. Lazarus 2-11-13-17-18-20  
The Union Co. 17  
Morehouse Fashion 6-11-17-20  
Robert's 9  
Dayton—Rike-Kumler 6-7-15-18-20  
Springfield—Wm. McCulloch 17  
Toledo—LaSalle & Koch 2-17-20  
Tiedtke's 18

## OKLAHOMA

Oklahoma City—Halliburton's 11-15-19-20  
J. A. Brown 2-17  
Nissen's 9  
Kerr's 11  
French Style Shop 10  
Jerry's 5  
Ponca City—Laddies 9  
Edward's 10  
Tulsa—Froug's 6-17  
Vanderveer's 11-20  
Rex's 10

## OREGON

Eugene—Town & Travel 10  
Portland—Olds & King 10-20  
Hollywood Shoe 5  
Salem—Little French Shop 10  
Dana's 5  
Springfield—Towne Shoppe 10  
Alexander's 5

## PENNSYLVANIA

Allentown—Hess Bros. 2-11  
Ambridge—Ambee Shoppe 9  
Hanover—Lobell's 9  
Norristown—Novell's 9  
Philadelphia—Lit's 2-8-18-19-20  
Snellenberg's 2-8-20  
Wanamaker's 2-8-20  
Chas. David 9  
Strawbridge & Clothier 2-7-11-15-17-20  
Blauner's 6-18  
Baker's Shoes 5  
Gimbel's 2-6-7  
Pittsburgh—Kaufman's 7-8-15-19-20  
Wm. Friedland 9  
Horne's 2-11-18-20  
Gimbel's 2-7  
Pottstown—Kessler's 9  
Reading—Kins 9  
Scranton—Cleland-Simpson 11  
Scranton D. G. 6-8  
Washington—Lang's 9

## TENNESSEE

Knoxville—St. George Co. 11  
Memphis—Goldsmith's 2-6-11-17-20  
Lowenstein's 2-17  
Bry's 11  
Nashville—Baker-Anderson 5  
Family Bootery 5

## TEXAS

Dallas—Culwell's 5  
Titcher-Goettinger 15-19-20  
A. Harris 2-17-20  
Kessels 17  
Sanger Bros. 2-11-20  
Fort Worth—W. C. Stripling 17  
Leonard's 11-17  
Goldstein Bros. 17  
Monnig's 6-11-20  
Mitchell's Inc. 5  
Houston—Foley's 2-6-11-15-17-18-19-20  
Palais Royal 6-7-9-20  
Town & Country 10  
Robinson's 5  
San Antonio—Joske's 2-10-11-17-19-20  
Paul & Jack 5  
Kaufman's 17-20  
Wolf & Marx 17  
Terry Farris 17

## UTAH

Salt Lake City—Z.C.M.I. 11-15-17-20  
J. C. Penney 6-17  
Auerbach's 6-11  
Jarnel's 18  
Shoe Box 5

## VERMONT

Burlington—Mayfair 9

## VIRGINIA

Norfolk—Montaga's Shoes 5  
Richmond—Thalhimer's 2-6-11-15-18-20  
Roanoke—N. W. Pugh 10

## WASHINGTON

Portland—Meier & Frank 8-15-20  
Fred Meyer 11  
Seattle—Rhode's 17  
Tall's Travel 17  
Ben Tipp 17  
Chapman's 5  
Spokane—Meier & Frank 11-20  
Spokane D. G. 5  
Tacoma—Schoenfeld's 17  
Peoples Store 6-17  
Ostlund's 5

## WEST VIRGINIA

Charleston—Siegel Shoe Co. 5

## WISCONSIN

Ashland—Moran Mode 10  
Janesville—Golden Eagle 9  
La Crosse—Lorraine's 10  
Klinkner & Jensen 5  
Madison—Ragatz Bros. 5  
Milwaukee—  
Boston Store 2-6-11-17-18-19  
T. A. Chapman 6-17  
Gimbel's 2-7-17  
Schuster's 2-7-11-15-20  
Wm. Bland 5



# The Towle Touch

In every piece of Towle Sterling...evidence of the extra care and skill...the conscious pride of true sterling craftsmanship.

**A JEWELER CAN TELL A TOWLE FORK AT A GLANCE**... and so can you! Just look for such details as these: center tine space set back for added design symmetry...a tiny notch between tines for easier washing...extra hand-polishing on all inside surfaces and tine points for utmost cleanliness.



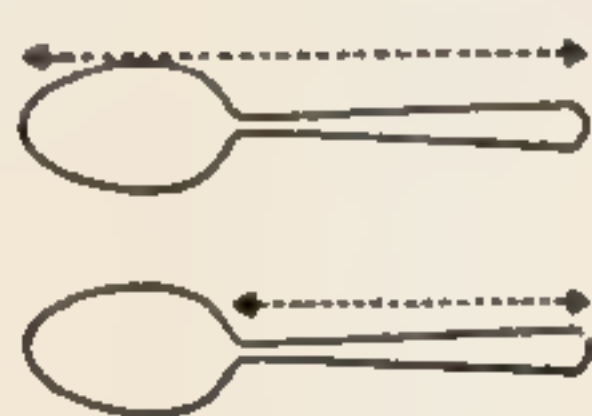
**THERE ARE NO "SHORT CUTS"** in the making of a Towle knife. Towle uses only solid metal—never cement or rosin—to seal blade



and handle permanently together. You'll hear no strange rattles in a Towle handle—be annoyed by no loose blade—nor can water leak in! This knife is Towle's King Richard.

## THE TOWLE TOUCH IN DESIGN

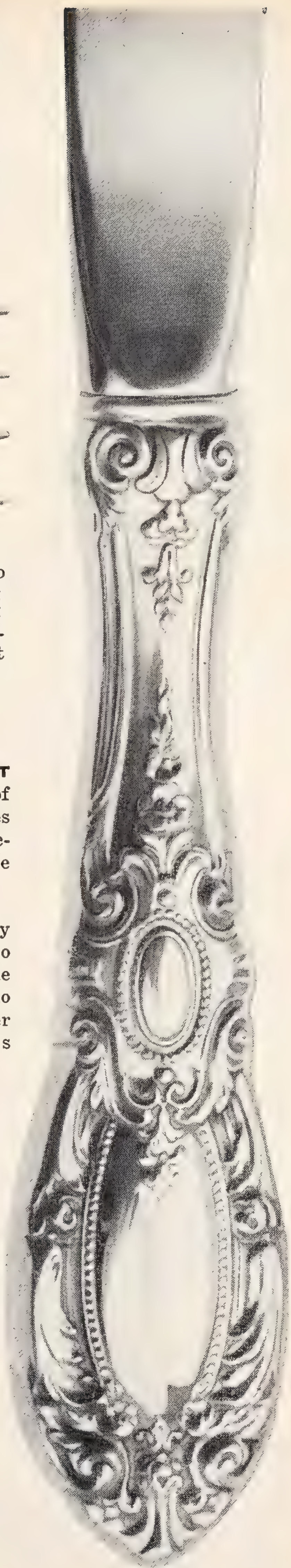
Each Towle pattern is designed "tip-to-toe" ... and not merely from here-to-here ...



The distinction achieved by "tip-to-toe" design can be seen clearly in famous Towle serving pieces like the Towle Craftsman pierced tablespoon and the Silver Flutes pie-server illustrated here.

Yes, The Towle Touch is truly the sterling touch...yet Towle Sterling is priced no higher than regular brands. See Towle patterns soon, at selected stores everywhere.

*When in New England...see the Towle craftsmen at work...just 35 miles north of Boston. Towle of Newburyport, Massachusetts.*





# for goodness sake



# ask

You know someone who uses Tampax internal sanitary protection — *of course you do!*

Ask *her* about it. Ask her all the questions in the whole, wide world. Ask her everything that's been puzzling you, keeping you back from using the really *modern* form of protection.

Ask her if it isn't as comfortable as everyone says. Ask her if she doesn't find Tampax easy to insert, change and dispose of. Ask her about absorbency. Ask her if she doesn't honestly feel *freer* now that she's using Tampax. Listen when she tells you what it's like to get rid of the belt-pin-pad harness, never, *ever* to worry again about chafing or irritation.

Tampax is willing to rest its entire case on *what other women tell you*. If you want to ask your doctor — fine! Just remember: Tampax was *invented* by a doctor. Millions of women have used billions of Tampax! Why should you have any doubts about it?... At drug or notion counters in choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Month's supply goes into purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising  
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

## Pixie from Paris

(Continued from page 64)

She does not like drive-in movies and drive-in restaurants. She is an incurable ash-tray stealer. Her favorite picture is "Lili."

She dotes on desserts and does not think that happiness is a matter of money. She smokes about ten cigarettes a day.

She was born in a three-story house that her grandparents had built outside of Paris, at Neuilly; as a child she used to rollerskate on its paved roof.

She hates oysters, clams or any kind of raw sea food.

She is an excellent listener when it is rewarding, but when it is dull she cannot repress her boredom. She is right-handed, five feet three and one half inches tall.

She is very fond of snails: "Mmm, yes. You mean Escargots à la Bourguignonne? Wonderful!"

She is very nostalgic for Paris.

She started studying dancing at the age of ten, and her mother's pet names for her were either *Minnie Mouse* or *Betty Boops*. She is very fond of flowers and likes them everywhere.

She wore dental braces as a child. "I went to the dentist once every single week."

She is not orderly or systematic.

She has no allergy and has never seen a boxing or wrestling match: "But recently I went to a motorcycle race and I was quite overcome by the spectacle. The public watching it seemed to me more professional than the people on the motorcycles. They wore leather jackets, brought leather seats to sit on—ladies as well as men—and they looked tougher than the racers. When the races were over, they all got on their own machines and rode away. It was the strangest sight; very different from a ballet or movie audience, though perhaps only because they were all sun-tanned and wind-burned and all seemingly clad in leather."

She has a better memory for faces than names.

She loves having breakfast in bed: "But I don't get a chance to any more." Her father is a manufacturing chemist and once had a pharmacy in Paris.

Her joy about appearing in 20th Century-Fox's "Daddy Long Legs" is because at long last she dances with Fred Astaire.

She likes hot dogs and would like some day to play St. Joan.

She wishes she could go dancing in night clubs "like other people," but her strenuous schedule precludes it. She cares little for sport clothes and she studied ballet for two years at the National Conservatory of France, where Roland Petit discovered her and immediately placed her in professional ballet.

She dislikes golf. "It is for poops."

She values most in people their enthusiasm and honesty, and ever since she was a child, she has wished she could ride a horse.

She believes in luck.

Her hobby is painting imaginary portraits.

She has no superstitions.

Her parents now live in the Virgin Islands. Her biggest thrill came on her nineteenth birthday, her first in the United States. Gene Kelly had heard of it on the set and invited her to his home that evening: "When I came in I saw about thirty of the most important people in Hollywood, singing happy birthday to me. I could have cried."

Leslie Caron is sick of playing the perennial waif. "Enough is enough."

She enjoys Western films now much more than she did as a child: "As a child I was

very high-brow. I couldn't stand all the shooting and riding. Now I love them. She sleeps at least nine hours every night.

She abhors the color green.

She had all the usual childhood illnesses.

She likes wine with dinner and the actors and actresses she admires particularly are Anna Magnani, Marlon Brando, Judy Garland, Gerard Philipe and Laurence Olivier.

Her apartment is furnished with antique furniture. Her favorite ballet is "The Sphinx" and whenever she travels she is an inveterate tourist, doing everything that tourists do.

She was born in Paris on July 1, 1932.

She is bad at business matters.

She loves to bake chocolate mocha cake often goes barefooted in the privacy of her apartment and has a great longing to see Italy someday. She gets restless when loafing.

Her voice is best described as contralto and when she was a little girl she preferred boys to girls: "I had a rather secluded childhood due to my dancing lessons, but whenever I played it was always with boys rather than girls. I was a tomboy. I didn't like girls. I followed my brother around and when you saw a gang of boys in the street playing marbles, playing war, rollerskating, anything—I was the only girl in the crowd."

She cannot abide electric guitars or electric organs.

She places no credence in fortune-telling or astrology: "... but they amuse me." She is very proud of a great-grandfather who was once a famous mayor of Paris.

She wants someday to be fluent in Italian and she has no prejudices about a man's attire: "It depends on the man that's wearing it, rather than on what he wears."

She doesn't like garlic.

She is crazy about shoes: "But I like sober shoes, not fancy ones."

She is a good cook, and at sixteen she joined the Ballet des Champs Elysee touring all Europe and giving communique performances before the King of Egypt and the Queen of England. She has no pet now.

She adores Dior, admires *The Soil*, by Emile Zola and feels she learns from watching the work of great artists on the screen. "I get inspiration that way. When I saw Marlon Brando in 'On the Waterfront,' I was very moved. Also, when I saw Judy Garland in 'A Star Is Born.'"

She is characterized by simplicity and a great passion for beauty. She cooks by instinct and taste, not by measurement.

She dislikes highly spiced food.

She loves to put on a record at home and jitterbug with her friends. "You don't have to watch your technique, just let yourself go; just dancing to the music. It is wonderful!"

Her first act in the United States, between planes in New York, was to order a double banana split.

She has a small nose and startling blue eyes, and as a little girl she changed identity with every movie she saw! "When I saw Vivian Leigh I spent every spare moment trying to make my round mouth look like her little one."

She is very tender towards close friends and distant with mere acquaintances.

She now makes up for her childhood anemia by eating two and a half pounds of meat daily on doctor's orders, and her favorite lunch is two man-sized steaks.

She earned her first money at the age of fourteen, acting and dancing in a children's show, for which she was paid fifty francs—about fifty cents. She never cashed



at check, saving it as a souvenir, but it is been mislaid and she cannot find it. She is affected by military processions: "get a big bump in my throat. It doesn't matter what nationality it is." She thinks Scotland a beautiful country. She prefers more formal type clothes for both daytime and evening, and laments her inability to see more plays and concerts. She favors French Impressionist painters and hopes someday to collect their work. A performance has to be honestly moving to make her cry. She loves parlor games: "Especially noisy games. It is fun because everyone gets so indignant trying to act out things without making it too easy, giving it away." Her favorite colors are blue, pink, orange, yellow and black. She is very fond of cats: "As a matter of fact, I have had more cats even than dogs. Of mixed breeds always, never digreed." She has read a French child's book called *coquemitaine* six or seven times: "In France, when a child is naughty, he is threatened that he will be given to *coquemitaine*, who looks very ugly but is really very nice and kind to children, especially the unwanted ones. I think this book would make a lovely picture, but I could only see the late Lon Chaney in the part." She treasures old Roman coins dated before Christ, which she herself dug up on a trip to North Africa. She has a very sentimental attachment for the theatre in Paris where she made her bow as a ballerina. She was a frequenter of her father's pharmacy where she "borrowed" all kinds of make-up with which she would try for bird effects. Her favorite composers are Bach, Wagner, Stravinsky and Gershwin. Leslie Caron likes most to stroll on the Champs Elysees, London's Piccadilly Circus, New York's Times Square and Fifth Avenue, and Hollywood's Sunset Strip: "I often drive to the sea at Santa Monica."

THE END

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Denise Darcel, last seen in U. A.'s "Vera Cruz"

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## The Welsh Rare Bit

(Continued from page 67)

the most part, dock workers, railway hands (it's a stone's throw from Waterloo Station) and neighborhood folk, with a smattering of the players from the famous Old Vic, directly across the street.

"Well, friends," he called, "if this is a fashionable London soiree, I'd better set 'em up. One all around, Joe. And then—back to rehearsal."

Small wonder that Burton was amused at the report. It was either that or become very, very angry—and typical of his wry sense of humor, he chose to laugh.

"What chance have I had to attend any soirees, fashionable or otherwise?" he grinned, as he downed his pint of beer. "Since I arrived back in England last July I've spent every day from 10:30 in the morning until past midnight at the theatre, rehearsing next week's play while appearing in the current one. And, in case you think I'm complaining of overwork, I've loved every minute of it."

The item in question, nevertheless, was only one of many that have served to build up a false picture of Richard Burton, and the time seems ripe to debunk the legend of Burton the debunker, Burton the stingy, Burton the indifferent, Burton the flirt. Rich is the first to admit he has his faults. But he can't quite go along with the gang that he's as bad as some of the stories have pictured him, if for no other reason than the simplicity and honesty of his approach to life.

It probably all goes back to his boyhood in the bleak, treeless valley in South Wales in the tiny mining village of Pontrhydyfen, where he was born. There were thirteen in his family and his name was Richard Jenkins then. His father and six brothers were all miners and Richard readily admits they lived in a slum neighborhood. Work, work, and more work was the order of the day, but when each day's work was over, those Welsh miners who were Burton's grandfather, father and brothers relaxed in the only way they knew—by playing just as hard as they had toiled in the pits. And always with a laugh and a melodious Welsh voice raised in song to forget the rigors of the day.

"When I was a kid," Rich recalls, "when ever I ran into difficulties, and there were plenty of them in the town where we lived, the only answer seemed to be to work harder—and to laugh while we were doing it. Then, too, we're a very knowledgeable family about the Bible and likely to quote reams of it on all possible occasions. The combination of the two can't be beat. The one passage that has probably been the greatest influence in my life is the one from Ecclesiastes that goes:

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, wither thou goest."

"Father used to throw this at me when I refused to cut the sticks to make the fire. I can't remember when I didn't know it and I carry it always with me engraved on a tag on my key ring. I've always behaved the same, when I was eight and eighteen and now at twenty-eight. What I do, I do with all my might, and I'm only sorry if my enthusiasm is often misunderstood." As it obviously was by the reporter who wrote of Burton's titillating accounts of life in Hollywood.

Rich might have grown up and gone into the mines like his father and brothers if it were not for a wonderful teacher named Philip Burton who taught Rich in high school. Philip Burton got Rich interested in acting, taught him how to speak English without a Welsh accent and helped promote



his scholarship to Oxford. He even paid for his clothes while he was at the University. Today, Rich calls him "my second father" and took his name when he became a professional actor.

Since Rich was only sixteen when he won his scholarship, he could not enter Oxford for a year. During this interim, he answered a newspaper advertisement of Emlyn Williams, famed author of *The Corn Is Green*, who wanted someone who could speak Welsh and looked twenty-two. Sixteen-year-old Mr. Richard Jenkins went up for a reading before Williams and came out with a role in "The Druid's Rest." The play ran for a year, just long enough to permit Rich to enter Oxford right on schedule.

With the war on, Richard joined the Royal Air Force after his first year at Oxford and was sent to Canada to train as a navigator. At the end of the war, with eight cents in his pocket, he went to New York. While there, he sang Welsh songs for his supper, did his sleeping in the subways and on the post office steps. When he finally returned to London, his luck changed and he found immediate stardom.

Richard Burton's American film career began in 1952 when Daphne DuMaurier herself requested him for the lead in "My Cousin Rachel." Recently he finished his fourth picture for 20th, "Prince of Players."

While Rich knew adversity as a youngster, his stage success was not the result of years of discouragement. And just as he was taught to laugh at adversity when he was a youngster, so today, Rich prefers not to be serious when he can be otherwise. His capacity for humor is as great as his capacity for work.

"Sure I've told a few friends some amusing experiences I had in Hollywood," he grins, "but aside from not attending any fashionable soirees, I'm not even sure what 'titillate' means."

It wasn't the first time Rich found himself misquoted, thanks to this lack of seriousness. When reporters who met his plane asked the obvious question, "What do you think of Hollywood?" Rich, his face perfectly straight, delivered his reply in the best possible "bop" language. "Hollywood," he deadpanned, "is a real crazy town; the people there are real nervous." As anyone familiar with bop jargon knows, Rich was only being complimentary. Or thought he was, until he picked up next morning's paper. "Richard Burton," columned one of London's leading columnists, "says Hollywood is insane, and that everyone connected with the motion-picture industry is extremely nervous."

Now take those stories you've undoubtedly read about Burton being stingy. About his indifference to clothes, his living with friends to escape hotel bills, his failure to show up regularly at Ciro's and Mocambo. Richard will readily admit that he *does* count his pennies. He's done it all his life. He knows how much he has coming in each month, and despite what has been printed about his financial "take," his contractual obligations, his income taxes leave him with far less than the fabulous salary reported in the papers. He will also tell you that when he and his wife first arrived in Hollywood they moved into a \$750 a month apartment engaged for them by some British friends. Their car was a Cadillac at another \$350 per month. Their restaurant bills at all the suggested places ran into a phenomenal figure. Pretty soon the Burtons found, even as you and I, that they were spending far more than they were earning. So they began to cut down. Back went the Cadillac; instead the Burtons began driving a Ford. A modest apartment replaced the glamorous pent-



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house. A quiet, unpublicized restaurant was found instead of expensive Romanoff's or La Rue. Out of this, the myth that Richard Burton was stingy.

Yet when an English girl, a former technician in one of the British studios, fell ill during her vacation in Hollywood, only one member of the British colony, most of whom knew her well, found his way to her bedside. Richard Burton.

Maybe he heard his dad saying, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Maybe he didn't. At any rate, it was only Richard Burton who went to see her in the hospital, and it was only Richard Burton who said:

"Look, sweetie. I know it's tough to get money out of England these days. Don't worry about what all this will cost. You just concentrate on getting well."

And with that, although he could ill afford it, he quietly slipped an endorsed check into her hand—the amount left blank.

When his business manager broke her neck in an automobile accident, Rich was completely at her service. And it was more than monetary aid. Realizing the desperateness of her situation, he sat day after day in her darkened room, gently holding her hand and softly reciting comforting passages from the Bible.

Those words must have reached into her subconscious mind, yet she recalls it was a laugh at Burton's expense that brought her back to normalcy. Her nurse approached her one morning with a message from a director's wife who was a patient in the next room. "I don't know who your friend is who recites from the Bible," was the message, "but whoever he is, he should certainly try Shakespeare."

Burton is the first to admit that he has a dreadful memory for names, and suggests that this may be the reason he has been branded conceited and arrogant.

"Maybe it's because I'm concentrating too hard on remembering my parts (I'm playing five, alternately, at the Old Vic), but I simply draw a blank when it comes to recalling names. Do you know, I once forgot my wife's name? I started to introduce her, and for the life of me I couldn't think of it. In desperation, I presented her as Phyllis, and her name is Sybil! Brother, if looks could kill, I wouldn't be telling this now."

"And then there was the afternoon," he continued, "when the doorman at the

theatre informed me there was a Mr. Aherne to see me. 'Mr. Aherne?' I said. 'I don't know any Mr. Aherne.' 'The gentleman is quite insistent,' the doorman went on. I was just as insistent that I didn't know who Mr. Aherne was, but I was finally persuaded to go to the stage entrance. There was my greatest buddy from my RAF days. A hearty Irishman I'd merely shared room and plane with for four years!"

You may also have read that Richard Burton does not grant interviews. In a sense that's true. He does not "grant" them. As Burton says, "Grant is a pretty lordly term for a simple Welshman like myself. I'm grateful when a newspaper person *wants* to interview me. But I guess I must learn to stop saying exactly what I think, for I've found that can get me in nothing but trouble."

Like the woman from the small Middle Western paper who was one of many to interview Burton during the filming of "The Robe."

"She asked all the routine questions," Rich recalls, "including the inevitable one about, 'What are you afraid of?' Well, I can honestly say I'm not afraid of anything. Not afraid, at least, to the point where I won't tackle it and at least have a try. That's exactly what I told her, and added, 'I'm just a little apprehensive of death.' Imagine my surprise when the studio publicity man showed me the clipping a couple of weeks later. There, in bold black type, was the headline: 'Richard Burton Fears Death.'"

Burton's driving ambition, sparked, no doubt, by that same Biblical passage, has led to further misquotations. Asked what his aim in life is, Richard replied: "To be the best in my field. I hope to be the finest actor under thirty-five on the stage or screen." So out came the reporter, unused, no doubt, to such disarming frankness, saying, "Richard Burton says he's the finest actor on the stage or screen."

Burton is quite sure if he ever does have any delusions of grandeur, all he need do is visit his eighty-two-year-old father in Wales. Dad, in fact, has difficulty in remembering which of his seven sons is which, and often gets Richard confused with his brother Will, who went to sea. When Rich visited his family before starting his stint at the Old Vic, his father asked where he had been.

"In Hollywood, Dad," was Burton's reply. There was a long pause. "I knew,"

was father's only comment, in broad, rolling Welsh, "you should never have gone off on that sailing ship."

The writer who said that Richard Burton was disdainful of his fans should stand outside the Old Vic some evening in the chilly London dusk. British Shakespearean fans are much the same as American movie fans, differing, perhaps, in only one respect. They are much more likely to stand quietly in line waiting their turn for autographs rather than push and shove in an attempt to be first to obtain the coveted signature. When Rich emerges, there is an excited hum of conversation, and not only does he sign the bits of paper, he is genuinely interested in the comments offered by these people who are, for the most part, ardent students of the Bard who are eager to offer their opinion. Burton accepts their comments very seriously and admits that a "Better than Barrymore, old boy," from a grizzled first-nighter at "Hamlet" gave him more of a lift than any of the glowing reports in next day's papers.

After the opening of "Coriolanus," an indignant elderly fan cornered Burton at the stage door to berate him soundly for failing to take a curtain call.

"Just because you been to 'ollywood, lad, is no cause for you to be big-headed," said the man. "Why weren't you out there taking a bow with the rest of 'em? You mayn't have been the star, but you might have given us a smile and a bow."

"It took three pints of beer at The Olive Branch," Rich laughs, "before I could convince my newfound friend that my absence from the final curtain was unavoidable. You see, my last scene called for me to take a fall, and I fell so hard that I ended up with a violent nose bleed. Guess that's one time I shouldn't have done it with my might."

Burton personally answers *almost* every fan letter he receives. The *almost* is his one reservation. He refuses to reply to gushing nonsensities of adolescent, hero-worshipping girls who, he feels, should not be encouraged. But, if their letters are critical or complimentary about his acting every comment not only is answered but appreciated.

Of all the accusations that have been made against him, Burton confesses that one is perfectly true. He is a flirt.

"I adore women in general," he explains with disarming honesty, "and I like being in their company. The prettiest girl at a party is the one I want to sit next to or dance with, so in order to make sure I get the chance, I always say the nicest possible things because I know it will please her."

And what does Mrs. Burton, who was an actress herself and met Rich when he was a star and she an eighteen-year-old bit player in Williams' "The Last Days of Dolwyn," think of the fact that her husband, whether because of his unabashed approach of unmasked flattery, his quick wit, his seemingly endless fund of Welsh songs and stories, or just his completely masculine attractiveness, is usually the center of all feminine eyes? Sybil Burton is philosophic about it all.

"I've watched Rich be just as charming to a seven-year-old child or an eighty-year-old woman as he is to the reigning beauty of London or Hollywood," she smiles. "And as long as he keeps it that way, it's all right with me. After all, I'm Welsh, too, and was brought up on the same motto: 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.' So I guess I can't complain that Rich flirts with young and old with the same intensity that he puts into everything else he tackles—that is, if he continues to keep it that way!"

THE END

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## Some Wives Have Secrets

(Continued from page 47)

balanced and running the house well. I'd just as soon Tony wouldn't see me shampooing my hair or plucking my eyebrows, not because he doesn't know I do it, but because one doesn't look especially attractive doing them. When I'm curling my eyelashes (I have very long eyelashes but straight as strings and I like to curl them so they frame better) I'd just as soon he wouldn't be around. I don't like him to see me in the in-between stages. But if he sees me without make-up (and he often does) that's okay with me. In fact Tony thinks it is appealing at times.

"The way I feel, it's not *what* you do in the glamour department that should be kept secret from your husband, it's how you do it—and this is a matter of fastidiousness, of privacy. And a certain amount of privacy is important in marriage. It adds dignity and a little magic.

"But if I don't have many secrets from Tony regarding my make-up tricks, I do have others which are equally feminine, such as the way I get my own way. Every woman has a special way of getting her way, and it's always her top secret. Me, too! Take the problem of going to parties. In the Curtis household this is a problem on account of I'm a girl who likes to go to parties and Tony is a boy who likes to be at parties. He always says he doesn't want to go but, once he gets there he *stays*!

"I'm on to this quirk in Tony and the method I use when there's a party coming up is this:

"On the day the invitation arrives: 'Darling,' I say, casually, 'we're invited to a party this Saturday night.'

"Tony: 'I don't want to go.'

"Me: 'You're perfectly right—let's *not*.'

"Come Saturday P.M. and we're all settled in for a cozy evening at home, me stretched out on the davenport, Tony playing records or reading. Along around 8:30, 'What's we do?' Tony asks, restless.

"Me: 'Let's call Marge and Gower Champion, ask them over. Oh, shucks, I forgot—they're going to the party!'

"Tony: 'How about Patti and Jerry Lewis—might drop in on them, huh?'

"Me: 'Good idea—oh, heck, they're going to the party, too. Patti mentioned it on the phone this morning.'

"Tony: 'Well, why don't we go?'

"Me: (yawning, stretching, getting slowly to my feet, a life-size portrait of the glad-to-oblige little woman) 'Well, all right dear, if you really *want* to.'

"We go to the party and, since it was 'his idea' we have a wonderful time. The wife who makes her husband believe that every place they go, everything they have, everything they do is *his* idea makes of her marriage (this is *my* secret) a perpetual bed of roses!

"It takes a bit of doing, but take it from me," Janet grinned, "it can be done!"

"I don't know whether this belongs in the category of keeping a secret but often, for Tony's own sake, I postpone telling him something. For example, when I was assigned to "Rogue Cop," at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Tony was making a musical at U-I. He'd never made a musical before and was edgy about it. Every night he'd come home exhausted. So rather than distract him with my problems, I didn't mention my new film until he was just about out of production. When a man is tired and preoccupied with his own affairs, to keep your affairs a temporary secret is, in my opinion, the kind of secret a wife should keep.

"In other words, a wife, the way I see it, should keep secret anything that might annoy or worry her husband—always pro-



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viding it isn't something about which he has reason to worry.

"If someone says to me, in passing, 'Gee, you look pretty today!' I don't make a point of repeating the compliment to Tony. If he didn't think I'm pretty, I might," Janet laughed, "just to boost my stock!"

"If someone makes a pass at me, I *never* tell Tony. He'd only get furious and go out and bop the guy. Since it's nothing I've done and since there is nothing to be gained by telling Tony other than to make him jealous. Any wife who deliberately tries to make her husband jealous must be very insecure within herself or in her marriage—or both.

"There are secrets about your health you should keep—to a point. Men hate complaining women—the chronically head-achy type or the grown-up baby—'Oh, my thumbnail, it hurts!' About the little aches and pains a wife should, to put it bluntly, shut up! But any real health problem should never be kept secret from your husband as I learned to my discomfort—and Tony's. Starting about three years ago I began to have recurrent headaches. They were quite bad and I didn't say anything about them—partly because I was scared something serious might be causing them; partly because I will *not* be a 'I'm having one of my headaches' small-time hypochondriac. I got away with it because, by some fluke, the headaches never hit me when Tony was around. But one night at Patti's and Jerry's, I did have one and the pain was so intense I broke down and cried. Since Tony'd had no suspicion of the headaches and had never seen me in pain before, he was badly shocked. He steered me to the doctor, who sent me to an oculist and I learned my headaches were due to the simple fact that I need glasses when I read.

"'Why didn't you tell me sooner?' Tony chastized me. 'I'd have made you check with the doctor and could have saved you all the pain—and me, a nasty scare.'

"I realized then that a wife's state of health does concern her husband, so this is not a secret she must keep from him. Nor any secretiveness about money matters. I used to be very extravagant—not now. One day, not long ago, I went into Rex's shop here in Hollywood and fell in love with a mink-trimmed white sweater. But not until I checked with my business manager and made sure it wouldn't affect my budget did I buy it. For unlike the bathroom towels marked His and Hers, the budget in any good marriage should be marked *Ours*. When a wife buys anything from a washing machine to a silly mink-trimmed sweater with the feeling that she's putting one over on her husband, this is unfair and she's only defeating herself in the long run.

"Work problems should never be kept secret from your husband since they may very well affect you both. I don't run to Tony, nor he to me with the little frets that happen to everyone in the course of the day's work, but if we're having any real problem with a scene, or a script, or a contract, we hash it over together!

"The only truly important secret I keep from Tony," Janet said, pausing to feel her way, "are those things that you can't tell because you can't really express them—nothing to bother your husband or shock him, just something that, deep down, is your own. And in each of us there is something personal that must be our very own.

"What everything I've said boils down to, I guess, is that a wife has a right to her secrets, providing they do not touch, even remotely, her husband or the life and love they share. Come to think of it," Janet laughed aloud, "once these words appear in PHOTOPLAY I won't have either

any secrets from the readers of PHOTOPLAY magazine or any secrets from my husband!"

**A**t lunch in The Green Room on the Warner Brothers lot where she'd just finished "Young at Heart," Doris ordered a trencherman's meal of hot soup, rare steak, vegetable, salad, milk, apple pie à la mode, remarking as she did so, "Marty says I'm happiest when I'm at dinner or right after it! 'But beware the Day,' Marty cautions the unwary, 'when she's hungry.'"

After her pangs of hunger had been assuaged, Doris answered the question put to her: Should a wife have secrets of any kind, or for any reason, from her husband?

"I'm not theorizing about this, mind you," Doris admonished. "I'm not speaking objectively; I'm just speaking for myself and, what's more, about myself. I haven't got a secret of any sort or kind from Marty. *I tell him everything.* I make not the least attempt to hide from him anything I do, or think, or am. Concerning my person, I certainly have no secrets from him—he knows I lighten my hair. He knows very well what I look like without make-up—and he likes me best," Doris said, happily, "in the early morning, hair tousled, no make-up. I don't know that I'd get to the point," she laughed, "of wearing a chin strap in front of him, but if ever I do, *he'll* get hysterical! Marty and I can laugh at, as well as with each other, and speaking of secrets, this in my book is one of the secrets of a healthy marriage.

"Actually I don't know what kind of beauty secrets you can keep from your husband unless you have (and we haven't) separate quarters.

"Or what kind of secrets a wife can keep from her husband, if she shares, as I do with Marty, not only living quarters but *living*.

"The importance (and the comfort) of

## ★ TO REACH THE STARS ★

In most cases your letters will reach a star if addressed in care of the studio at which he made his last picture. If you have no luck there, try writing to *each star individually*, c/o Screen Actors Guild, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Cal.

**Allied Artists**, 4376 Sunset Drive, Hollywood 27

**Columbia Pictures**, 1438 N. Gower Street, Hollywood 28

**Samuel Goldwyn Productions**, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Los Angeles 46

**M-G-M Studios**, 10202 West Washington Blvd., Culver City

**Paramount Pictures**, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood 38

**RKO Radio Pictures**, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood 38

**Republic Studios**, 4024 Radford Avenue, North Hollywood

**20th Century-Fox**, 10201 W. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles 35

**United Artists**, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Los Angeles 46

**Universal-International**, Universal City

**Warner Brothers Pictures**, 4000 West Olive Avenue, Burbank

sharing everything with Marty began, I'd say," Doris confided, "the night before we were married when Marty came around to take me out to dinner and found me jumping! An hour or so before, my young son, Terry, then eight, had got into a fist fight with another boy and I was shocked. I managed to pry them apart, went after the other boy, sent Terry to his room. When Marty arrived and I, all aquiver, told him what had happened, he just looked at me. 'Well,' I said, '*you're pretty calm!*'"

"'Dear, you're going to have to learn,' said Marty, 'that little boys are not little girls. You may not have had fist fights when you were young, but *I* had them!'

"Until I married Marty I used to be aghast at the things little boys do. I didn't understand Terry at all—until I married Marty. Nor, for that matter, did I understand myself. I used to be so intense about everything. In a business conference, what I was going to do, or not do, about a certain picture used to tie me up in knots! I've never liked anything unsettled, hanging. The 'Well, we'll know next week, a week after' routine practically unhinged me! Now, since I've had Marty to talk things over with, I am completely relaxed. Marty helped me learn patience. 'If it is to be, it will be,' Marty would say. 'If it isn't to be, so what?' Now, negotiations for a picture or a contract can take six months and it doesn't unnerve me.

"I don't think a wife should ever keep anything that troubles her—even things that embarrass her—from her husband. I never do. And self-revelation was something I had to learn. I've never had very much of what Marty calls 'communication ability.' I had a tendency, deep-seated, to keep me to myself. I don't, or I didn't, open up either my mouth or my heart easily. Now I talk over with Marty every single thing that concerns me. As the fiction writers put it," Doris laughed, "I 'bare my soul.'

"For instance," Doris went on, "I don't play theatres or clubs. I just can't. For a long time this—which is almost a phobia—worried me. I thought I was cheating the fans. I also felt I was cheating myself for it helps tremendously to meet people face to face so that if you can, you *should* play to live audiences. I do get to Chicago and to New York to talk with the press and the disc jockeys, but although I used to work in front of audiences all the time and thought nothing of it, since I've been in pictures I've got away from live audiences. What I go away from is difficult for me to get back to. Until I married Marty, I brooded over what I felt was this lack in me as an entertainer. Once I shared the secret with Marty, it was no longer a fear.

"'If you can't,' Marty said, 'you can't. You've got to know and accept what you can, and cannot do. You have to know yourself.'

"These were wise words—and revealing ones. I'm now free of the negative thinking about what I cannot do and this releases me for positive thinking about what I can do—and want to do. I just want to make two pictures a year. I want, of course, to keep on recording. I am in two fields and that, for the present, at any rate, is fields enough! The rest of the time I want to enjoy myself.

"When starting a picture I used to tense up. All during the making of the picture I was a bundle of nerves. If the picture didn't turn out the way I wanted it to, I ate my heart out, held private post-mortems. Now I never have a nervous moment (except during the hairdressing and make-up, which bore me so early in the morning). I still like perfection and am disappointed if the picture isn't what



hoped for, but I've learned from Marty if I do my best, it's out of my hands. I goofed, I couldn't bear that. But I always try to do my very best. Before I married Marty I didn't have hobbies. I'd finish a picture and suddenly, I'd have nothing to do and at that tension you can't just sit and relax. When Marty'd call me from the office saying, 'Well, what is your day?' I'd say, 'Nothing planned to do.' That really bothered him. Marty can't stand idleness. Now, since Marty put his hand to it, I have hobbies. I'm taking tennis lessons, taking golf lessons and I've gone into gardening (this was my idea) in a big way! Now I even share my hobbies with Marty, or perhaps I should say, I try to get him into sharing them with me. Last summer, for instance, when the urge to garden overcame me I went out, one early morning, to Armstrong's Nursery and bought enough seeds and slips to make a desert bloom! That evening when Marty came home I greeted him at the gate saying, breathlessly, 'We have two dozen verbena and four dozen begonias to plant!'

'When?' said Marty in a small voice. 'Now,' I said, 'where a garden's concerned now's the hour!'

When Doris gardens, she reminds me, 'Marty has been heard to tell people, 'of a surgeon. Someone hands her the rake, the trowel, the weeder, the cultivator and a surgeon is handed forceps, swabs, scalpel, retractor!'

'Prayer helps plants,' I tell Marty. 'It helps them grow. Not having negative thinking about a garden helps it. So much love' I say, 'goes into each hole I dig for each plant. I go out and talk to them, I tell the flowers to lift their faces and grow. But oh,' I said one day, 'if I don't get flowers out of all this digging and motion, I don't know what I'll do!'

'Now, just a minute,' Marty cautioned. 'Nothing. If you don't, we'll go to the nursery and start all over again.'

Marty has a terrific sense of humor about everything. He doesn't get excited about anything. He has calmed our household down a lot. Whenever I'm disturbed, 'Come on,' he'll say, 'let's sit down and talk about it.' And we do. Five minutes later I wonder what I was teased up about!

'I'm saying all this to make the point,' Doris said, 'that for a wife's own sake, even more than from a sense of duty, she should not have secrets of any sort or kind from her husband. Complete sharing of deed and thought, work and play is the only way to insure a complete marriage. And besides,' Doris sighed, 'it's so comfortable.'

I do refrain from complaining to Marty when I don't feel up to par, but this is not qualifying what I've said for complaints are not secrets, they're self-pity. It's we, I think, to distinguish between the two. Then there are always men who make an indirect pitch for every girl who hasn't three heads—if such happens to me, it is amusing, I may tell Marty; if unpleasant, too unimportant to mention. My past, or before-Marty experiences were also dull that who would want to review them? Not I. So I haven't. Not Marty or he would have quizzed me. He hasn't. Which is just as well since I've forgotten yesterday, never give it a thought, nor take any thought of Tomorrow. I'm a Now girl. I live in, and for, Today.

I think it's marvellous—a gift from God—to have a companion to whom you can tell everything. I wouldn't belittle the gift by keeping a secret from Marty,' Doris said, the color of her sky-blue eyes deepening, 'not for anything in the world.'

THE END

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OR  
DRUGGIST

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# FUN FOR YOUR NEEDLE

## Wonderful Mom

(Continued from page 45)

that didn't much matter because wasn't home to reprimand him.

I think maybe not having Mom, always is one of the reasons I feel so close to her today. There's a lot of talk these days about "mom" and "Momism" and the mothers do. I don't think this is fair to the mothers close to my mother—in fact, there are a few important things I believe in or for that aren't in some way wrapped up in her. And I'm proud of it. I wouldn't think that because you're close to your mother, you're tied to her apron strings. Well, if I am, they're pretty long strings 'cause ever since I was a kid, I've always had free rein. I came and went, where I pleased. It's the same now.

To understand this, you've got to know Mom. My Mom's a regular Joe! She's an amazing woman—a real woman. She's had to go it alone almost all of her life. She never had any love, yet she never gave up anything but love. She's had the kind of courage that's a constant inspiration to a boy—to any man, in fact.

Mother was born in Hamburg, Germany, one of a family of four children. She had a sister, two brothers; one brother is my twin. There was little family spirit; it was warmth, only a rigid firmness. Because of this, Mom brought my brother Walt and me up to be very close. As a child, Mom missed the warmth and affection of a close family life, she missed the fun of Christmas holidays, the pleasant surprise of a birthday party, even the warmth of a good night kiss and a tucking in at bedtime. Because of this, Mom made extra sure we had these. Even as a teenager, there was fun for her. Laws in her house were not to be broken. On her first date, she remembers—and she has reason to be proud—arrived home five minutes after the curfew set by her father. The door was locked. That night Mom had to sleep outside in the snow, and the next morning she was refused breakfast and was rationed to a few pieces of bread crusts. Sounds like a Grimm fairy tale, doesn't it? But it's a fact. When Mother was sixteen, her father brought her to this country and put her out to work, doing housework and other odd jobs, real tough work.

To get away from it all, Mom married soon after. But it was not a happy marriage. The only brightness, she says, was Walt and me. I was born a year after my brother in New York's Bellevue Hospital. While there, my father came to visit my mother once and threw a five-cent coin on the bed. This was the gift he brought her. Mother has often told me making it sound funny, about the day she was bringing me home from the hospital. All the other mothers were proudly showing off their babies, all dressed up in pretty new baby finery, and Mother could only cry she felt so bad—all she had for me was a little shirt and blanket.

I don't remember much about my father. The only lasting impression I have of him is one day, when I was very young, he was striking my mother and I tried to stop him by grabbing at him, but I couldn't hold him back.

Mom doesn't talk much about those early years in New York. She just keeps everything on an upper level, always has—it's beautiful and gallant of her. But she told us, laughing, how she used to wash our diapers in a tub by the light of a candle stuck on the edge of the tub. I can remember watching her scrubbing and saying to us, over her shoulder, "and water are cheap, don't ever forget that."

7191



7191—Colorful rickrack and a few simple crochet stitches make the dress, earrings of this saucy toaster-cover doll. Pattern pieces, transfers, directions. Use No. 30 cotton, rickrack.

708—It's a 19-inch square—perfect for doily or mat. Star-shaped design set off by spider webs is so beautiful. Square, 19 inches in No. 30 cotton. Join four for bridge cloth; nine for lunch cloth.



19 INCHES

708



7301—Just two main pattern parts to this gay, cool maternity top! Make two—trim one with embroidery; other with squaw-style rickrack. Maternity Misses' sizes 12-20. Tissue pattern; transfer. State size.

753—Prop up your full-skirted fashions with pretty petticoats. They're easy to make from remnants. Pattern pieces. Sizes 20-22; 24-26; 28-30 inches. State size.

7112—Beautify your living room with this smart chair-set. Simple to crochet—combines pineapple design, chain loops in an attractive light-dark pattern. Directions for chairback, 11 x 17; arm rest 6 x 11 inches.

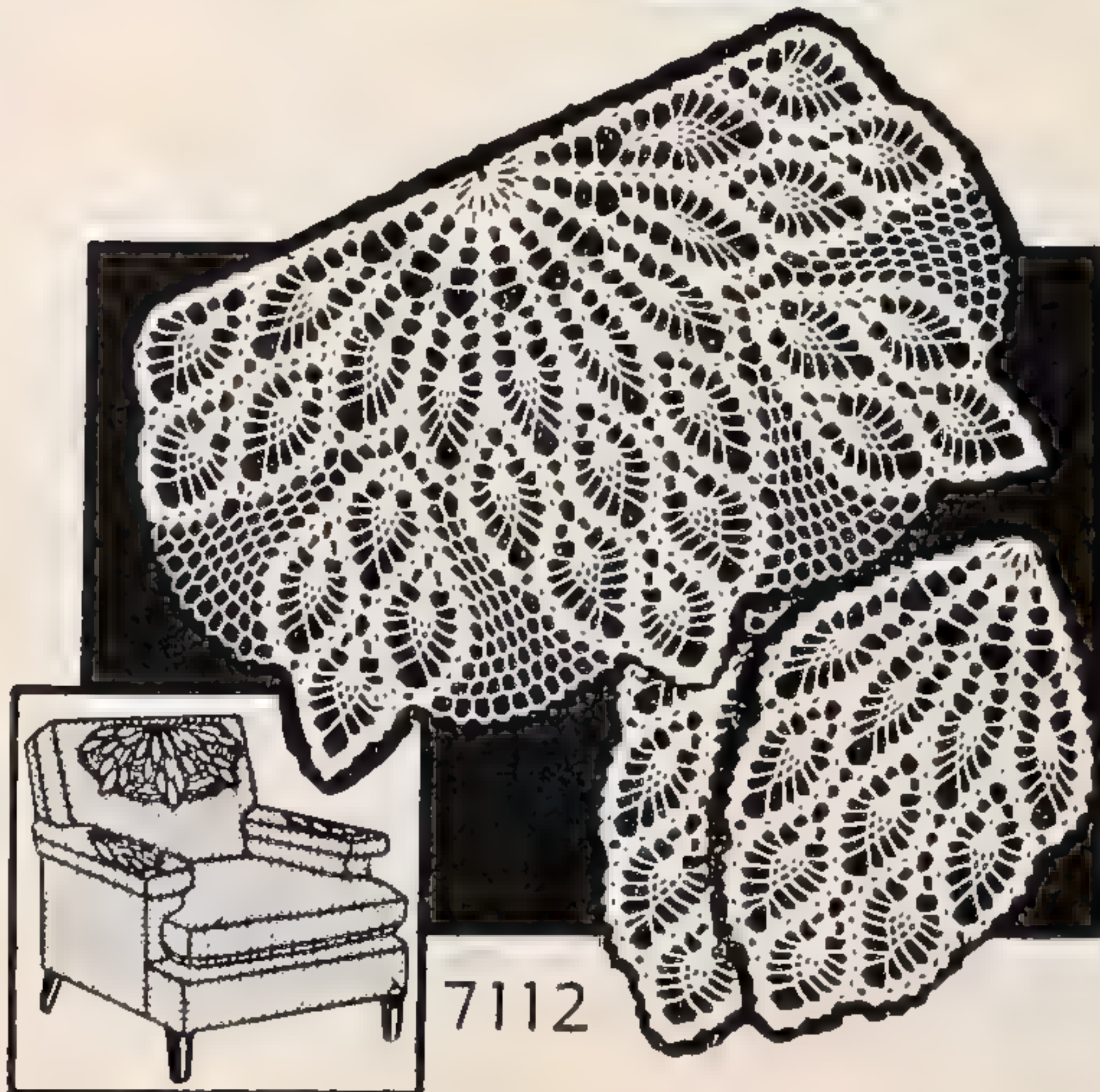
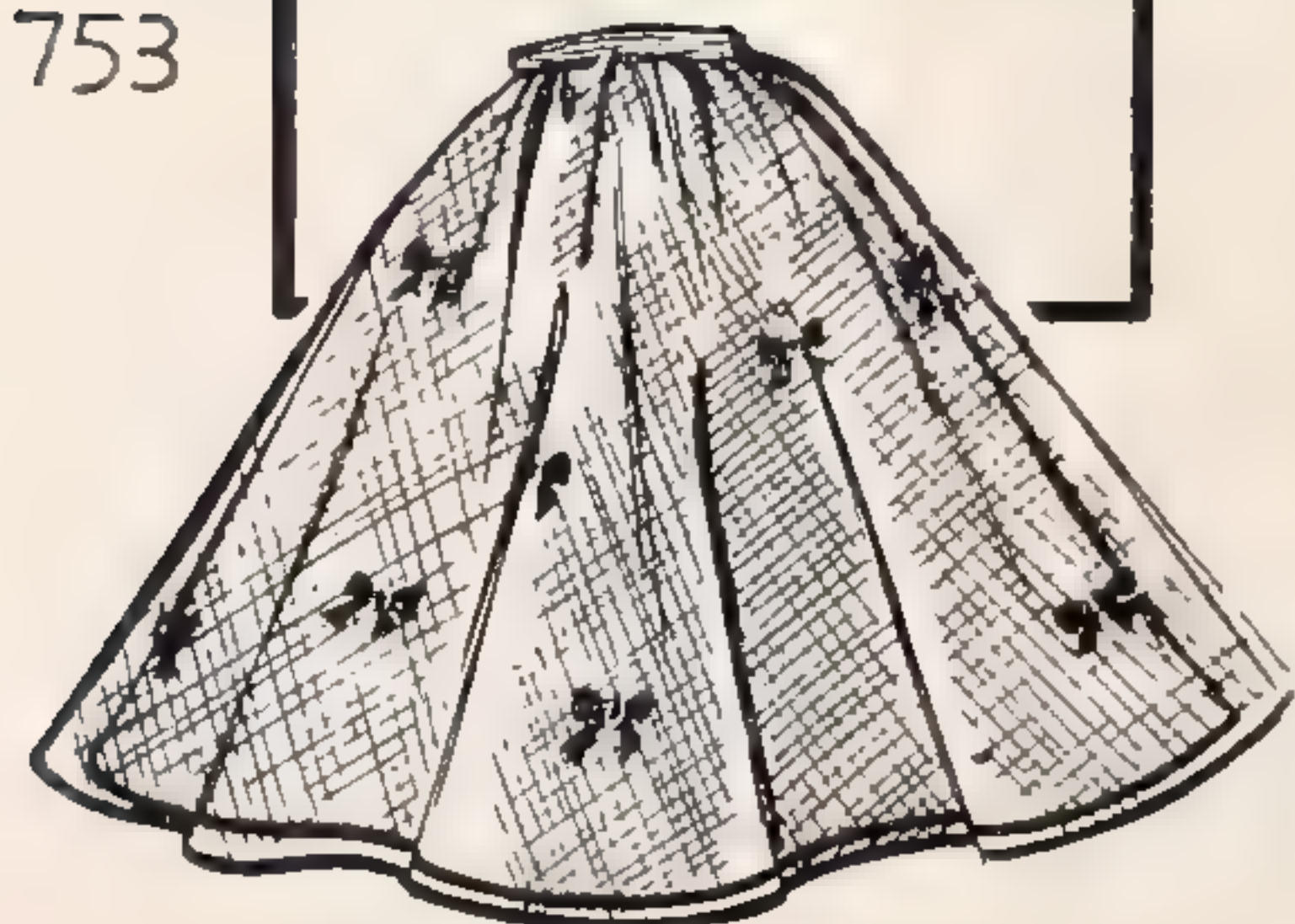
7301

SIZES

12-20



753



7112



We didn't ever forget it—even as we grew older. What Mom meant was, "Cleanliness is next to godliness," and she didn't mean just bodily cleanliness, either. My going out for sports, first horses, later on skating, stems, in some way I can't quite explain, from this soap-and-water maxim Mom. Maybe what I mean is that my love of sports, which are clean things, comes from the love of clean things Mom instilled in us.

Another thing I clearly remember is being taken for baptism by a woman who used to take care of us while Mom was out working. Knowing that her unfortunate marriage wasn't going to last, Mom had us baptized in the Catholic Church with the hope (one of them) that when the time came we would take time and thought and prayer to our marriages which, as a Catholic, would have to last. My brother's is lasting—and happily. Mom is hoping the same for me. Before I marry I'll take time and thought and prayer to it.

Fortune took its first turn in our favor when Grandfather Gilien, my mother's father, who was a Captain on the Matson Line, and who softened as the years went by, booked passage to San Francisco for us, got us an apartment and paid two months' rent in advance. In San Francisco, Mom started training for the nursing and physiotherapy work she's been doing ever since.

Things were still pretty rugged, though, for a woman alone with two boys to raise. Sometimes there weren't any jobs; sometimes the jobs there were didn't pay enough to make ends meet. Mom had a physical handicap to overcome, too. When she had her tonsils out, they'd accidentally cut the vocal chord so that for years she stuttered badly. She had a grief, too.

In San Francisco, Mom married a man named Harry Koster. We were all very devoted to him. Harry was killed in the Second World War.

Everything that can mow a person down happened to Mom. But she never lost her courage.

"Things aren't too good now," she used to say, "but they'll be better." That's what she always said. It stayed with me, too. A prop. A challenge. I couldn't ever grieve or feel sorry for myself—about anything! No, ma'am. Whenever things looked dark brown, like the two years I spent in Hollywood before I got my break in "Island of Desire," or when I did "Return to Treasure Island," in which I looked like the picture, was a dud, I'd say to myself, tongue in cheek but from the heart, "Things aren't too good now, but they'll be better."

"Don't ever regret anything that happens to you," is another of Mom's maxims. Everything that happens to you is an experience worth having, if you learn from it. You can only learn by experience."

You sure do. You learn by association with a woman like Mom, too. She's never been bitter. With a woman like this, you can't help learning. They're great things, mothers.

After we'd been in San Francisco awhile Mom got her job as a trained nurse and physiotherapist on the Matson Line, making the run between San Francisco and Honolulu. This enabled her, between visits, to be with us. She'd be in, then out again. We moved around a lot, were in the care of friends or stayed in an apartment with Mrs. Kelson, the woman Mom hired to look after us. Although we never had, properly speaking, a real home, Mom managed somehow to give us a feeling of home. She, who had so little, gave us a most wonderful childhood. There were never elaborate presents or anything like that, but we knew



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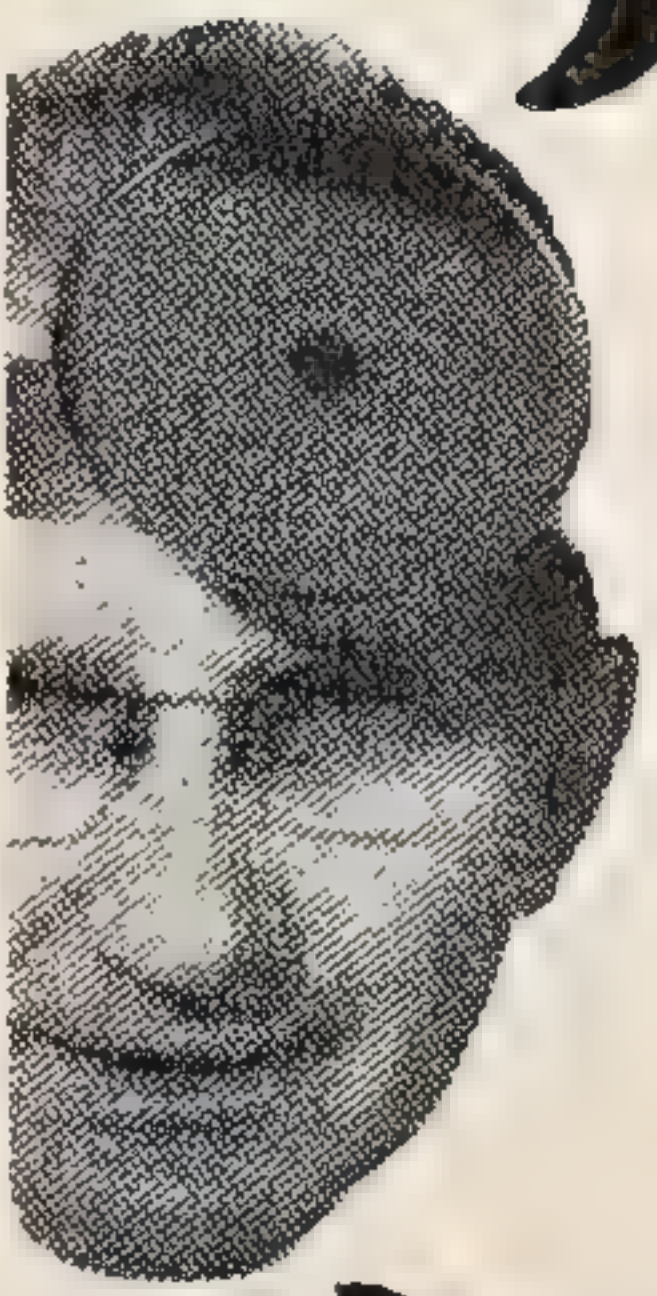
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that everything Mom did for us came from the heart. We always had the warm feeling, the kind of security that comes from a love you know can never fail—it was a priceless gift that money couldn't have bought. Life with Mom taught me that money can't buy happiness.

Another thing, Mom always kept us immaculate. We always wore short pants; I remember our shirts washed and ironed, our shoes shined, all neat and clean. Pride of person, the sense of human dignity, of which she has so much, is one of Mom's many legacies to me. For although between pictures I may, and usually do, hack around in jeans and T-shirts, they smell, believe me, of that soap and water Mom holds so cheap—and so dear.

Mom was equally particular about the things we said and did and the friends we made. Whenever she had money and saw an opportunity to move us to a better neighborhood, she always did. She couldn't send us to the best private schools, but she did the best she could—and always expected us to do the same, too.

"What you learn," she said to us, over and over again, "no one can take from you, so study hard."

When, later on in Los Angeles, Mom got a very good job with the Matson Line, she sent us to St. John's Military Academy where we boarded for two and a half years, which was wonderful training for us. Mom did everything for us, which meant she denied herself. To be truthful I don't remember her ever having more than one dress—up to a couple of years ago, that is. For Christmas last year I gave her a tweed suit from England, a camel's hair coat, charcoal gray skirt from Switzerland, four cashmere sweaters—white, deep yellow, wood violet and charcoal gray—some pearls and pearl earrings in a jewel box, all gold, all lined in maroon velvet, with a butterfly pressed on the lid which plays, as you open it, a Schubert sonata. And boy, what a kick I got from giving them.

I've also given Mom a car (this was after she took over my old apartment and I moved into my new one). This was my first *real* present to her and I made a production out of it! I had it driven around to her street in the dead of night. Next morning, early, I phoned her.

"Look out the window" I said. "What do you see?"

"I see a light-colored car," Mom said, "a 'fifty-one or 'fifty-two Chevvy, looks like."

"I'll be right over," I told her, "with the keys." Well, she flipped. This was the first car that was ever hers, outright, the first one she didn't have to worry about payments. Mom's like a kid when you give her things, she twinkles all over. I tell her she's like a Cocker puppy; she's a kick all right!

This getting-a-place-of-my-own deal throws another beam of light on Mom and the way she is. You hear so much about how mothers resent it, get all crushed, when their kids want to have places of their own. Not that girl. When I said to her, couple of years ago, "Gee, Mom, I'd like to get an apartment of my own someday," all she said was, "I'll help you find one after work—only thing, get a cheery place!"

First time she came to see my new apartment, "Bless this house," she said as she walked in; then, looking around her, "It looks like you." And as she was leaving, "Just one thing," she said, "your wool socks—I'll do them for you. You can pay me if you want, but don't send them to the laundry, they'll come out like boards!"

The fact that Mom's only worry was

my wool socks didn't surprise me. So many parents worry about their children, but in spite of her single-hearted devotion to us, Mom never has. "Thoughts are things" she always says. "If you hold the thought that your son will meet with an accident or is going with fast women, you make it so."

There's a lot of salt and spice as well as the sweetness of self-sacrifice in Mom. She's never syrupy. She packs a punch. I remember the first time I wanted to smoke (I was twelve). "I want you," Mom said, advancing upon me, lighted cigarette in hand, "to take a deep, deep puff." I hadn't any choice and knew it. I took the deep deep puff. I went "Agghhh!" I turned green, red and blue. I'd had it!

She's the first one to tell you when you're good and when you're bad. When I first went into the movies, "Whatever you do," Mom said, "just every day thank God and don't you ever forget it." I knew what she meant—that the real credit belonged to Someone bigger than she or me! When I got my big break in "Island of Desire," "You're going to go far," she said, "you can't help it. I've always known it."

She'd paper the wall with my pictures, I bet, if she dared to risk the laughs she'd get. She's always telling me, "I do wish you'd let me know when articles about you come out in the magazines. I get a kick out of seeing them." But when I made "Return to Treasure Island," "Did I ever laugh!" she said, looking me over with an appraising eye, "Boy, were you—" she stopped for a word—"lousy, in that! I was really in the aisles!" "Track of the Cat" she liked. "The man who did that must have a great soul." When she met director Bill Wellman, the "man who did it," "This man," Mom said, "has a wonderful heart. Earthy." As of this moment, she hasn't seen "Battle Cry." When she does, she's going to flip. I can feel it coming. It will be *her* picture.

Mom's given us values, too. A very important one is the value of friendship. "If you can make five friends in life . . ." she's always said, and we've known that what she means is, that you have to give of yourself to friendship, give a lot, so you can't spread it out too thin. The number five about does it, too, as far as I'm concerned—my brother, whom I'm very close to, is my friend. Dick Clayton, my manager. Ron and Patti Robertson, childhood friends from the days when we were kids together. Lori Nelson, a real good friend. (Friend? Hey, let's warm it up a little!) I'm nuts about Lori. To me she is wonderful, a real dream

## Get Set, Ready, Go . . .

For the most exciting issue of the year—the June PHOTOPLAY. TWO good reasons why: A brand-new story about **DORIS DAY**—Hollywood's Atom Blond and an exciting introduction to the man you wanted to meet—**GEORGE NADER**, the guy who's taken Hollywood by storm!

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girl. A Sweetheart. Lori's the type you could bring home and say, "Mom, this *The Girl*"—and Mom would just fl (How about it, Mom, what say?)

Another thing Mom often says a deeply believes is: "Good things happen to good people"—the woman's a poet. "It's the principle of the thing," is another of her daily reminders. "Principles are so important," she says with such earnestness her eyes are wide blue saucers. "Integrity is important."

I kid Mom about these daily reminders of hers.

"All mothers," I tell her, "have the same script writer. 'It's the principle of the thing,' 'You'll be the death of me you are lines they all use. 'Well, it's for your own good'—that's a line they *always* use. I've heard Lori's mother use it on her. I've heard Mrs. Robertson pull it on Pat and Ron. I've heard *you*—really, Mom. I say, pulling her leg, "the dialogue runs the same!"

So it does. But believe me, if you hear it often enough, some of it sticks!

I keep kidding her. "Now, why do you get married?" I'll tease just for the kick of hearing her say, "Now who, my age, would want to marry me? Mom's name is Gertrude and she hates it, so I always call her 'Gorgeous Gerti' and she hates that worse! I kid her reversing whatever she says to me. Like whenever I have two drinks, Mom will say, "Don't you think you've had enough? You know," she always adds, in a stage whisper, "alcohol numbs the brain." She's had maybe one cocktail but, "Do you think," I come back at her, "that you've had enough? You better stop," I whisper in her ear, "before your brain is numbed!"

I've always kidded Mom—she's a great one to kid.

I've always been able to talk with her, able to lay things right on the table and discuss them. "Honey," I'll say to her, "I feel blue today" and after talking to her for five minutes, I feel picked up. A woman like this, with whom you can just sit down and tell anything is not only a mother but a friend. This is a good relationship. What I think is that not enough parents teach their kids the right things. They give their kids things of the kind that don't last, but not enough of the things like daily reminders and kidding together and companionship, that do. Maybe this is what the writing fellows mean when they let loose their blasts at mothers. *I wouldn't know.*

I have, and I sure thank God for it, a way of knowing because the things Mom has given, and still gives me, are the things that last, the right things. The first-rate things. She knows just instinctively, what is first-rate, what's right. Never anything (or anyone) cheap or vulgar or second-rate for her. She loves good books, good paintings, sports (has always loved my skating), good music. She's crazy about classical music. Always listens to the Met broadcasts on Saturdays. Her one ambition is to go to the Met and I'll take news for you, Mom, you're going to be there and pretty soon, too!

A movie fan, too—she loves Fred Murray, mad for Gregory Peck, a Boy fan from 'way back!

She's got good taste in clothes, too, very smart, very plain and simple taste. She always wears gloves on the street, never goes without a hat. She's a lady, a real lady.

A real and a great lady and good woman and good mother. I could go on but the space in PHOTOPLAY isn't limitless. So I'll just sign off by saying, "Here's to you, Mom—and thanks for everything!"

THE END



## Bachelor Daze

(Continued from page 53)

making his eight-foot custom-built bunk. There were his phonograph player and records, and a few pieces of bric-a-brac he'd collected during the years, and his new wardrobe unit, but other than the few pieces of lawn furniture, the rooms were still empty.

"But as long as we have a roof of our own over us and music, Tucker," Rock poked earnestly to his dog, "we've no worries." Flicking on the FM set, he tuned in on some music.

Usually, Rock shaves and bathes with the radio blaring. This morning he regulated to moderate and went to brew himself some coffee. No need for efficiency this morning, he had a late call to the set—a rare ten o'clock scheduling.

Double-checking his appointment calendar brought good news. He had only one shot today, which meant he'd have the afternoon free for furniture shopping. That is, after the interview set up by the publicity department for lunch. Interviews always give Rock a momentary depression; he still feels a little uneasy during them.

An hour later, Rock drove his yellow Lincoln convertible onto the back lot. Universal-International, snapped off the ignition and the radio, paused to jot down a few records he wanted to buy in the note pad on the dashboard. He made his way to his new dressing room, where fifteen minutes later, groaning under a fleece-lined mackintosh, heavy snow boots and woodsman's cap, he exited into the bright, hot California sunshine.

The day was prematurely warm for spring, but the "All That Heaven Allows" company was scheduled to work in the now." In camera range, Jane Wyman, in a long clipped beaver coat, boots, mittens and hood, was picking her way down the "icy" street. Rock grinned sympathetically at her and presented himself as director Douglas Sirk.

"Be another half an hour before we need you," he was told.

"Good," grinned Rock, stripping off his heavy overclothes. "I'll have a snooze." And feeling lazy in the warm sun, he stretched out on the grass in the grateful shade of a spreading tree.

But no snooze.

Just when he was getting comfortable, an electrician came by to remind Rock of his promise to autograph a half-dozen portraits for his nieces and nephews back in Italy. Publicity had sent down the photos at Rock's prodding. He borrowed a clip board from the script girl and a pen from a visiting newspaperman and obliged.

The company's still photographer moved next. He'd have a great shot, he begged Rock would pose running the snow machine. The machine was used to turn the California summer-like grove into a wintery New England by spraying white soap bubbles—snow—movie version.

Climbing back into his winter garb, Rock sweated in the heat and glare of the white spray as he had his picture taken making snow—several pictures.

At last, shooting over, he stripped back his shirt and slacks, stretched out again in the shade. A front-office limousine drove up and disgorged a party of studio visitors who had come from Australia. An intermediary made it clear to Rock they'd just love to have their pictures taken with U-I's fastest rising, tall, dark and handsome star. Rock posed graciously. He smiled and shook hands. He autographed. He escaped finally—just

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in time to be tapped on the shoulder by the publicity representative with the lady interviewer in tow. It was twelve o'clock. He had toiled not, neither had he snoozed. That he didn't snarl speaks eloquently for Rock Hudson's native good humor and remarkably stable personality.

"Sit down," he smiled, clambering to his feet again. "No, not on the ground. I'll grab a chair."

"Ground rules established?" he asked.

"Uh-huh."

That meant that no questions were to be asked—at least not answered—about any present romantic interest in Rock's life.

So he would talk about his new house.

"It's a Pennsylvania Dutch farmhouse—barn red. Not very big, just thirteen hundred square feet—but lots of charm. And we have ideas. . . ."

"We?"

"Moved in yesterday," Rock went on hurriedly. "No refrigerator. No stove. No chairs except a few garden things, so of course we had to have a party."

"Meant just to unpack. And then we opened up a carton of records, and decided we might as well have some music while we worked. And then it seemed a good idea to build a fire in the fireplace, and after that it seemed to be a good idea to have a snack—and suddenly it was 3:30 in the morning and we hadn't unpacked a thing."

"Who's *we*?"

"Off-side," Rock said, gently but very firmly.

His clamming up on the subjects of ladies and love, of course, only made the subject more intriguing. Rock's had girl friends before, and talked about them in print, and they've talked about him.

"Uh-huh," he says, "you can talk a thing to death that way."

But not this time, readers. If Hollywood's most eligible bachelor is about to take unto himself a wife, you'll know it when it appears in the vital statistics columns in the papers. If Rock has his way, that is.

Director Douglas Sirk called him for the shot at this point, and, grinning, Rock made a grateful getaway.

When the lunch whistle blew it was time for a hair-raising ride in Rock's yellow convertible through the winding little streets which honeycomb the studio's back lot to wind up unharmed—he's a good driver, if a daredevil—in front of his dressing room.

If he had to have a fancy lunch with the ladies, he had to have a shower.

His "dressing room," finished for him recently by a studio grateful for his tremendous upsurge with fans and ticket buyers, would do very nicely, thank you, as house and home. The spacious living room in modern decor is dominated by a monster sailfish hooked by Rock on one of his recent excursions to Acapulco. The rest of the set-up includes an office, kitchen, wardrobe room and bath.

Rock's first move was to the refrigerator where he extracted a bottle of chilled water and drained two giant glasses full.

"Man, it's good" he sighed appreciatively. "There's nothing like ice water."

Unless it's music. Five long steps took him back across the living room where he turned on his radio to an FM station. His guests could enjoy the music while he scrubbed up.

After a moment, he could be heard singing in the shower. This man, it seems, must have music wherever he goes. He collects every kind of music—with perhaps the least enthusiasm for jazz. His studio bungalow and his new house are overflowing with albums—classical, folk music and popular ballads.

He also collects, as it turned out, restaurants. We would lunch, he announced, emerging crisp and clean from the shower, at Le Petit Trianon, "a little French place, very authentic. The food is great, and they'll take me like this." This meaning in faded blue jeans, plaid cotton shirt and no tie.

Rock has been digging out little authentic restaurants as a hobby since he came home from his first trip to Europe—and first taste of exotic cooking—a year ago.

Rock's girl friends—or *friend*, if the rumors are true—who used to pick up the phone to hear him say, "How would you like to run down to the record store with me and pick out a few new records," are more likely today to have to keep in shape for an invitation to "try a little Italian restaurant I've discovered."

Restaurant collectors will have to take Rock's word on Le Petit Trianon. It was closed. But Scandia, up Sunset Boulevard a few blocks, would have Rock and his guests, and with no remarks, as it turned out, about his informal attire.

There's nothing like ice water, or music or quaint restaurants to steam up Rock Hudson's enthusiasm, it was next made clear—unless it's food.

It was almost three o'clock in the afternoon by then and he was famished. First a heavy split pea soup—with Rye Crisp and three pats of butter.

"Butter is fattening, but the Rye Crisp are thinning. You come out even."

Then a cheese souffle with a rashers of bacon, hot rolls with three more pats of butter, and—at last—coffee!

Rock felt better.

Lounging back comfortably in the upholstered booth, his long legs stretched comfortably out into the aisle, he looked directly at his inquisitor and asked a question of his own.

"How old are you?"

He got his answer, no ground rules having been established for such an emergency.

"Good," he said. "Now I can relax. It's a little test I always make. If I ask a lady her age and she says it's none of my business, I know I have to be careful. If she tells the truth, then I know she'll level with me all along the line. So what do you want to know?"

"Are you going to marry?"

"It's getting stuffy in here," Rock re-

plied. "Want to see my new house?"

To reach Rock's place, you drive practically straight up, from Sunset, make a half-dozen hairpin turns which, with Rock at the wheel, is an adventure, and there it is, a quaint red house perched on a precarious hillside and practically concealed by a grove of ancient spruce trees.

It's a little house, but expandable. At present, it has only the big living room, kitchen, two small bedrooms and a bathroom, but it has room for a pool in front and a delightfully private redwood terrace off the larger bedroom. There are a horde of charming extras. Rock's favorite is the built-in brick barbecue in the kitchen.

"I'm going to have a copper stove," Rock declared. "And a fourteen-foot copper ice box. Fourteen feet! Hey, isn't that an awful lot of ice box?"

Rock's mother was there that afternoon, unpacking dishes and provender against the day when the kitchen would be practical, and came forth with photographs of the stove and ice box Rock had ordered. The "kitchen man" had just left.

Definitely no decorator would work on his house. Rock made that clear. I would do his decorating himself.

"A house done by a professional decorator can be the prettiest house you ever saw and still, for my money, look like a department-store window."

"I want a few things that don't fit. Then everybody'll know it's mine."

At the moment, Rock leans toward the old English period. True, Early American would come closer to the vintage of the house itself, but Rock thinks, "Early American has had it. I don't like to be conventional."

He was going shopping later that day for a deep-piled, rust-colored carpet, the starting-off point for the living room. And he had an idea for a round dining table, which would expand with circular leaves. Maybe a friend of his, a furniture craftsman, "could work it out."

"And I'll have to have a desk. Got to have a drawer to lose things in."

And "I'd like a baby grand piano," he said, almost wistfully, "if I could get it financed."

He added immediately, knowing how strange such talk sounds coming from a top motion-picture star, "I'm working steady, but don't get the idea I'm rich. The real-estate man had scoffed just a few days before when Rock told him his asking price for the house was more than Rock could afford. Mr. Hudson obviously had fallen in love with the place. Why should he haggle?"

"If I had your money," the realtor had said huffily.

"Huh," snorted Rock, remembering, "I probably could buy and sell me."

Still and all, for a guy who was driving a truck for a living six years and twenty-nine pictures ago, he is doing all right, and Rock, rich or not, would be the first to admit it.

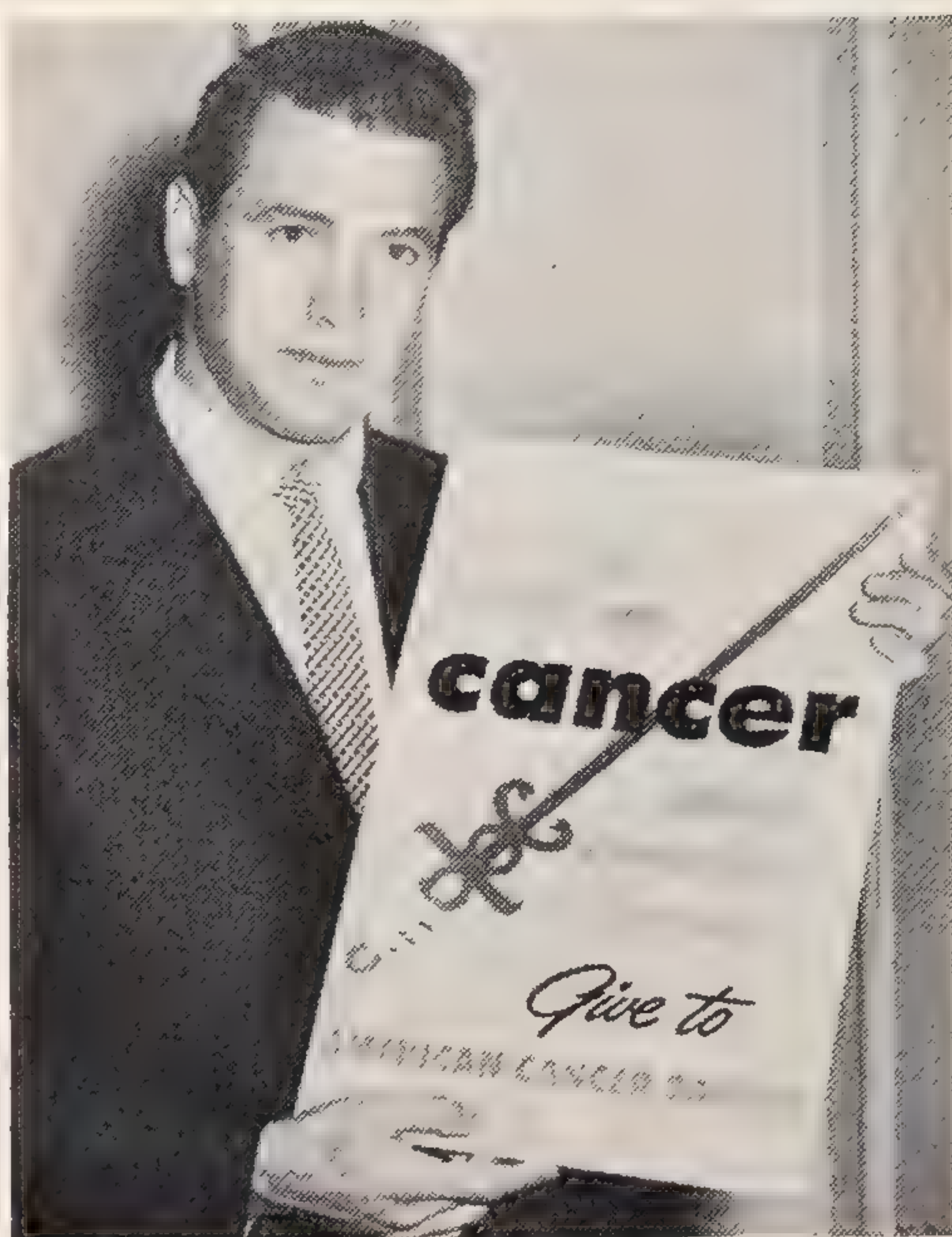
It may be a while before he can have the baby grand, but he can always fall back on his old upright player piano with the five hundred rolls of music that go with it. An evening at Rock's house is a party with that combination even when there's no furniture and—as yet—no food.

"We're going to make the garage in the pool house—after we get the pool. There's that 'we' again."

"My dog, Tucker," Rock explains, smiling blandly, "and me, and the neighborhood cats."

Okay, Rock, have it your way. But invite us to the wedding.

THE END



Rock Hudson urges you to strike back at cancer, by joining the 1955 Cancer Crusade. Send your donation to Cancer, care of your local post office



## Ann Blyth's Love Bank

(Continued from page 69)

additional wedding gifts that had come; checked in with the studio and the hospital and called our relatives and friends, then wrote a few urgent thank-you notes and answered some pressing invitations—finally, at midnight, we tumbled into bed, exhausted."

Ann slept with the concentration of an honest rock when she was sent, suddenly, spinning into upright wakefulness by the explosion of the telephone. Dr. Jim, gifted with wonderful coordination and general familiarity with having his teeth rattled on a twenty-four-hour basis—answered at once. A patient announced that she was positive the stork was about to catch her.

Dr. Jim asked a series of questions, suggested that she return to bed. Everything was all right, he assured her; she was not to worry and if there were any further developments to call him back.

He hung up, burrowed into his pillow and ten seconds later was breathing regularly in the manner of a happily sleeping man with a healthy conscience.

Mrs. Jim lay quivering in her bed, worrying about the expectant mother, about the possibility of Dr. Jim's having to get up and make a mad rush to her bedside, about whether he would make it in time.

To some people, awakening in the middle of the night is filled with a thousand nameless anxieties and horrors. Ann has always been one of those people. She has tried to conquer the trouble, blaming it on some forgotten childhood experience which a sensible adult should outgrow.

At last she talked herself into a state of calm and was floating through the first clouds of unconsciousness when—clllllang—there went the telephone again. A glance at her new luminous clock indicated that twenty minutes had elapsed since the previous call.

Dr. Jim answered again, again placated his patient, again asked a series of questions. "No," he said in his reassuring voice. "You have plenty of time, yet. Relax, take a glass of warm milk and get some sleep."

Well, this business went on hourly until Dr. Jim left for the hospital to meet his patient at 6 A.M. (Incidentally, at nine that evening, Dr. Jim telephoned Ann to announce the arrival of the patient's first son, nine pounds, nine ounces.)

A single such isolated night would soon seem funny in retrospect, but the life of a doctor's wife is made up of many such nights.

"During those first few months I was tired all the time," remembers Ann. "I was sleepy during the day, but at night I couldn't sleep."

Late that summer Ann had to go on location for "Rose Marie." While there, she discovered that, although the mountain nights at Mammoth Lakes were devoid of telephone jangles, she still awakened periodically. The difference was that she was able to convince herself that nothing catastrophic had happened and could return immediately to sleep. Apparently anticipation of the next ringing of the telephone was as much to blame for her restlessness at home as the actual disturbances. When he returned home she talked this problem over with Dr. Jim, who gave her some helpful hints.

He explained that a doctor sleeps in gulps, deeply, and probably gets more rest that way than a sleeper who tosses and turns for eight or nine hours. He added that each night call had to be regarded as unusual and not to be repeated within an hour or two. "Don't let yourself think, 'Now I'm going to have a terrible time getting back to sleep.' Remember that

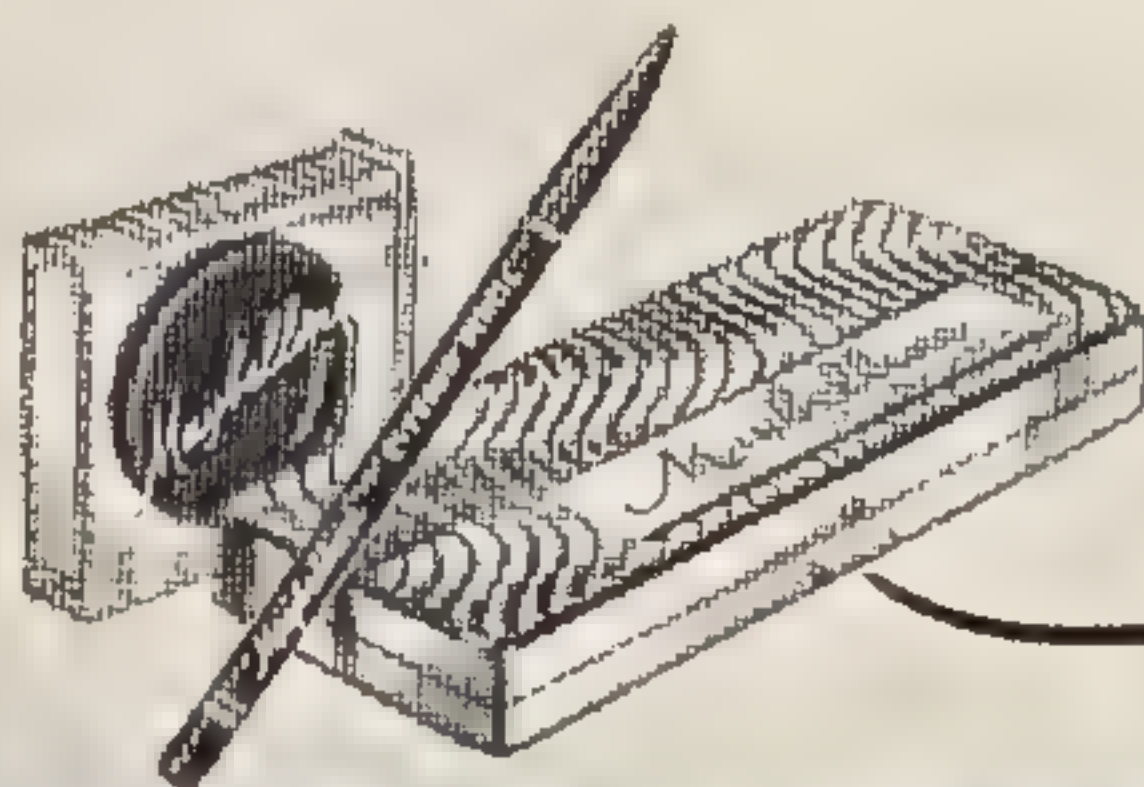


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sleep is deepest during the first hour or two after you've fallen off to sleep, so think, 'Now I'm going to relax into another wonderful hour or two of rest.'"

Dr. Jim also had something to say about fretting in general. "If you really want to tie yourself in knots, start thinking about all the heartbreaking things in this world that you, personally, can't change, that you can't even improve. That will fix your sleep for years." He added certain comforting comments on the snugness of their home and the devotion that lived within it.

All of this was Dr. Jim's contribution to the seasoning of a doctor's wife and the adjustment within a doctor's home. It was made possible because she had the courage to discuss her problem.

Ann's contribution to the partnership, in this particular instance, took two forms. First of all, she determinedly followed Dr. Jim's suggestions and found that they worked. More important, she found a way in which she could become as much a part of his work as possible.

Ann established what she calls "Our Quiet Hour." During each day, she and Dr. Jim take whatever moments are possible in the midst of their bustling life to shut out the rest of the world. Usually this pause in the day's occupation comes comfortably around the dinner hour. Each discusses the happenings of the day so that the other knows what victories or vexations have occurred.

Ann says, "In that way I began to know something about Jim's work and he began to know about mine. Nowadays, if something has gone wrong for either of us, the other knows exactly what. It seems to me that many family difficulties are caused by the silences into which certain people retreat when things get too hectic. Anyone living with such a person might think that he had made some big mistake, and having searched his conscience and found it clear, might become silent and accusatory, too."

The in-law problem gets a mild-to-major airing almost every time a divorce case comes to trial. Ann believes that one of the best possible investments two people can make in their matrimonial future is to come to an understanding about in-law problems before they make appearance.

Luckily, Ann's wonderful aunt and uncle made warm friends of the McNulty clan at once. However, feelings can always be hurt—usually over minor circumstances—so Ann felt that advance arrangements would spare everyone. One year, Thanksgiving dinner is enjoyed with Ann's people; the next year it's shared with the McNultys. Ann and Dr. Jim spent Christmas of 1953 with the McNultys, then dropped in to see her relatives in the evening. Christmas of 1954 was spent with Ann's kinfolk and an evening call was paid on the McNulty clan.

Naturally, Ann is imbued with clan spirit, yet with a wisdom that penetrates more deeply than an emotional bias toward the Irish. She believes that every bride should get to know her husband's people well. After all, the qualities she admires in her husband were inherited from or taught by his family. Ann refuses to find it remarkable that she has become a McNulty in spirit as well as in name "because they are such wonderful people," but this has been part of her marriage investment.

Those who know both Ann and the McNultys say that it would have been easy for a bride to be jealous of the devotion of the McNultys and to seek to place an unspoken but determined barrier between her husband and his relatives.

Another girl might not have become a sister in affection, as well as in law, with the other McNulty wives, and she might not have made it her business to keep Dr. Jim's parents informed of the small but

preciously important daily happenings in their son's life.

The chief reason given for the recent bust-up of a widely known Hollywood couple was social incompatibility. He was bored by her friends; she had nothing in common with his. He found her professional social life artificial; she found his so single-track that anyone outside his profession was made to feel as lost as an Eskimo on the Congo.

Early in her own marriage Ann became, when with her husband's friends, the person she most loves to be: a doctor's wife. Naturally she met the wives of medical men and those in allied callings and she found their conversation fresh and diverting after the theatrical talk with which she was familiar. She added a new dimension to her vocabulary and her viewpoint.

Ann found that, "I'm stimulated by talking to girls who don't know much more about motion pictures than what is playing at Grauman's Chinese. However they do know classical music, classical and modern literature and most of them are talented mothers and home managers."

She has integrated herself so well with the medico-social group in Los Angeles that informal society columnists refer to the McNultys as "Ann and Dr. Jim" without adding, behind Ann's name the fame-distinguishing surname (Blyth) in the usual parentheses.

Inevitably there came a day when the McNultys were invited to two dinner parties scheduled for the same evening. One invitation came from a motion-picture couple whose bids represent a command performance to many a young actress. The second invitation came from one of Dr. Jim's best friends. Ann weighed the situation. Normally she discusses all social activities with Dr. Jim in advance and, together, they decide upon the best course to follow. However, if she should discuss this particular instance with him, he would point out that one party was important, the other would be a fun fest with friends who could be seen at another time. Yet, Ann thought, Dr. Jim hadn't been in touch with these friends for months because of pressures both upon him and upon the friends. A long time might pass before another opportunity would present itself.

Without making anything of it when she told her husband about the dual invitations, Ann wrote a sincere note of regret to the motion-picture hostess and accepted the invitation from Dr. Jim's friends.

"It wasn't anything, really," Ann told a close friend. "Just a very small investment in our partnership. The time may come when I won't be able to make a choice. I'll simply have to do what my profession makes necessary but when that time comes, Jim will understand."

On another occasion Ann had accepted an invitation to one of those cellophane tent and Hawaiian-torch parties and had invested in a new dress for the occasion. However, as the party night drew near, Dr. Jim was almost worked into an ulcer. One of the doctors in his group was ill, so Dr. Jim had to take over his duties. The second doctor had to make an out-of-town trip and an emergency arose in his practice which Dr. Jim had to meet. The stork, mischievous as usual, put on a population drive to take up any spare moment in which Dr. Jim might have tried to catch his breath.

On the morning of the gala, Ann waved her doctor off to the iodine wars. She noted the droop of his broad young shoulders, usually so square, and she heard the tired tempo of his stride, usually so brisk.

She went directly to the telephone and explained Dr. Jim's heavy duties to the evening's hostess and asked to be excused. "I know it's going to be the party of the

season, and I hate to miss it, but I'm convinced that Jim isn't equal to it," she said.

"And you're right to consider him first agreed the hostess, who has been married over thirty years.

When Dr. Jim came home that night and asked if he would have time to grab quick nap before showering and dressing for dinner, Ann told him what she had done. His grateful grin was more satisfying than a dozen dazzling dinner parties.

Such incidents represent large investments in married happiness, but Ann believes also in depositing pennies.

Shortly after she and Dr. Jim were married, Ann dressed for dinner and then theatre one evening, then sought Dr. Jim's approval.

"You look beautiful—as always—but was just wondering. Are you particularly fond of that shade of brown?" he wanted to know.

Ann said she had bought the dress for its lines and practicality, hadn't thought much about the color. She had always worn a great deal of brown, she added.

"Well, maybe red—or a clear green or . . ." suggested the typical man, trying to compress into words a nebulous feeling.

That ended the discussion, but Ann eliminated that shade of brown from her wardrobe.

Advertising has successfully planted the idea in the minds of men that women love gifts at any time, for any reason. Come now Ann McNulty with the good word that men, too, appreciate tokens of affection. "I don't agree with girls who moan that men are impossible to buy for."

To prove her theory, Ann breezed through her Christmas shopping last winter with a minimum of effort and a maximum of appreciation, not only on Christmas morning, but during the months that have followed. On her list for Dr. Jim were such items as a cashmere sport coat, a plain flannel bathrobe, a valet bag for automobile trips, a tinted portrait of herself and young Tim and various sets of cuff links.

As for Dr. Jim, he's no cube in the gift department; he still marks every month an anniversary with a present. Sometimes it's a flacon of perfume for Ann's purse, sometimes a monogrammed handkerchief, a corsage, a scarf or nylons. Ann can always count on the remembrance being the right size, color or fragrance, evidencing that Dr. Jim has given it much thought which is the chief message of any gift.

Ann believes that another vital investment in married futures is the extra-large family-size dream. She and Dr. Jim have several. For one thing, both love New York but have never been there together. In off moments they discuss "riding a carriage through Central Park, taking the ferry to Staten Island, visiting the Statue of Liberty, window-shopping on Fifth Avenue—you know, all the touristy things that are wonderful when two people are in love."

They plan, one day, to make trips to the Bahamas and to Rome, and—because Dr. Jim was in the Pacific during World War II—he wants to take Ann to see some of the fascinating lands of the Orient.

Of course, the greatest of all investments in marriage is represented by a chubby gentleman named Timothy Patrick McNulty who will be a year old on June 10, 1955. According to Ann he is merely the healthiest, cutest, smartest, brightest, happiest. . .

The meaning of these superlatives can be compressed into one brief statement of fact: Ann Blyth's bank book may not show that she's a millionaire, but her romantic resources are beyond count. She has been banking on love and her dividends in happiness are assured.

THE END



## He Became a Star

(Continued from page 63)

ahead, I felt that maybe I'd have a chance, during those lonely, frustrating months, to sweat off some of the fat around my waistline and a little more off my big head.

"When I came back to Hollywood, I returned humble and eager. I was anxious to take any part offered me, no matter how small it was, no matter how unimportant. All I hoped for was that I might be able to stick around so I could learn enough to be worth something—someday. I knuckled down to work. For a long time it was all work and no play, but it was worth the effort; it paid off."

Dick's efforts paid off well. In "Underwater!" he has his first real bid for stardom, his first big opportunity to show what he can really do. Fantastic as it seems—considering Dick's six feet two of rugged masculinity, his thick brown hair, his deep blue eyes, superb speaking voice and strong rugged features—"Underwater!" is Dick's twenty-first picture. Yet so crazy a place is Hollywood that nobody discovered him until he took off his shirt.

It was as the leading loin-clothed gladiator in "Demetrius and the Gladiators" that Dick made this important exposure of his talent and started a new trend in his career, one that accents his physical prowess. As a result, the mail immediately poured in on him and he got his first straight lead in "Wicked Woman." "Wicked Woman" did no great shakes at the box-office but it wasn't because of Dick. His talents were recognized and he went into "Gog," then into the lead in "Khyber Patrol" with Dawn Addams. When Bob Mitchum decided not to go into "Underwater!" with Jane Russell, Dick was tapped for it. He got the male lead as Jane Russell's husband, which he didn't find hard to take.

At the end of the first two weeks of shooting on "Underwater!" the whisper was already around Hollywood on him, and 20th Century-Fox got him on the dotted line, with plans that are super-Cinema-Scope colossal. Now all the carefully contrived machinery of Hollywood fame is being geared for him, the interviews, the photographs, the picture layouts, the trips here and there to meet fans and influence audiences. In this capacity, Dick should have no trouble; he's been influencing people ever since he was born in San Francisco, July 29, 1921.

As a youngster Dick went to Jefferson Grammar School and St. Ignatius Prep in San Francisco. It was while attending Jefferson that he got his first theatrical role ("the traveling salesman from America in 'The Windmills of Holland'"). He im-



### PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS

Color portraits of Mitzi Gaynor, Jane Powell, Rita Moreno, Piper Laurie, Kim Novak and Debra Paget by Stern; Tony Curtis by Estabrook; Tab Hunter by Stern; Janet Leigh by Ornitz; Doris Day by Stern; Richard Egan by Stern; Leslie Caron by Apger; Ann Blyth by Apger; Tab Hunter and Joanne Gilbert by Stern; Mitzi Gaynor by Stern; Jane Powell by Smith; Bob Francis and May Wynn by Smith and Jeff Richards by Smith

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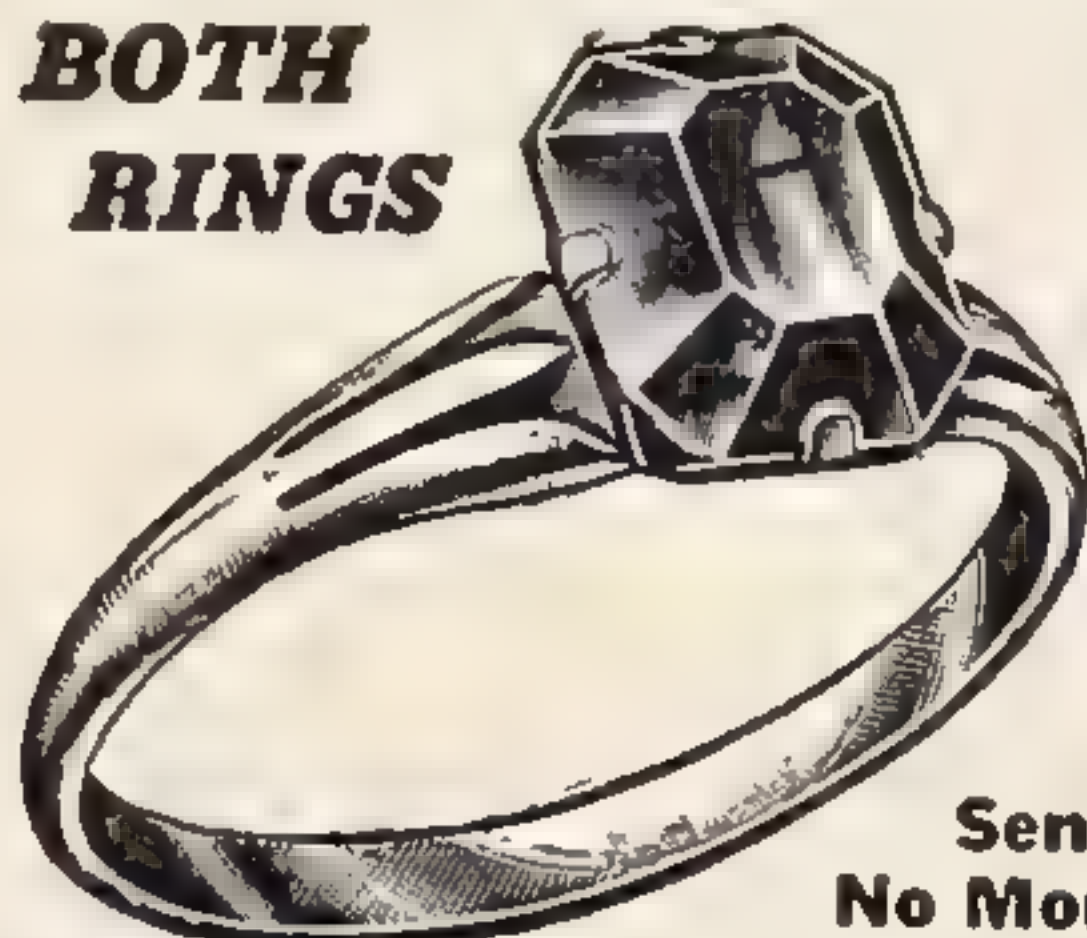
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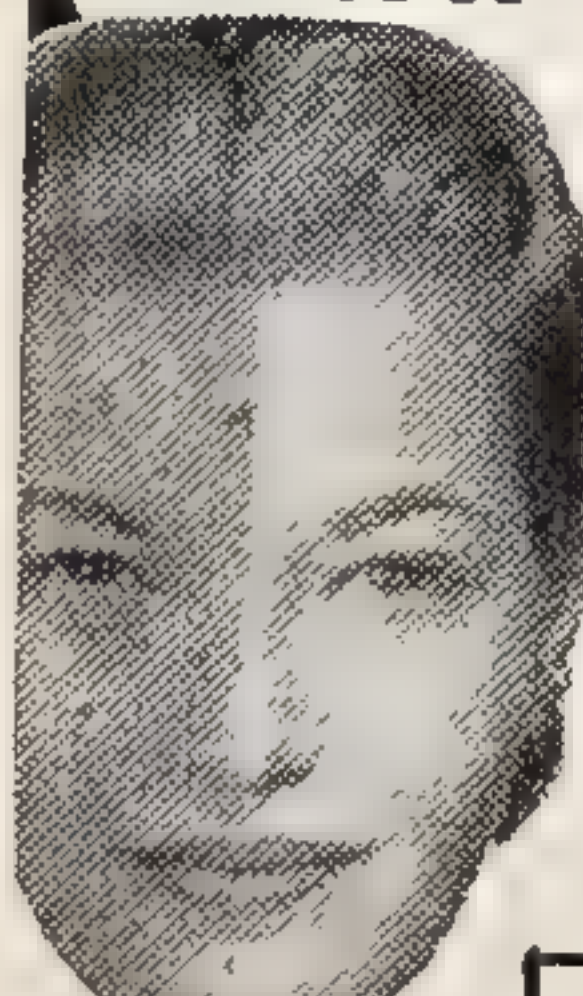


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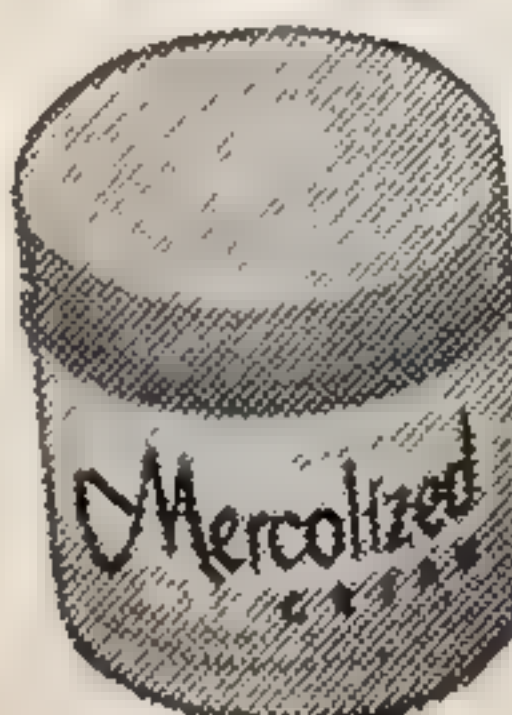


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pressed his teacher, Dorothy Bailly, so very much that she encouraged Dick to pursue his newfound interest. In fact, today, Dick looks back on Miss Bailly "as the one who launched my career."

Dick's second big role was in an oratorical contest sponsored by the California Crusaders to promote American citizenship. He was seventeen and one of 15,000 contestants. With his distinctive speaking voice and poise, Dick won hands down ("I wasn't impressed, I just thought that's the way it would be").

Thinking back on this today, Dick wishes, "If you were only smarter in your teens so you could send yourself a warning signal when things are won too easily. It's a shame you don't realize then when things are easy. Instead, you just sort of think that every miraculous thing that happens to you is merely your due."

"I remember thinking that I knew every last word on the subject of citizenship. I wasn't a bit surprised when they announced I was better than fourteen thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine other contestants. The Chief Justice of the State Supreme Court addressed us at the finals and I remember thinking, he's pretty good, too. As a prize, I won a trip to Honolulu and elegantly (so I thought) consented to take my mother along. From that moment on, the ham really boiled in me."

"At St. Ignatius I started my drama studies, and at the time, in my humble opinion, I was as good as Edwin Booth. By the time I went to the University of San Francisco to continue my drama studies and major in English, I was my own Laurence Olivier. My whole life was bound up with the theatre. And it was not until 1942, when I graduated from college, that I did the first thing in fifteen years that didn't involve the theatre. I enlisted in the Army—despite a strong inclination to believe I was heaven's gift to the American drama. After doing a four-year bit, I was discharged."

What Rich never points out is that he went into the Army a private, served in the Philippines and emerged a captain—and a judo expert. This is part of his modesty—an attitude that he has had to learn the hard way. Dick's now modest about everything, like the fact that he has his M.A. in theatre history and dramatic literature, and there aren't too many actors around Hollywood with such a sheepskin lining the wall; the fact that he's taught speech at the University of San Francisco and is just as familiarly acquainted with Stendahl and Shakespeare as he is with Steinbeck and Shellabarger. About these things,

Rich feels he has too much more to learn to worry about what he's already mastered. Such feelings, he says, are the result of his experiences after the war.

"When I got out of the service, Solly Bianco, Warners' talent scout, saw me at Stanford where I was working on my master's and acting, and he paged me. I thought this was merely very smart of Hollywood. After all, in college I had played *Othello*, *Lennie* in 'Of Mice and Men,' *Buckingham* in 'Richard III,' and many other roles. There was no place for me to go but straight to Hollywood."

"I came down from San Francisco with assurance and no worry about my screen test. When I arrived, Warners was in a layoff, this was back in 'forty-nine, and the test was canceled. But M-G-M was offered the opportunity to test me and they did."

"I gave out for M-G-M with a scene that would have stumped Spencer Tracy. Not that knowing this would have stopped me if anybody had pointed it out. I was Egan. Who was Tracy? The ham really boiled in me."

"Well, the results of the test were so good that M-G-M didn't even bother to say they'd call me. They just said No. Later, with Solly's influence, I got tested at U-I, than at 20th, finally at Warners. There was no doubt about my talent—all three studios said No."

"I'll never in my whole life forget the disappointment, the letdown and bewilderment I felt. The first harsh shock was painful, but I had enough energy to feel that the studios could be wrong, I still had that much confidence. But as the weeks dragged by, I had to face the awful truth—for the first time in my life, it occurred to me that I might not be as good as I thought I was. It's a tough blow to take. You kind of get used to considering yourself in one way; it's difficult to think you might have been kidding yourself."

"Everything seemed to come to an end at once and I had nothing to do but go back home—which in the long run was the best thing I could have done. I went back and talked to my brother Willis, who is a Jesuit priest. Willis has been a big influence in my life and I've always admired and respected him. If he'd told me to quit acting, I think I would have done it. Instead, he told me to go back and do something about it. To study and prepare more. I came back to Hollywood to try again. I just couldn't accept a No; I had to find out why."

"In time I was able to analyze my problem. In studying drama, one tries always

to be aware of the author's concept of the character, to interpret what kind of personality the author intended and from this create the personality through acting. Every part I played I tried to recreate the character as I believed the author intended. As a result, in all the screen tests, the Egan personality never came through—which is just what I thought I was supposed to do. Instead I just became part of the play's props. I soon began to realize that motion pictures are a completely different medium and the actor in this medium has to project his own personality and play the role from his own personality, like John Wayne, Robert Mitchum and Cary Grant do. This was of enormous help."

"After returning to Hollywood, I took a small apartment. I didn't know a soul. Not only was I unable to get to see a casting director, but I couldn't even get an agent. I lived on checks from home, which was very humiliating. I suppose I was like thousands of other guys in Hollywood, but that didn't make the taking any easier. I just sat there by the phone, afraid to go out for fear it might ring and I'd miss an opportunity. Weeks went by, and I'm not ashamed to admit that there were nights when for sheer loneliness and homesickness I sat by that phone and cried."

"Then Solly Bianco, my original guardian angel, did call and without a test put me in 'The Return of the Frontiersman.' I was little more than a bit. I'm sure I wasn't much good in it—but I got something worth a fortune from that picture."

"Because I saw what it was to be a pro. I saw what it was to walk in, cold, on a set, and to be ready: to know your lines to project your personality. And I saw that integrity was the integrity of acting and of your own personality."

"That was the beginning. I gradually got into other things. They were all quickies and I rarely played anything that held the camera more than a few minutes—but I was learning."

"And gradually people were wonderful to me. Crawford helped me tremendously that second picture. A good agent finally agreed to handle me. And three years to the day from the time M-G-M turned me down, they sent me to Europe for 'Devil Makes Three.' The trip was great."

"When the day came that my mother and father agreed to come down here and keep house for me—the wonderful reversal of my taking those checks from them—and then when I secured my 20th contract as the result of this picture, 'Underwater!' well . . ." He spread his big hands and grinned.

There's nothing lacking in Dick's wonderful life but a girl.

Not too many people know there was a girl very important in Rich's life since he's been in Hollywood—but it couldn't work out, he being the devout Catholic he is, and she being divorced.

And currently, though you'd never get him to mention it, it makes him uncomfortable to be in the Hollywood "unattached eligible male" position he is, so that his telephone rings day and night. He'd like to do his own pursuing.

Besides, with his parents anticipating his every wish for comfort, he has as much domestic life as he likes. And what he is in love with, for the time being anyhow, is his career. He never swam in a serious way until he was cast for "Underwater!" whereupon he took lessons for two hours a day for two months. It was the same with riding. "Khyber Patrol" made that necessary, so he rode five hours a day for a month, getting ready."

Nevertheless, he gets quite a gleam in his eye around small, blond girls. Or tall, brunette ones. Or just girls.

And as for the girls around him—brother!

THE END

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## Getting in Step for Marriage

(Continued from page 43)

I finally decided to buy a lot and build. All the English-style houses we saw were so big—five and six bedrooms and baths. And we couldn't find any house with nearly enough closet space either.

"I've always dreamed of having enough closet space. I have lots of clothes—they're part of my work and I've always thought, what a heavenly day when I can have everything in place.

"And Eddie—has he got clothes! He needs so many changes for his work. But he isn't as hip on closet space as I am. What he dreams of are plenty of bathrooms. He recently bought his mother a house that has four. That's because when he was a youngster there were seven kids that had to get ready for school and there was only one bathroom. I suppose he'll ask the architect to squeeze in as many as possible in the plans. Well, some people collect stamps or coins!

"You know, a girl who thinks she's all grown-up and pretty sensible in general can make serious mistakes when it comes to this marriage business." Debbie sat bolt upright and assumed the yoga position, knees pulled up under her. "Mom always taught me to work out my own problems and make my own career decisions. I have seven years of movie work behind me," she explained, "and I've never regretted a contract or business arrangement I've made. But I've only been in love a short time and . . ."

While Eddie was in New York it seems Debbie saw a house and immediately decided it "was the most." It was a 14-room English house, next door to where Alan Ladd's daughter Carol and Dick Anderson were building. Debbie felt it was a real bargain and she begged the owners not to sell until Eddie could come out to see it.

When Eddie saw it, all he could say was, "We don't plan to take in boarders." And then seriously, he pointed out, too, that the house needed extensive repairs as well as a staff to maintain.

"I realized I'd made a mistake," Debbie admitted, candidly. "Eddie and I would never have found each other in that house, and it taught me that one shouldn't make snap decisions on important things. We plan to live in our house a long time and we want it right, a place to bring up our children.

"Earlier, I'd almost made another mistake, too—one that I'm sure I'd have been sorry about forever after. When Eddie told me he wanted to buy me an engagement ring, I suddenly got very practical and suggested that he use the money as a down payment on our house instead. Eddie is wiser than I am and he knew there is a place for sentiment and a place for practicality, so he didn't pay any attention to my suggestion and bought my ring. Honestly, when he put it on my finger while I was broiling steaks out by the pool, instead of beaming with happiness, I burst into tears and ran into my bedroom crying. Eddie followed, looking bewildered and hurt. Then I explained how happy I was and how glad I was that he didn't listen to me. I'm real sentimental, and it suddenly came over me how I'd hate to have missed that wonderful moment.

"When I thought over those two bad decisions it really gave me a shock—set me thinking. When you get engaged there are so many new things to straighten out in your mind—things a girl never bothers to consider—like planning a house or buying furniture. Before, all you had to decide was whether to buy this scarf or belt or have a strawberry or chocolate malted.

"Am I mature enough for marriage?" I've asked myself plenty of times. Sometimes I'm a little scared. When I talked about this with Mother, she smiled and said all girls feel like that when suddenly confronted with marriage."

Like many girls, face to face with the most important step in adult life, Debbie knows that successful marriage is not something that just happens full-blown to a young person with a romantic impulse. Marriage is a partnership, a creative achievement, out of which you get only what you've put into it. It demands effort, sound knowledge and advance planning.

The coming of her first real love has indeed changed Debbie. And it's not merely that her face shines these days. Love has given her a thoughtful, softer, more pondering quality, lessened her quick laughter and given her greater depth and understanding—an emerging maturity. In a few short months she has leapt the considerable distance from girlhood into womanhood.

Those who knew Debbie in the "pre-Eddie" period can certainly see the change. Formerly a merry madcap, a junior-grade Betty Hutton who made with the jive talk, today Debbie is a more gentle, more serious girl who, if at all possible, lives even less now by the glamour standards of the town and more by her own forthright sense of values—the ones her mother instilled in her. Most girls who have made good in the movies grow away from their home community. The reverse is true of Debbie; she invited her neighbors in Burbank to the star-studded engagement party given her and Eddie by Eddie Cantor.

"When a girl becomes engaged," Debbie explains, "at first she's in a kind of unreal whirlwind, full of the fun and excitement of planning a wedding, going to parties and showers. Her time is spent in talking about such romantic things as where to spend the honeymoon and planning the home and her trousseau. Then suddenly you find there's another kind of trousseau, too—a mental one. And if you hope to be a conscientious wife, it requires taking stock before one marries. If a good marriage were simple—something that just comes naturally, there would be no need for pre-marriage courses and for marital counselors."

Naturally Debbie knows that all life is, in a sense, a preparation—good or bad—for marriage. She couldn't wish for any couple to have a better marriage than that of her parents. So, having grown up in the warmth and love of a happy home, Debbie feels she's predisposed to follow in the same secure pattern. Eddie, on the other hand, is the son of divorced parents (his mother has remarried) and for him there might be a different type of adjustment.

The engagement period is the time for adjusting, for becoming better acquainted, for resolving inevitable differences of opinion on important matters, such as the husband's right to a comfortable, well-run home; the question of budgets and money; getting along with in-laws; plans for bringing up children. This is the time for finding out if one is emotionally free from parents and can be independent of them; for exploring each other's personality and background; building up interests in common; deciding whether a wife will continue to work or not; also deciding on the length of the engagement period itself.

One of the few times that Debbie and Eddie found themselves with a difference of opinion was on the question of a long or short engagement. Eddie felt, "We know we are in love now; so why wait?

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Let's get married right away." But Debbie, though just as deeply in love, disagreed. In that, she was following the counsel of marriage experts who suggest engagements of six months to a year. For a courtship period, rightly handled, is a virtual insurance policy for successful marriage.

"Eddie and I were very busy and didn't have much time to be together," Debbie explained further. "Because of our work, at first, our dates were far apart. I felt I really needed more time to find out if we were really in love. I wanted to be sure I just wasn't carried away by the spell of Eddie's tremendous popularity, his wonderful voice and personality and the fun of getting to know him. When I knew it was love, I accepted his proposal. Everyone was trying to rush us into an engagement, but I felt we needed this time to get to know each other better. I found it also takes time to plan a wedding. I want a traditional June one with bridesmaids, flower girls and me in a white gown with yards and yards of veiling flowers and champagne toasts and a wedding cake. I'm sentimental and want the works! We've planned the wedding for the end of June, so we have lots of time to make the arrangements."

"In 'Susan Slept Here' I had a wonderful line," Debbie continued. "It was—'When I get married it has to be the biggest day of my life.' And to make sure of that, Eddie and I are trying to get to know all about each other to find out the big and little things. For instance, Eddie was very poor as a youngster. And every time he sees a certain shade of light blue shirt it takes him back to those childhood days because blue was the color of the shirts that his mother got from the welfare service and patched up for him."

"And he remembers, too, when he was about four singing away in his dad's grocery store in South Philadelphia. But as soon as a customer complimented him, he'd stop from shyness. His dad would beg him to sing, but Eddie wouldn't. Today he's still shy—and quiet and thoughtful and easygoing. I guess opposites attract because as Mother says, I'm a shouter. Wouldn't it be horrible if two people who were both talkers like me married and kept on talking at the same time?"

According to marriage experts one of the subjects married people talk about most—and disagree on—is income and how to spend it. But for Debbie and Eddie this won't be a problem. As Debbie explains, "That's because we won't have to budget our money personally. We both have business managers who know all about income taxes, what we can afford for a house, for furnishings, for living expenses and the like. So it's up to them to tell us what we can spend. I know that budgeting is kind of a dull subject for a girl in love, that she'd rather decide whether to buy a white chiffon negligee or shell pink nylon. But in that mental trousseau, it's a subject of great importance. How to use money may bind a couple together or be a cause of conflict. A budget shouldn't be thought of as something negative, like a restriction on spending, but rather as a plan for obtaining what is important."

Those who have followed Debbie's career since she was named Miss Burbank of 1948 do not fear that she will go overboard on the subject of spending money when she becomes Mrs. Edwin Jack Fisher. The girl who got herself a job selling men's shorts at J. C. Penney's in Burbank while she was on layoff from Warner Brothers at the start of her career has, in fact, a thrifty Scotch streak and has been carefully putting away surplus savings in income property. Eddie has also carefully saved his money, although he's helping his family.

"No, it isn't money that has a place in Debbie's mental trousseau these days. Rather, it's how to arrange their work schedules so they may be together. Eddie's cross-country commitments kept him flitting from engagement to engagement while Debbie's career is solidly grounded in Hollywood."

"Eddie and I," she says, "have seen too many Hollywood marriages reach the divorce courts because of just this problem. So we're planning to live in Hollywood six months of the year and the rest of the time in an apartment in New York. It'll be a gypsy-like life, but the important thing is that we're together. Eddie will televise some of his shows from the Coast while I appear in films. Then I'll be free to be with him in New York. If a film I'm working on should run a few weeks longer and Eddie has to be in New York, we wouldn't mind that separation. But months of separation, that's murder for any marriage."

"I know it's the thing for engaged actresses to toss off, 'I'd give up my career in a flash if it meant being separated from my husband.' Personally I don't think that's necessary, and I don't intend to give up my work—not that I think I'm God's gift to acting. It's just that ever since I was sixteen I've worked hard to get where I am in films. If I didn't love the work I wouldn't be in it. Just the same I feel that it is the husband's career that's most important in any family. And that if concessions along this line must be made, it's up to a wife to make them. The trick, though, is to work things out so that both have to make adjustments but neither one has to make a sacrifice."

"We know that we're both in a demanding and complicated profession that requires lots of understanding on both sides. I thought I was in a time-consuming business with a fourteen-hour day, but Eddie's is worse. He has rehearsals, recordings and performances for his tv weekly show; music arrangers and conductors, manager, agent, business and legal advisers to confer with. In addition, he must devote time to song-picking sessions, travel to publicize his songs with disc jockeys, personal appearances, benefits and press interviews. He has a secretary to help him with fan mail and autograph sessions for his fan clubs. Eddie tends to overwork himself; I want to help him all I can, to see to his comfort and health. With a full-time career of my own I know that I must plan on letting someone else have charge of housekeeping and cooking."

"About the cooking, according to Mother, it's probably just as well. When I point out to her that I got two merit badges from the Girl Scouts for cooking she says they must have been looking the other way when they gave them to me. Anyway, I plan to watch Mother's way with enchiladas. Grandma taught her eighty-five different ways to make them, back in Texas, and I feel sorry for everybody who loves enchiladas and other spicy Mexican dishes, and who can't sample Mom's. I've loved them for as long as I can remember and while I learned to make fair ones, I'd better learn how she does it. Anyway it's a good thing Eddie isn't one for pheasant under glass or duck with flaming cherries, because I'm more the ham hocks and lima bean casserole type."

The final subject that Debbie has been pondering these excitement-filled days is one that she refuses to consider a problem at all. And that is the matter of religion. Eddie was confirmed at thirteen in the Orthodox Jewish faith; Debbie has been, from her earliest Sunday-school days, a member of the Protestant Church of the Nazarene, in fact, she received a white Bible for perfect Sunday-school attend-

ance. The press has tried to raise a controversy concerning this difference of religion. But Eddie and Debbie refuse to be drawn into it.

Both of them have strong religious backgrounds which color their thinking about standards and values and it's unthinkable that religion will not play an important role in their marriage—as it must do in any really sound marriage. As a wise person said, "It takes internal props to withstand external pressures." And the main prop is a profound belief in God, while the other two are idealism and a sense of humor. On all three counts the crooner and his diminutive sweetheart are well endowed.

Like all deeply religious people, their innate philosophy is expressed in giving, in forgetfulness of self. An example was the way they spent Christmas, not in a gay round of Hollywood parties to which they were invited, but away entertaining troops in a lonely, snow-covered Army camp in Idaho.

"Ill-informed and prejudiced people," explained Debbie, "have tried to make a religious problem for Eddie and me. There isn't any. It's true he's Jewish and I'm Protestant. We're both open-minded and both tolerant of every religion. We both have faith in God—and I think we've demonstrated that we live by it. What could become a problem when we both believe in God, when we both respect each other's convictions? The time to worry, it seems to me, would be if either of us had no religion and didn't believe in any higher power."

"I've always been deeply interested in how people worship. Lori Nelson and I used to attend Sunday service at different churches to see how others pray to God. And I've attended the high Holy Day services with Eddie and found it a beautiful, deeply-moving experience. Daddy and Mother admire and approve of Eddie and his parents have told me that they approve of me. I haven't had time yet to get to know all his brothers and sisters, but I've spent lots of time with his mother and dad. Mother and I visited back East with Eddie's mother; my Dad stayed with Mr. Fisher when he went East. Eddie's parents are wonderful people, and Eddie is devoted to them. That means a lot to me. He, as well as I, have always followed the commandment, 'Honor thy father and mother'."

"There's never been any prejudice in our family—either against anyone or any religion. I've been brought up to feel that as far as God is concerned we're all equal. And who are we to set ourselves up as better than anyone? We like to think that we're as good as anyone, but we've never considered ourselves any better."

"People keep questioning us—'How will you bring up your children?' 'Will you have a religious ceremony at church or a civil ceremony at home? Or are you planning to elope?' You can count on this: that we won't elope, that I'll wear white at the wedding and that we'll have a long, leisurely honeymoon in Europe. Mother would like me to have a traditional white wedding because she herself didn't have one. And designer Helen Rose at the studio has promised to design my dress. We certainly plan to have children—twins, I hope. Grandma had twins and maybe we'll be so blessed."

Thus does Debbie reveal the deep well of philosophy that lies within her. She knows that the wedding itself contains no magic formula for happiness—that whatever joy she and Eddie achieve will be the result of intelligence, knowledge, love and effort. And these two happy people—so much in love—are willing to make every effort for their future happiness.

THE END



## Oops! Your Error?

(Continued from page 57)

op man, general Johnny on the spot and assistant director, when he got a bid to be an actor in a four-million-dollar movie called "The Big Trail." All his buddies and friends tried to talk him out of it, explaining he didn't have the experience, what's more he'd make less money and, after all, must recognize the fact that the young movie business was destined for drastic changes.

John Wayne knew what he wanted. He went into "The Big Trail" at seventy-five dollars a week. The picture was a flop. Like's acting, to quote Duke, "might have had something to do with it." Meanwhile the depression, which just started, didn't help; neither did the fact that the picture was made for a small screen. While the big screen was not of CinemaScopic proportions, it was big enough to make the four-million-dollar picture outdated before it was shown. As Duke says, "If I'd listened to others, I might have stayed on working around the set until I decided that I really wanted to do and learned to do it. I could have saved myself ten years of frustration and worry."

And if you're drooping around, trying to decide whether to be queen of a household or a whiz at scholarly pursuits, take a lesson from Duke: Begin easy, think things through and stay away from a mad flyer in the wrong business.

Six foot four and all of it sigh-bait, talented Bob Francis is one of the nicest guys to hit Hollywood. Humble, retiring, perfect listener, a thoughtful companion, you'd ever think that Bob once boasted so loudly of big-headitis that brother Bill had to knock him through a bay window to knock some sense into his head? At seven, Bob was well on his way to knowing what he wanted: nothing would do it but he'd someday represent the United States on the American Olympic ski team. At seventeen, he was on his way. With older brother Bill, he owned three ski jumps which kept him in change and gave him every opportunity to work out the kinks.

His practice paid off and he was placing in every race he entered. One day, after competing in an important tournament, he returned to the ski shop and casually announced that he'd tried out and won, and with equal casualness announced that it was a cinch—despite the fact that everyone who was anybody had competed against him. He was just about to yawn, out of boredom, when his brother yanked him by the shoulders, spun him around and landed a punch on his jaw that sent the shot Bob through the window of their shop. His brother helped him struggle to his feet and led him back into the shop, where an indignant Bob listened to a ten-minute verbal beating that "hurt even more because I realized what Bill said was true. I learned then that no one can survive without confidence, but there's a line that divides confidence and conceit and that's humility. I've never forgotten it," says Bob today, which may be the reason he's one of the town's best liked youngsters.

Beaming Pier Angeli has started a one-woman campaign to promote the institution of marriage. Pier couldn't be happier, neither could her mother, Mrs. Pierangeli, incidentally. Pier's only problem now is trying to figure out why she waited so long to become Mrs. Vic Damone. Four years ago, when she first met Vic and later when he proposed in Germany, Pier felt she was too young to be tied down by marital strings. Without a serious thought, she firmly declared, no marriage

for me. Four long years went by—not all filled with fun either—and now that Pier's married she wonders why she missed all the happiness that could have been hers with Vic. Maybe Pier made an error in waiting—then again, maybe she had some growing up to do before she could appreciate her present contentment and happiness.

Jeff Chandler's six feet four, weighs 210 pounds and wears a shoe sized at 13—an impressive hulk of strength. Yet Jeff has the heart of a poet, the sensitivity of a composer and the gentleness of a surgeon, amazing when you consider his bulk and the rough-and-tough neighborhood he grew up in. But Jeff never was a toughie. In fact, he remembers (smiling now) how when he was a youngster there lived across the street from him five young boys, all brothers and all from the "we're tough" school. Each day, as he came home from school, Jeff would cross the street when he approached their house. Then one afternoon, forgetting all about the brothers, he forgot to cross the street and ran smack right into the biggest and toughest of the lot. Before he had a chance to be frightened, his feared enemy ran like the dickens across the street. Months later, having made friends with his opponents, Jeff discovered they weren't so tough; in fact, the way they told it, for months they'd been crossing the street to avoid "tough-looking" Jeff.

How many times have you avoided the girl who moved in next door because she was so snooty? That is, until you got to know her and she became your best friend. Sometimes, if you're in doubt, it's best to give the other guy or gal the break.

Have you an affinity for losing your house key, letting the bathtub overflow or burning the porch light all night? If it helps at all, so does Rock Hudson. Recently, having a special invitation for the weekend, Rock got up early, turned on a favorite Chopin LP and went in to bathe and shave. He then packed his small bag, ate a hearty breakfast and checked all the windows in the house to make sure they were locked, double checked the gas and lights before leaving. Two days later, after a weekend of relaxation, he returned home to find an eerie music-filled house. It didn't take him long to remember he'd forgotten to turn off the record-player. What was left scratching, not even Chopin could have recognized.

How many miserable times have you looked into the mirror, wrinkled your brow in disgust and turned away, moaning, "Oh, if I could only look like Liz Taylor." Yet Liz, who has been looking at that same face for 23 years, until recently paid little attention to it. One thing that can be said about Liz, she's never been impressed with her own beauty, hardly seems aware of the adoration it provokes. She rarely carries a purse, never can find her comb and would just as soon make-up once at eight before going out for an evening and forget about her face for the rest of the night. But after young Michael Wilding arrived, Liz discovered, regretfully, that she'd been taking her good looks for granted. For even Liz recognized something had happened to the reflection in the mirror. It took plenty of strenuous exercising—awful stuff for the lackadaisical Liz, and plenty of food-refusing, to get the Taylor back into those pre-Michael dimensions, but it's a trim, well-groomed Liz that's being seen around these days after her latest stork-invoked inactivity.

And if you're really discouraged about the way you look, Audrey Hepburn has a lesson for all of us. Audrey for years had

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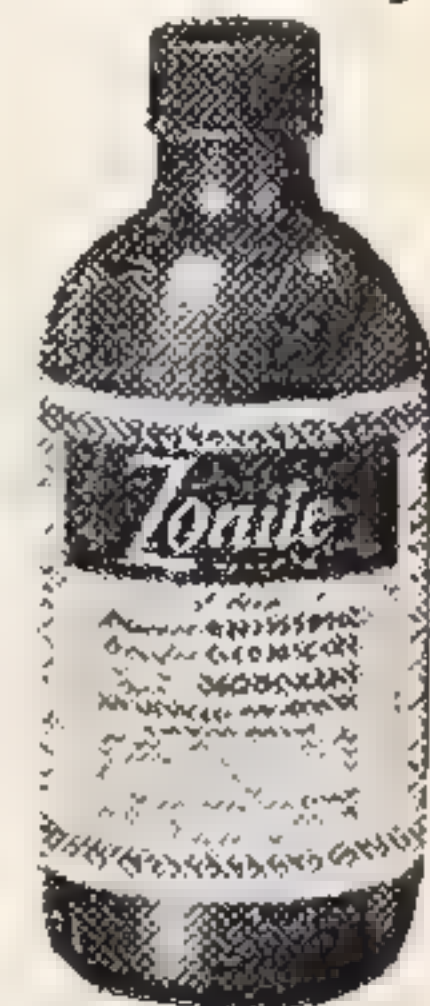
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been mirror-shy. Every time she saw those busy eyebrows and over-sized eyes and wide mouth and un-Hollywood teeth, she'd flood herself with a feeling of inferiority and bemoan the very things that were to bring her screen and stage stardom, the qualities that were to be copied by adoring teenagers the world over. Lucky for Audrey, she was too honest to have Hollywood change them when it offered.

But May Wynn wasn't so lucky, for lovely May was determined to do something about her delicate, well-balanced looks. She wanted "character," so after landing a job at the Copa night club, she cut off her long black hair into something termed a crew cut. What was left, she dyed a bright carrot red. Can you imagine her dismay, when on opening night, the boss came 'round looking for that lovely girl with the long black hair? May almost fell through the floor as he berated her new look and threatened to fire her. "You were hired because of your natural beauty and what do you do? You go and make yourself look like every other dame walking up and down Broadway." Lucky for May, and her fans, she learned early in her career to be her own pretty self.

Guy Madison had to go through a lot of heartbreak and disillusionment before he discovered that you can't fool everybody all of the time—especially yourself. When Guy first arrived on the Hollywood scene, he was a reserved, honest, outspoken young man. Then with his staggering hit in "Since You Went Away," his overwhelming bobby-sox following, his new business and social demands, Guy found himself too busy to think and plan, too grateful to refuse. He dressed up formally, attended social functions no matter how tired or how much he disliked them. He played roles that he felt "were not right for me" because he had to repay the people who helped him. When the telephone stopped ringing and the parts failed to come in, Guy Madison had lots of time to think, and he realized that to succeed at anything you had to be yourself. You couldn't conform, remold yourself to other people's liking because if you did you ended up never quite knowing what you were, what was right and what was wrong for you. Guy made up his mind to be Guy Madison, to do roles that he could believe in, to live his own life the way he felt was right. It was the right decision—this year PHOTOPLAY readers voted Guy Madison the most promising star of 1955; he found himself a loving wife, is preparing a family future. What does it prove? Simply this, it's your life; seriously consider how you

want to live it, then forget about the Joneses, the professional advice-givers, the temporary social climbers.

Did you ever feel yourself stiffening up when you had to enter a room full of strange people? All of a sudden you seem all hands and your tongue's tied so tightly that even saying "Pleased to meetcha" becomes an overwhelming challenge. It's happened to Janet Leigh and Van Johnson and Kim Novak. Janet learned to be a charming listener; Van started wearing red socks so he'd have something to chat about and Kim, before she pried loose her tongue, had to remodel her form and change her name.

Born Marilyn Novak in Detroit, Kim later added a middle name "Ann" at confirmation because her initials then added up to MAN. Although Kim was aware of men at an early age, men seemed unaware of Kim at a much later age, which did nothing to add to this girl's social talents. Kim, who was still Marilyn, fumbled through school and graduated with top honors as the girl with the biggest inferiority complex. Modeling and learning to dress well helped Kim stutter less; getting into the movies did even more. She had her name changed from Marilyn to Kim, her hair shortened and curled and her humiliating husky voice developed into the sexy tones you heard on "Phffft." After nineteen years of mistaking her talents, Kim's finally discovered how to make the best of what she has—a lesson for all of us.

Mickey Rooney once lived so high that when he visited New York, he didn't rent a mere hotel suite, he rented two entire floors. And the Mick didn't hire one car to drive around, he hired five Cadillacs. He didn't marry one girl, but three of them, at different times of course. He spent money as though it were going out of style. Then for him it did.

Two years ago, at the age of thirty-two, Mickey was considered through, washed up. He didn't have a studio contract, he had a hard time getting jobs in "B" pictures, he was out of money and he didn't even have a wife.

That's all changed today. Now Mickey's starring in good movies like "The Bridges at Toko-Ri," he has his own television series, "Hey Mulligan"—in fact, he's doing so much and so well he's had to incorporate and is now "Mickey Rooney Enterprises."

Rooney's mistakes are in the past, he hopes, but without them he couldn't have attained his present maturity. "I guess I'm calmer, more tolerant, wiser than I used

to be. I hope so," he told me at lunch yesterday. "And I'm not sorry for the things I did. Brother, what I learned from them would fill a library. And the best thing those early mistakes taught me was to appreciate the wife I have now."

Mickey, married for the fourth time, sincerely believes this marriage is his keeper. His wife Elaine somewhat resembles Ava Gardner, Mrs. Rooney #1. But unlike Ava, Elaine has a head for business. She has taken his finances in hand, paid off all of his debts, makes sure he saves his money and sees that he keeps up his child support payments to two of his matrimonial predecessors. "She's good for me," Mick says, "real good."

Marilyn Monroe's made her mistakes, too, and she has her friends worried over her fight with her studio, 20th Century-Fox. Marilyn has strong ideas on what she wants to do on the screen. She said recently, "I want to play roles with a heart to them. I don't want to be a scheming, cunning woman on the screen. My fan mail scares me. I get a lot of it from men, and they're as nice as can be. But women write and say they hate me; I'm sure because of the roles I've played. Women didn't hate Jean Harlow and she was pretty sensational with the men. I want to do the kind of things Jean did."

Now why doesn't Marilyn tell all this to Mr. Zanuck, her boss? He's always willing to listen, and what's more, he's always wanted to please Marilyn. Let's hope it's not too late for them to get together again.

Marilyn made another mistake when she cut herself loose from Joe and from nearly everybody else in Hollywood. She wrote all those with whom she had been associated—her lawyer, her agents, etc.—and fired them. As her business manager told me, "You just don't fire lawyers by letter." Maybe Marilyn is sorry now. Certainly, the Monroe seems to be rethinking Joe was one friend she shouldn't have let go.

It's happened to the best of us. We're doing our job, doing it pretty well, but we're always ready to please; we're working hard for advancement; we're ready and able for more important work and what happens? Nobody seems to notice—or our efforts. That night at the dinner table, we give forth on our frustrations, ending with, "I'll tell them what to do with that job . . ."

John Derek and Terry Moore felt the same way, too—once. John was a hit in "Knock on Any Door," and he was good besides. Then what happened? Within two years, not another good picture. He fumed and ranted and Pati listened patiently about "I could do better on my own." Finally, she agreed with John, if he wanted his freedom from his studio, go ahead and ask. John did; he got it; and the next few years were mighty lean ones. Was it a mistake? Perhaps not, since John's stock is rated high on the Hollywood talent market today and he's learned patience and to accept responsibility.

Terry Moore's been away from the screen for almost a year now, and her fans have been screaming for a glimpse of her ever since "King of the Khyber Rifles," but the young Miss Moore kept turning down roles she felt would not help her career until "Daddy Long Legs." In the meantime, has staying away from the films helped Terry's career? Sometimes, it's better to keep working and learning until your "big chance" comes along. Who knows though? Many a mistake has been turned into a blessing by a smart-minded lass. So if you're presently living in a hole over a boner you've pulled, come on out—there's always hope, besides you've got good company!

THE END

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## Look Who's Smiling!

(Continued from page 49)

Granger later did get to see it. But that is several coastal miles beside the point. The point is that three years, two years, maybe even one year ago, Granger would not have done what he did.

His failing would not have been due to the loss of money—he is a generous man—or selfishness, nor even thoughtlessness. But the whole gesture, which once would have struck him as a somewhat gaudy one, would have represented to him an ingingement on what he has termed “ingrity of conduct.”

“Everybody likes you,” Granger said one day testily to his long-time friend Deborah Kerr Bartley. “What do you want to be asked for?” Miss Kerr, who also has acknowledged a queasy sensation in Granger’s presence that he is planning to cuff her idly on the backside, replied that she thought it was pleasanter than vice versa. But Granger, huddling within a protective shell of fierce independence, would have little truck in those days with such notions. Or maybe it wasn’t a protective shell. Maybe, as some of his friends strenuously testify, Granger wanted no reputation that he was “bucking for a merit badge.” Whatever the case, he got what he sought—if he truly sought it.

Granger was not widely liked. He was, in some quarters, rather intensely disliked. And in all quarters, he was intensely respected. The greater hostility he felt, the more belligerent he became. Indeed the only sensation—if sensation can be called—that Granger did not know was indifference. There were people who liked him, people who didn’t like him and people who didn’t know him.

Yet the respect he inevitably exacted was well-earned. On the Metro lot one day, Granger encountered a bit player who obviously was not enjoying a flush period. The two shook hands briefly, in fact politely, and when the bit player went his way, he was palming a twenty dollar bill, a little something Granger had left there without a change of expression.

“Now, why,” asked a friend of Granger who had caught the transaction, “did you do that? The guy’s never done a thing for you but put you on the pan. Who’s bucking for a merit badge now?”

“I know, old man,” said Granger. “But there’s freedom of opinion, isn’t there? Furthermore, how does his opinion of me make him any less hungry? And besides,” he added thoughtfully, “he may have a point there.”

Thus it may be fair to ask at this point, why the change in Granger? Why this following process that has turned him in the last year into an infinitely warmer and less truculent person?

Is he somehow rid of an inferiority complex? Intimates say this is ridiculous because he never had an inferiority complex. Is it the gentle, constant influence of his lovely and talented wife, Jean Simmons? Well, perhaps to an extent, but Jean’s been around all the time. Or did the man read a book? No. Not that kind of book, anyway.

Actually, the best available sources believe that the change in Stewart Granger comes in part from his belated recognition—Granger is forty-one—that the fact no man can stand alone.

Granger has found in the exercise of his profession a peace that was hard come by. In the working out of the task he has set himself, he has found what apparently he wanted from the beginning. But he has discovered at long last that he was not alone, battering at imperfection single-handed.

“You know,” he said recently in a tone of mild and gratified surprise, “we’re all in this thing together. And I could be wrong.”

This was quite a yodel from the star who used to go to the mat with producers or directors on the most niggling piece of business he considered wrong for a picture. It didn’t have to be Granger’s piece of business, though Granger in the end was his paramount consideration. It was anything that offended his aesthetic senses.

To a degree, of course, Granger is still like that. Sloppiness in film-making offends him deeply. He has said so and will say so again. But these days, he tends to vent his disagreement in the light of sweet reason and to recognize that others as well have a stake in the proceedings and are as anxious as he to have it right.

Granger in the old era once did battle with a director who finally advised him that he, the director, had been in pictures for twenty years and might conceivably know what he was talking about. “Truly?” said Granger. “May I tell you something? I’ve known an actor who’s been on the British stage for forty years and is still regarded as the lousiest actor in the empire.”

The Granger of 1954 would almost certainly phrase his reply more tactfully. In extremis, he might even keep his mouth shut.

Dealing with Granger in his entire relationship to Hollywood and pictures is not much easier than trying to describe an egg beater to a Zulu, but certain things can be and should be understood.

One is that he has long gagged over the by-products of his profession, and even today can no more than tolerate them. In general, these are autographs, personal appearances, night-clubbing, flamboyant public recognition and—although he submits with grace—certain types of interviews.

“I hold the unpopular minority view,” he once told a writer, “that an actor’s job is done when he’s left the studio. Rationally, I know it’s not so. I’m talking to you, for instance, and not being too much of a ruddy monster, I hope. After all, I knew what it was going to involve when I went into it. But you know, even a player, even a ham, likes to feel he’s off sometimes. Off the stage, out of the public eye. Truly, I feel this. I feel the people might be happier if we kept to ourselves when we’re not working, leashed or in cages like animals in the zoo. Then everyone could have fun guessing what we live like, and the wilder the guesses, the better. You know, I go for this lion-on-a-leash bit, pouring champagne in our hair, and all that. But the trouble is, I don’t do it. I am so damn dull for readers. I wish I could make something up for you. But nothing earth-shaking will come of this, nothing of lasting historic value. We entertain on a limited scale. The Mike Wildings. Liz Taylor, you know. Tony and Deborah. The Nivens. There’s food around. If anyone’s hungry, they can eat here. If not, we don’t shove it at them. Night clubs—no. Lord, I am so ordinary!”

The scene was the Grangers’ dwelling in the hills between Hollywood and the San Fernando Valley. It’s a nice little job with a shake roof, a pool, a dizzying view on all sides and a rather persistent wind. The speech was convincing. But one or two props weakened it. Granger’s audience had one foot on a lion skin. Granger had shot the lion. The ash tray between the two was a converted elephant’s hoof. Granger had sloughed the elephant. He moved a bit carefully to his right on ac-

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count of an old rib accident. A water buffalo had cracked two of them. Then again, there had been the incident of the night before. After the Bogarts had left.

"Tell him about the tree," a bystander admonished Granger.

"What tree?"

"You know. Last night."

"Oh, that tree. You tell him, old man. I'm not going to answer for boring the reading public any more than I have to."

The Tree, duly corroborated by Granger, went like this. Granger had bought a tree, a birch. Paid seven hundred dollars, including transplanting. The boys had stuck it in the ground. Two days later in the witching hours of the night, the winds had come—with near-hurricane velocity. A peculiar sound awoke Mrs. Granger. It was the tree being un-transplanted. Rapidly, too. She shouted for Mr. G. And while she called for help, Mr. Granger stood locked in mortal combat with his birch, determined to prevent seven hundred dollars from rolling down the hill to destruction. It was an epic struggle. Granger and tree were swept from side to side. If tree went, Granger was going with it—a fall of possibly 3000 feet. When help got there, the combatants were right on the lip of nothing. But the tree was still present and accounted for.

"You see?" said Granger. "Nothing exciting. Now if it had been a mountain lion . . ."

In trying to understand Granger, bear this in mind. He wanted to act—certainly. He was amenable to being an actor, but never did he court celebrity. If in the very beginning he enjoyed fame he has long since ceased to.

"The happiness I've got," he has said, "has been from the work, from the feeling of rightness I've sometimes got from it. I can get this feeling in a screening room with only two other people, watching a day's shooting. But when it's time for the premiere and the crowds and the lights—then it's all behind me and my rightful place is home. Do you see what I mean? There must be a dreadful malnutrition of the spirit to have to take nourishment from celebrity. All that, you know—it's not an ambition, it's a day-dream. The satisfaction in maturing is in the work, in doing as well as you can the thing you happen to know how to do. The nourishment comes from within, or it doesn't come. There's nothing else. And till you know that, you don't know peace. Forgive me if I sound pompous, but it's true."

Granger is in truth a zealous perfectionist. Making "King Solomon's Mines" in Africa, he declined to speak a Nairobi dialect because the location was two-hundred miles north of Nairobi. He was bitter over being forced to use blanks in firing an elephant gun. "Those things kick your shoulder off. Now it's not going to buck any harder than a squirrel rifle and I'm going to look like a ruddy fool." He doesn't believe in pulling punches in screen fights, and once continued firing a gun that was back-flaming painfully into his face. "It might really have done that, you know. The scene had guts to it."

All this combines into an admirable craftsman's quality, but they don't make Granger easier to work with on a set.

On the other hand, Granger's facade away from work has thawed immeasurably,

and his scope of social activity widened proportionately in the last twelve months. That is why his friends are so sure that the inner peace and confidence he finally found have been therapeutic measures of enormous value.

Granger still has the remnants of what he describes as "a filthy temper," but now has it pretty well under control. It flares on the set from time to time, not with the old virulence—and with a considered understanding of the rights of others, not to mention their feelings. It still erupts violently over rumors of trouble between him and his wife, but with contempt for talebearers dilutes them and diverts it to a healthier channel.

His pride in his own theatrical judgment is stubbornly maintained as ever, but he was able to say not long ago:

"I told Jean right from the beginning she shouldn't play *Ophelia* in 'Hamlet.' But she wouldn't listen. Just a youngster you know. Went right ahead. All right, what's it done for her? Nothing. It won't make her a star. If she'd paid attention to me, it never would have happened—and I'd have had to give her three finger-swings at me with a meat cleaver. Under the prospect, now that I think of it."

Granger's honest handle, as you likely know, is Jimmy Stewart. But Jimmy Stewart's name is Jimmy Stewart, too. Jimmy Stewart changed his to Stewart Granger to avoid confusion.

Although he comes from theatrical forebears, Granger never thought much about going in for acting himself until he became aware that good-looking guys were part of the environment. That fit his ambition. His parents were more than him being a singer or a doctor, but the latter he declined "because you ought to be three-quarters saint and I'm not even a sixteenth." As for singing, there was power and resonance to the Granger voice but not too much range.

Granger did pretty well on the British stage before being tapped for pictures, even better with the Black Watch Regiment in World War II before an ulcer got him out of business.

After that, he got real hot in films, dragooned to Hollywood by no great effort on the part of the local dragoons. He became top boxoffice, incurred enemies and made friends—all in something less than that order. Now it is widely felt that the "new" Stewart Granger, whatever it may be in the language of psychologists, is the real one and the one here to stay.

Also, it has to be said for Mr. Granger in conclusion that he, like everyone else, has had to make do with the face that was given him, and that while strikingly handsome, it is not the sort of face which exerts instant, overwhelming appeal. His is a kind that grows on you. The lower lip full and drooping, the nose almost aggressively Barrymoresque, and the whole gives an air of general hauteur. Still, all, don't stick Granger with it. "Give me back my eyepouches and my wrinkles!" he screamed once at the Metro art gallery after they'd retouched some of his old pictures. "I've worked years for them. That's a ham talking? It assuredly is not. And in sum, the 1954 model Stewart Granger will look like the old Granger, and it's what's behind the facade that he's watching.

THE END

### DON'T BE IN THE DARK ABOUT HOLLYWOOD GOINGS ON

Get your copy of the June issue of PHOTOPLAY and read: Pier Angeli's first marriage story. What Brando's teachers and fans have to say about Marlon. Jane Powell—"The little girl no longer lost"

ON THE STANDS MAY 1



## It Should Happen to a Lemmon!

(Continued from page 59)

he fact that in one brief year of movie-making he's won the reputation of an expert laugh-getter.

Ever since his first picture with Judy Holliday in "It Should Happen to You," Jack's been hailed by critics as the brightest and best of the new cinema comedians.

In trying to explain Jack's success, you first have to know him. Yet to describe him is difficult. He looks like a young eager lawyer or perhaps a bright, upcoming bond salesman. His conversation is sprightly but cultured; show-business argon crops up sparingly but effectively. He's had the advantages of a well-heeled and socially active family who saw to it that his education took place in private schools and at Harvard. And despite the fact he calls Hollywood home, there's more Harvard gloss on him than Hollywood. Yet he's an actor to his fingertips. He loves his work and works hard.

He offers the casual appearance of built-in brains and gentility. When a studio executive told him he had the asset of not looking like a comedian or even like an actor, Jack replied, "No actor looks like an actor anymore." The line has been quoted frequently, often with a suggestion of slight disbelief.

"I don't understand why people are surprised that I said that. I was referring to the matinee-idol—in the live theatre. I remember as late as my teens, the leading men I saw were always the long, wavy-haired, flamboyant, Inverness-type. But in the movies, this isn't true. A man may look like a truck driver and be a leading man. The matinee-idol type is a thing of the past," says Jack.

Tall, slim, with black hair that's straight and certainly not long and wavy, Jack new acting from every angle—stage, radio, tv—all before he clicked on the big screen. He feels very earnestly that to last as a star it's much easier if one has such training and background.

"It's much harder for the actor who is pushed and rushed into sudden stardom. This is a highly competitive business. There are always eight thousand people just as good as you are. It can happen that a person can become a star without great talent and training, but it's mighty tough for him to meet the competition.

"If my son Chris wants to go in the entertainment business when he grows up, I'll never object—if I'm sure he couldn't be happy without it. It's not enough to like it. You've got to love it. The theatre is too tough; too much depends on luck. It's not like any other business."

One of Jack's first jobs after graduating from Harvard was in a not-so-swank New York night club, The Old Knick. He played piano, wrote comedy skits, sang, danced, was m.c. and comedian. He did just about everything except roll out the empty beer barrels.

"That was the luckiest thing that ever happened to me. Ordinarily young entertainers have no place to learn as they work. As George Burns has said: 'Actors have no place to test their material and capability. No place to be lousy.' The break-in circuits of vaudeville and the many touring stock companies of years ago used to afford this training. Now where do you get it, unless you're lucky as was? It was the greatest."

During Jack's early struggling days in New York, he declined offered financial assistance from his father. He lived in a shabby one-room apartment, which he asserts had two definite advantages. It was over a delicatessen and was big enough for a piano. He's an expert on the eighty-eight and also has written many songs.

"They're not commercial—or at least haven't been up to now—because they're show tunes. One time I sold an option for an entire score, but the show never was produced. Maybe someday," he adds hopefully.

"Playing piano is a necessary outlet for me. It's relaxing. I usually play for a while when I get home from the studio at night."

He also plays harmonica and ukulele. He and Jimmy Cagney spent hours strumming ukes when they were on location on Midway for "Mister Roberts," in which Jack plays *Ensign Pulver*. He idolizes Cagney.

"What great all-round talent he has. Not just acting and dancing. He paints, plays guitar, writes brilliant and sensitive poetry. And he has such heart. He spent hours teaching me to hoof. He'd give me all sorts of tips on doing scenes. Then, of course, he'd take the scene right away from me. He can't be topped.

"I've never worked with finer people. I asked Hank Fonda, who plays the name role, if he ever got tired of playing *Roberts* after something like a thousand performances on the stage. He said, 'I always liked Wednesdays and Saturdays because then with matinees I got to play it twice.' That's what I mean about lasting stars. They love their work."

Director John Ford and producer Leland Hayward of the "Roberts" company believe Lemmon has this same quality. They've even said so for publication. Hayward adds, "Jack is dynamite. He'll be a big, big, big star."

This dynamic young gentleman-comic was born on February 8, 1925, in Boston, and named John Uhler Lemmon III. His father, now vice president of the Doughnut Corporation of America, was officially in the baking business, but show business was his hobby. As a boy he had sung and danced in minstrel shows, later in life got kicks out of playing benefits. At the age of four, son Jack joined him and made his debut in a melodrama entitled "Gold in Them Thar Hills."

While Jack was attending Phillips Andover Academy, he spent summers with stock companies in New Hampshire and at Marblehead, where he gave that provocative performance in "Angel Street."

"At Harvard I spent so much time on music and acting I always had to cram for exams; I just got through. I was no honor student. But I had a good time and got a lot from life there. It was a living ball through school and college. And I don't think this was a mistake. You can get knowledge by reading books at home. I believe at college you learn by growing up with people, just as much as through academic learning. I wouldn't have missed any of those extra-curricular activities."

Among other things, Jack was vice president of the dramatic club and president of the Hasty Pudding Club which produces musical comedies. (He recently was awarded a plaque by the society citing him on his "elevation to leading man in the nation's brightest entertainment medium.") In addition to college-produced plays, he worked with the Abbey players from Ireland when they spent a season in Boston.

After serving as an ensign in the Navy during World War II he returned to Harvard for a year of graduate study, then went to New York. There in 1948, while acting in a little theatre production of Tolstoi's depressing "Power of Darkness," he had an experience far from depressing. He met beautiful, blond Cynthia Stone, a young actress from Peoria, Illinois.

"She was an ugly, dull girl who chased

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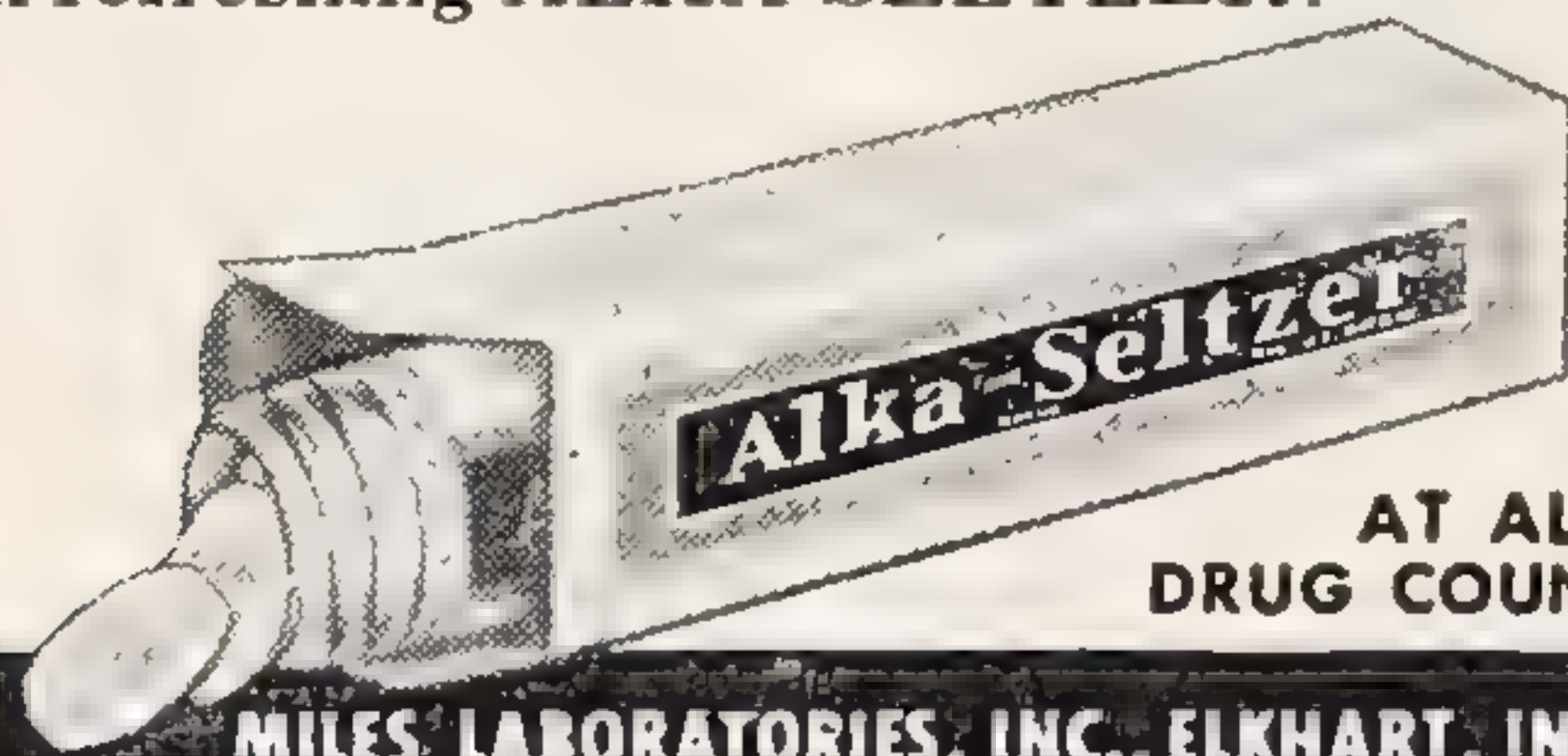


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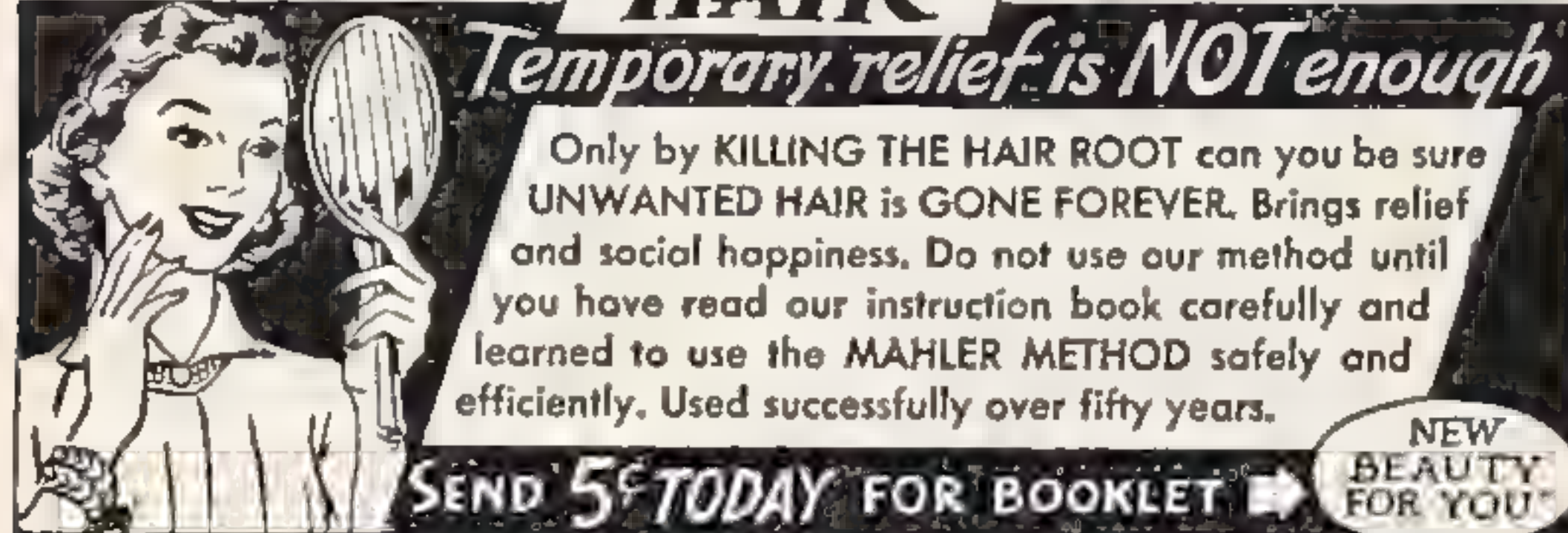
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me for two years, so finally I married her," is Jack's reverse way of describing his courtship of his adored Cyn.

Cynthia was a successful radio actress and coached Jack on microphone technique. Soon Jack was working regularly in soap operas. Quite by chance, Jack and Cynthia were cast opposite each other in one of these and worked together for twenty weeks. They were married in Peoria on May 7, 1950. For seven months shortly after that, they did "The Couple Next Door" on ABC-TV.

The ambitious young couple next incorporated legally as Jacyn Productions and sold their own packaged TV show "Heaven for Betsy" to Lever Brothers on CBS. They still own the property.

"But actors shouldn't try to handle finances which you have to do on a package deal. It's too much of a headache. I'll never try it again," vows Jack who produced as well as starred in the series.

Jack and Cynthia were on a fishing trip in the wilderness a hundred miles north of Montreal when they were summoned back to New York because their show was sold by their agent.

"We were out in the middle of a lake when a voice from shore called 'Jacques LeMond.' It seemed fantastic, being paged that way. At the lodge we managed to understand, with our smattering of French, that I was to drive to La Berriere, Quebec, to the nearest phone—ten miles—and call New York. The operator there spoke only French and she didn't seem to understand my French at all. It was the most fantastic relay you ever heard until I reached the William Morris office in New York. Then our agent merely said, 'Come Home!'"

Jack and Cynthia still love fishing, someday hope to buy a shack in the High Sierras as a base of piscatorial operations.

Today they live in a white colonial house in Brentwood, which Cynthia has decorated with charming warmth and taste. There is a happy blend of contemporary and traditional, with fine antiques and gleaming silver. Jack has a baby grand piano. The dining room is especially attractive, with French mural wallpaper depicting scenes in Paris. In place of a large dining table there are three small glass-topped tables, giving the effect of a sidewalk cafe.

There is no swimming pool in the large yard and this leaves plenty of room for Jack's newly acquired passion—gardening. Although he considered himself a confirmed New Yorker, and admittedly misses many things about Manhattan, he now enjoys his suburban life. He's become an expert on roses and currently is "getting hepped on camellias and azaleas, too."

Jack says quite frankly, that his major hobby is son Christopher, born last June 22. This adoring father will talk about his son without getting a cue.

"He's such a wonderful baby. So good, healthy and big! He weighed nine and half pounds when he was born and before he was six months old needed size 10 clothes, but he isn't fat. He has blond hair and gray-blue eyes. I think he looks like Cynthia, which is wonderful because she's slim and blond and a beautiful girl."

Jack and Cynthia named their son Christopher solely because they both like the name. No family reasons.

"Not for anything would I have named him John Uhler Lemmon IV. Why, John Uhler III I had to be a ham by the time I was eight," says Jack. His eyes bright with mirth, the same Jack who flatly refused to have his name changed when he signed his contract with Columbia Pictures. ("I guess they were afraid people would gag that the studio had lemon in Lemmon.")

In the little time he has for hobbies, he's jumped from "It Should Happen to You," "Phffft," "Three for the Show" and "Mister Roberts" into "My Sister Eileen" with no time between—he's trying to take photography a bit seriously—"only because of Chris, so we'll have photographic history."

Jack likes golf, enjoys night clubs occasionally but prefers small parties at home. He likes to dance and go dancing but Cynthia, unlike most wives who have to urge their husbands, doesn't care too much for dancing. Jack has a prodigious memory, reads more than the average, on a wide variety of subjects. He dresses conservatively. He is neat by instinct. Cynthia doesn't have to pick up after him. He likes to cook and is a good cook. He has great admiration for his father.

"Dad was never a professional dancer but he's always been mighty good at so shoe. One time he even danced at benefit with the late Bill Robinson. Dad was no Bojangles but he did all right. He has always said when he failed to find romance in a loaf of bread he'd retire. He always loved his work and obviously still does, because he tried to retire last year and went right back to work. He's been opening new markets for doughnuts in Europe. Did you know doughnuts are going big there now?"

Obviously Jack has inherited his father's verve, his zest for life, a dedication to the work of his choice. And you can bet your best spring bonnet that John Uhler Lemmon III will always find romance in his work of getting laughs.

THE END

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## That Do or Die Doll

(Continued from page 61)

newsprint—so large a portion that it's been difficult to separate the facts from the press-agent's fiction. To make any headway, it's best to start at the beginning—with Shelley's mother.

Shelley's mother was a beautiful, talented woman, deeply sensitive, emotional and possessing a heavenly operatic voice. She was bread and balm to the boisterous yet sensitive bundle of nervous energy who was Shelley. She indulged her completely. If Mother had not been a frustrated actress, would Shelley's iron will and inner drive have been poured into her channels? Did the complete lack of discipline help mold the colorful character of the child who could wear everybody down, indulged in temper tantrums, buttered the slides on the playground, walked the two-story balcony railing at dancing school when four, told the teachers what to do, was a tomboy and a show-off and got into enough trouble to send Mother to school for "talks" with teacher at least once a week? Or was it Mother's beauty that dealt a deep wound that still festers? For very early and very earnestly Shelley decided she was not pretty.

Her impressionable mind fastened like a bulldog on the humiliating inability to live up to Mother's beauty. She felt uneasy with girls and in self-defense became a tomboy. She was comfortable and at ease with boys for there was no reminder of her lack of beauty. It would be years before full understanding that beauty is something within—that she, too, could and would be beautiful when she wanted to. Quickly she learned to cover the exposure of her warm and generous nature behind a facade of aggression and domination. So, inevitably, the bitter battle of dual natures planted the seeds of insecurity, fear and restlessness in the turbulent soul of an intelligent, quicksilvered child.

The shell of brass and flamboyance hardened when Mother went to work when she was twelve. She stayed on the streets till midnight, roller skating, playing games, experiencing the rough night life of a neighborhood not too safe in daylight. She learned to hate housework, for she had taken her mother's place in cooking meals and cleaning, and she loathed it.

At thirteen, a discerning music teacher, Viola Speers, saw through her belligerence, monkey-playing and trouble making. Miss Speers was a stern woman with an amazing perception. Having had acting aspirations herself, she recognized Shelley's refusal to give up and perform as a self-conscious shy person that could hide talent. One day an outlet for all Shelley's drives and wild commissions found release in a creative channel. Miss Speers suddenly commanded, "You will write and produce the entire assembly program for two weeks from Friday. You're on your own—do what you want to."

Shelley wrote a one act musical, "Come Out of the Kitchen," animating the pots, pans, dish mop and teakettle. She picked her cast and rehearsed them like an actor. She wrote new lyrics for popular songs and cast herself as the dish mop who fell in love with the hero, the broom. She made the costumes and supervised everything, even the sweeping of the floor. She forgot just one thing—Mr. Rosenberg, the piano teacher. When she finally handed him the score of her musical at dress rehearsal with instructions of, "ten bars of this, and verse and chorus of 'Hold Tight,' and fifteen bars of incidental music for the teakettle number." Mr. Rosenberg almost had apoplexy.

Somehow she convinced him that he could do it and the next day, before a thousand kids, Shelley felt the first thrill of the theatre in the applause and approval. She felt that intangible magnet that exists between performer and audience.

The school principal made a speech after the show, "This is the most unusual and engaging assembly we've ever had," he announced and turned to the writer-actress-producer; her eyes filled with tears as he pinned the coveted music pin on the black tie. Shelley fell in love—with music, acting and the very essence of theatre. She had found something to adore openly—and safely.

Viola Speers taught Shelley many things. She gave her free music lessons. She erased, in part, Shelley's fear of not being pretty enough. She took her home for dinner and became her friend and staunchest fan. She even showed her how math and music were alike—turning an indifferent student into an avidly curious problem solver. Shelley played the lead in "Good News" that year and by the time she was ready for high school was taking the first steps toward self-confidence.

The summer before high school, she started working in a five-and-ten. While eating lunch with a couple of other clerks, the discussion turned to the beauty contest which was the big thing of the day. One of the girls taunted Shelley about entering. The other girl picked it up. They rode her until she was in a rage, "All right, I'll enter it and I'll win it." She flew out of the cafe clutching her savings, sixteen dollars, and marched into a beauty shop, "You make me beautiful—sixteen bucks worth," she demanded. They cut, shaped, and set her curly, unruly hair, tweezed her eyebrows and did her make-up. She bought a white satin bathing suit (a very new style at that time) on credit, picked up a pair of falsies to fill out her childish frame, and borrowed her sister's high heels. But she didn't take a chance on winning. She rounded up the Boy Scout Troop that was parallel to her Girl Scout Troop. On the eventful day, Girl Scouts and Boy Scouts assembled into one brass band. When the lifeguard-chairman held his hand over Shelley's head, a cacophony of trumpets, drum and trombones filled the air. Shelley won the beauty contest. She still covets the first-prize cup . . . and wonders if she might have won without the insurance of a brass band.

In high school the pattern of her love life took shape. A shape that stood in the shadow of her first love, acting. Feeling her personal magnetism, learning how to dress and accentuate her assets had taken the edge off her desire to be popular. She was popular, so there was no field to conquer. Once she knew she could date, she lost interest in dating for dating's sake. On her way to look in on the captain of the basketball team in the gym one day, she happened to pass the tryout room for "The Mikado." She was quite taken by the basketball captain and had been dating him a lot, but when the teacher asked if she'd try out, she couldn't resist a shot at Kitisha, the villainess. She got the part. She lost the boy. She worked hard and opening night was determined and ready. The high school was so large they had two orchestras of one hundred each. They combined for the opening of "The Mikado" in the auditorium that seated six thousand. When the conductor suddenly became ill that night, a student conductor took over. As Shelley started her main song the orchestra started off wrong. For a few bars she tried anyway. Then Shelley raised her arms and stopped the orchestra.



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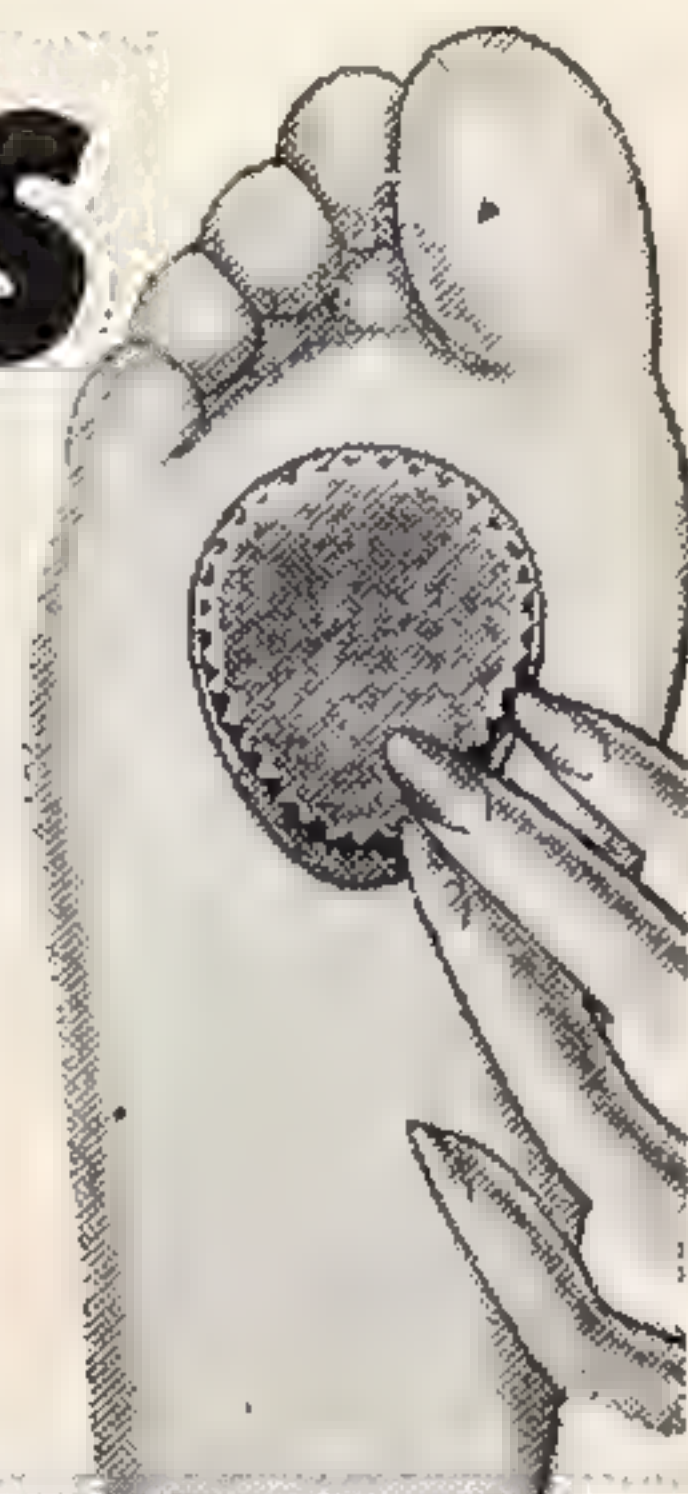
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She strode to the footlights, "We will start again," she said forcefully. The orchestra struck up once more. "One—two—three," quoth Kitisha and the tune was off the ground and falling beautifully on the ears of the delighted audience. Shelley was a hit.

That same bravado pushed down her deeply embedded insecurity in her last year of high school. She decided to get out of the five-and-dime and model. By this time her figure needed no accoutrements. Designer Teddy Shaw wanted junior models for his Kalman and Morris Evening Gowns. Shelley stifled her inner misgivings and applied. "Can you model?" "Oh, sure," was the nonchalant reply. Clad in a Schiaparelli copy and awkward and off-balance in high-heeled shoes, Miss Winters stood poised at the top of the stairs, staring down into the faces of the buyers. She took one graceful step and promptly fell down the stairs. Inadvertently she stumbled into the field of comedy. The house was sold with laughter—but no one bought the Schiaparelli copy on her dishevelled back.

Morris wanted to fire her, but Kalman liked her spunk, so Shelley became a stock girl, helping the models and thereby earning a free modeling course, which she carefully took full advantage of. Working all summer at twenty-five dollars a week, she balked at finishing high school in the fall. Her father was furious. He planned for her to go on to college and become a lawyer. He held no brief for the fine art of dramatics so it was not mentioned again in his presence. Father and daughter compromised. Shelley learned to put on her make-up with the rumble of the subway train at 6:30 A.M. She arrived at her modeling work at 7:30 A.M. After a full day, she went to high school at night.

The jumbled montage of the next two years had a definite pattern. Full of insatiable curiosity and driving ambition, she started her habit of doing at least four things at once. During the day she modeled for fifty dollars a week; at night she filled herself with theatre at Piscatore's Dramatic School. Suddenly aware of the world she wanted, her every free moment was spent at the modern art museum, concerts, reading voraciously on politics and philosophy, listening with hungry ears to good music and sneaking into theatres for the second and third acts for free. And somehow she managed the time to take out a marriage license. She was going to marry a wonderful boy, but she turned down 38th Street by accident on her way to get some feathers for a hat. The International Ladies Garment Workers Union was holding auditions for a new play, for members only, of course.

"Are you sure you're a sewing machine operator?"

The bulletlike retort was becoming typical, "Sure, I'm sure. I'm Sonia Epstein." She got the part. She borrowed Sonia's union card . . . and marriage and the wonderful boy were a thing of the past.

Somehow Blanche, her sister, and Mother managed to keep her dramatic aspirations from Dad even during the summer months while she toured the Catskill mountains in the summer theatres. It was Blanche who loaned her the money to join Equity when she finally got a professional job in "Conquest" in April with Henry Hull. The show flopped in Delaware and never made Broadway. But it was a time of decision for Shelley. She became a dedicated actress. She would not go back to modeling.

With that decision she faced Dad. The fight could be heard in the upper reaches of Brownsville. "He finally literally threw me out of the house." Threw her into sharing one room with two other girls for fourteen dollars a week. Forced her into

a wary but illuminating friendship with those she had never trusted—girls. When you starve together, bring back food for the others after a date and lend and borrow your best, love and warmth so through. Slowly human relations become understandable. There she found her dearest friend, Constance Dowling. And it was from that one room that she went out one afternoon to leave a lasting impression on Charles Martin.

Charles Martin took her to a cocktail party and watched with amazement as she tore through hors d'oeuvres like a truck driver at a free lunch counter. "Why don't I call down and order you a steak?" suggested Charles.

"Why don't you?" was the quick answer. He did. She ate. Then they went to dinner. "How about a steak?"

"Fine—on the dinner and two chocolate parfaits."

After the theatre they went to El Morocco. "Would you like something to eat?" grinned Charles.

"Now that you mention it, I could eat a steak—on the dinner and . . ."

"I know, I know," sighed the unbelieving Martin, "and two chocolate parfaits!"

But the "do or die" girl couldn't stare forever. Slowly off-Broadway shows started coming her way. She worked with Elia Kazan's Actors Studio. She worked in musicals. Hating them, she seemed to always get a job in them. "I was accustomed to doing a solo in the chorus line. I always was two steps behind or two out in front."

It was during a tour of "Meet the People" that mature love hit Shelley. They met in Detroit. He was of the theatre. They talked the same language, were stimulated beyond talks and the impulsive, carefully hidden Shelley submerged the dedicated actress Shelley. Just after Pearl Harbor, while playing *Rosalinda* in "The Fledermaus" on Broadway, she had to decide which was more important—the actress or the woman. Harry Cohen, of Columbia Pictures, saw her performance and signed her to a contract. Her first picture was to be "Cover Girl."

Immediately after that, her wonder young man enlisted. Shelley's choice was instinctive and complete. They were married. She spent the next two months on a different kind of tour. She followed her husband from Louisiana to South Dakota while he learned of B-17's. While Harry Cohen tried to locate his new contract, she was learning the beauty of sharing human relationships. All of her generous sensitivity, and pent-up emotions were given and received with delight. When he was sent overseas, she picked up the threads of her career and moved to Hollywood. They wrote daily letters, but when he returned they were perfect strangers. They had nothing to say to each other. After an attempt at annulment, Shelley sadly got a divorce.

Hollywood was a completely new kind of world. For the first time Shelley tried to conform. She let them redo her hair line, fit her with long eyelashes, style her hair long and change her walk. She was a miserable and bewildered imitation of Rita Hayworth. After a year and a half Columbia dropped her contract. She was ashamed to go home. She had to make one hit before she went back.

She sat down and quietly analyzed the situation. She had conformed. She was a walking carbon copy. She was uncomfortable in the adopted personality she used for over a year. The shrewd little girl from Brownsville returned to her owner and made her important discovery. "It's not by talent but personality that you become a star. And you have to be a star before they'll let you be an actress." She planned to exploit her own individual personality.



onality. Not through a "date every night and being seen," but by the very nature of herself. She would again make things happen. Back on an even keel with herself and an objective to gain, the indomitable will led her through the next heart-breaking year.

She went to work in night clubs. Under a different name, she sang from San Diego to the old Serenade Club on LaCienega Boulevard in Hollywood. The restlessness and insecurity lurked behind her determination. John Ireland helped her through that maddening period. He sat at the bar while she did her comedy routines and songs. After the club closed, they would go to a quiet cafe. Shelley would appease her physical and theatrical hunger over a late dinner and incessant talk of acting. Between jobs, she picked up her unemployment check and headed for the race track with John. "The races were like a disease. Something in me needed to go and gamble with that tiny check. When that bad time was over, I never went to the races again. I've never needed to."

When the sun shone again on Shelley, it was typical that it shone from both the east and the west. Lawrence Langner wanted her to replace Celeste Holm as *Ado Annie* in "Oklahoma." At the same time, George Cukor wanted her for "Double Life." Shelley had first signed the contract for "Oklahoma." She also knew what the part of the waitress in "Double Life" could do for her career. So? Naturally, she tried to do both without telling anyone her dilemma. She was running wildly from fittings for *Ado Annie* to fittings for "Double Life." Her conscience became a nagging, screaming torment. At last she unburdened her guilt to Cukor. He screamed with laughter. Finally, he got Lawrence Langner on the phone. After everyone had a good laugh except Shelley, it was agreed that she could do both. The schedule was worked out. In "Double Life" the brilliance of her acting ability was seen on the screen for the first time. It brought an Academy Award nomination and two pictures at 20th "Cry of the City" and "The Great Gatsby." Then Universal-International offered a contract.

Shelley has a long memory. She did not forget her analysis—personality first, talent second. While her agent fought for money, Shelley stood beside him fighting for the right publicity. She got publicity—some right and some wrong. But she will never deny that since that time she has had more than her share of a provocative press.

For it was immediately after signing the contract and hiring a press agent that Shelley went to that very impressive party at Errol Flynn's home. She is tongue-tied with only two people in the world—the queen of England and Clark Gable. She was being happily tongue-tied with Clark Gable in a corner of the living room when the commotion started at the door. Two policemen strode in and walked up to Shelley, "Come with us, Miss," they commanded. Shelley stood in the midst of her first party, shocked, shamed and frightened. They refused to tell her what she'd done or why she had to leave. As they took her out, one on each arm, a barrage of flash bulbs went off. Sick and shaking she turned to Herb Stein and begged, "Please call my mother and explain." The police car took off with reporters still trying to find out what the charge was. When the police car pulled up to the Shrine Auditorium and the grinning cops invited her to come in and entertain at the Police Benefit, it took minutes for her to understand what had happened.

The next morning she understood when she read the morning papers. The rest is obvious. Shelley had become a star overnight.

Simultaneously she became the Blond

Bombshell. Now strongly in the public eye, her honesty, outspokenness and permanent built-in temperament became colorful, magnified and debatable. The roles that U-I put her in cemented the impression—"all hipswinging blonds daring somebody to do something." Her revolt at "It's just a movie, get it in the can" kept her on suspension two years out of seven. When she respected a role, she worked with everything in her. If she didn't respect the role, her caustic remarks echoed through the printing presses. Her uncanny ability to say the right dramatic thing at the right time helped build the press Frankenstein that later caused her to cry out in protest at the gross misunderstanding. Shelley's own urge to "make things happen," plus early publicity, which made her a character before she could prove otherwise, and the press itself taking for granted she was the Bombshell without checking her out personally, all had a hand in creating the Saga of Shelley.

She learned a lot in those years. She was the busiest actress on the sound stage. Her curiosity had her questioning the sets, cutting, musical scores, dialogue, directors and eventually production. "I'd even sweep the floor of the stage if I could learn something," she admitted. She also learned that it can be a mistake to act in a picture! In "Frenchy" she had a scene by her father's grave. The actress in her automatically went to work to make it a moving scene. It was so moving (and out of context with the rest of the Western) that she embarrassed the audience. "It was a mistake," she said bluntly. Occasionally she landed a role that she could believe in. Between pictures like "Phone Call from a Stranger" and "A Place in the Sun," the unpredictable Shelley would suddenly appear in a little theatre version of "Of Mice and Men" or "A Streetcar Named Desire." Other actresses were appalled that she'd take such a chance with her career. But the restless need for perfection and creative work forced Shelley to seek variety on the stage, while she played the same part over and over on the screen.

In her personal life she was still full of uneasiness with anyone outside of theatre. She still found it extremely difficult to trust. She still leaned heavily on male companionship, "I prefer friends to lovers," she said glibly. But behind the quip her sensitive nature was using the safety of friendship, while still feeling the uneasy fear of love. She met a wonderful man and the surge of all her responsive love went out to him. Then she decided he didn't want an actress for a wife. She had the ability to turn her feelings off. At the time she convinced herself that "the first love of my life is theatre."

She also took a flyer in gracious living. High in the Hollywood Hills she found a dramatic home replete with flagstone, fireplace, picture windows framing a magnificent view and a huge living room. She fell in love again and became the epitome of femininity. Her emotions took over and conquered the driving aggression. She, who had always been so casual clotheswise, became the picture of allure in dramatic lounging pajamas. Their only problem was waiting. His divorce wasn't final. Eagerly anticipating the day he would be free, she gave herself the rich joy of being courted. This heady wine lasted until the day he got his freedom. In panic, Shelley flew to San Francisco, blindly busied herself and skipped the whole episode. She drove it ruthlessly from her mind.

She continued to take her love out on friends. Everyone who has become her friend is a friend for life. She is generous and giving to a fault. She has driven directors to distraction pushing them for jobs for her actor friends. She uses her

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directness and strength with the same enthusiasm for someone she believes in as she does for herself. She was delighted when she and Farley Granger, a good friend, co-starred in "Behave Yourself." They were given two round-trip tickets to Rome by the producer, Howard Hughes, as a "thank you" when they finished.

They flew to Rome and Shelley met Vittorio Gassman. All the odds of background, religion, language and geography precluded any lasting happiness, so they fell in love. For Shelley it was the free pulsating love that she had waited for. She knew no fear. They ignored the obstacles and blithely planned to live six months in Italy and six in the States. She knew nothing of the Italian way of life. She didn't know that Italian husbands come home at noon for lunch and spend three or four hours with their wife and then expect to go out to a favorite bistro at night, talking business with friends while the wife sits home. He didn't know that in America the complete sharing of a life together on all levels is the basis for happy marriage. They knew that love would conquer all. And so they were married.

Shelley gave herself completely to the role of wife. She learned to cook spaghetti fifteen different ways, became a devoted sponge, absorbing his every mood, and her acting ambitions became secondary to her desire to see that Vittorio's great talent was recognized in Hollywood. But when they were in Italy, Shelley felt uneasy and away from home. When they were in Hollywood, Vittorio was the one to feel rootless. The delight they had found in discovering that each was the owner of a tremendous temperament turned to dismay as they discovered they were using it on each other. The thrill of discovering that Shelley was going to have a child brought them close together again for a while, but the obstacles were too big in the long run.

Shelley was ill all during her pregnancy. She was watching television one night with Jerry Paris, one of her closest and best friends. They were making plans to visit Marlon Brando on the set of "The Wild One" the next day. Suddenly, right then the pains began. It was eleven o'clock that night of February the twelfth in Hollywood. It was much later than that in Italy where Vittorio was touring with "Hamlet." Jerry bundled Shelley into the car for the hurried trip to the hospital. In the elevator she suddenly turned and said, "I won't have my baby until Valentine's Day." For the first time, her iron will and sentimentality touched and blended into one sweet purpose. She lay quietly alone through that night and all of Thursday refusing to have her baby. Her doctor was amazed, "I've delivered a lot of babies. I've never seen a woman decide when she'll have her baby by sheer strength of will."

She needed that will in the months to follow. She faced the failure of her marriage and decided to get a divorce. Both tried to control their trigger-tight tempers, but bitterness lashed out through the press. Then the press had a field day. Foreign correspondents misquoted Shelley and the monster snowball of recriminations took place. It took months for the anger and hurt to drain them both and leave a firm basis for friendship and sharing parenthood. Now they have a mature understanding of each other's virtues and a disregard for faults. Vittorio has taken his place as friend instead of lover.

The baby changed her perspective completely. "I can't be depressed. Every decision I make now involves someone else. The responsibility is sometimes frightening. I want so much for her, it's become a new world of looking into the future." Shelley has found another love to be

adored openly—and safely. Hers are to loves now, Gina first, then acting.

Even while startling the industry a public as well with a sudden whirl in entertaining at a Las Vegas Club, her thoughts were on her daughter and the future. She was a smash hit with her maneuver to get back in the public eye careerwise. Having satisfied herself that she could always make a living in club, she again sat down and analyzed her position. She wanted very much to insure the future for Gina. "I'm happy to pay taxes. But in any other business the older you get, the more experience, the more valuable you are. In this business it just isn't true. I still want to prove myself an actress. I want to say 'yes' to the right picture and 'no' to the wrong one. Every time you're dishonest you hurt something inside yourself." These observations resulted in Gina Productions. With Uncle Ben handling the business end, Shelley went into production of "Cash on Delivery" in England. She plays the part of a Jersey City canary. John Gregson is a magnificent foil for the fun. In the picture, Shelley looks lovely. When complimented, she quickly started to explain, "It's those wonderful English cameramen they can make anyone look..." suddenly she stopped and with a charming smile awareness continued, "Thank you. I think I looked terrific, too."

Continuing to prove herself, she took the role of Willa in "Night of the Hunter," opposite Robert Mitchum. Both of them fell under the spell of Charles Laughton's wonderful direction. In intricate, high-key roles they both have probably given the best performance to date. When she respects and admires her director, Shelley as pliable as putty. It was obviously mutual admiration. Laughton gave her picture sitting with John Engstead for Christmas present.

Impatient to fill the year with as many good roles as possible, she flew back to England to play the German girl in "I Am a Camera." She acquired an accent, false heels, dark hair and raced intense through the part so she could get back to Gina by Christmas.

She made the date and vowed never leave her alone again. "I was so blue in England, missing her. While I was gone she named herself Tordy. I missed part of her growing up. Wherever I go, she goes from now on." Tordy has a miniature dressing table next to Shelley's and they have long girl talks there. Not yet two Tordy is an intelligent, lovely child with an amazing knowledge of what's being said. Shelley lavishes enough love and affection on her to more than make up for the lack of parent. She has also changed Shelley's attitude toward men. Now she looks at her dates with that extra awareness. Would he be a good father? She hasn't really conquered her fear of men but with pretty Tordy as a daily outlet for her love it will be easier.

The inner driving force of Shelley is changing. "I hope I've learned to be tactful, if not, I'm going to put adhesive tape over my mouth. I know I've found self-confidence. Now I understand security is simply feeling capable within yourself. And I've learned that maturity is a very tough thing to achieve; it is no respect of age. I'm not ambitious the way I used to be. I love acting, but I don't want to be all of my life. I want a home and a husband (who is maybe in the business, but not an actor) and I want to enjoy my child."

"You know it's never really too late to learn?" she added.

No! It isn't when like Shelley, you run most of the way.

THE END



(Continued from page 40)

"I've got something to show you, Chandler," he announced dramatically, and then pulling himself up to full height, took out a long envelope from his pocket and waved it under Jeff's nose. "This'll prove I'm a success."

Jeff took the envelope, opened it and drew out a check. "What's this for?"

"It's a royalty check, my lad. Remember the record I made with Gloria DeLaven—"The Two of Us"—the song I sang in 'So This Is Paris'? Well, this is my first royalty check. Get away from me, boy! I can't associate with you now. This proves who's the singer in this friendship. Why, the disk jockeys are talkin' about me with honeyed words."

"They must be nuts," Chandler kidded affectionately.

"Aw, Jeff, if you work hard and train your voice, you may have a chance, too," Tony pretended seriousness and then the verbal barrage of friendly insult began. When Tony finally left, everyone at the table was laughing.

No one is born laughing and to repeat that Tony is just naturally happy would have psychologists flipping. Happiness like success is earned—it depends upon the individual and it depends upon his experiences. Some people never find happiness. Others, like Tony, are able to recognize and grab it—but who says it's easy? Today, Tony knows what he's got—peace and contentment, the ability to laugh and to love. As with his success, he says he's been lucky. Others have helped him, have shown him the way and he remembers...

That late December afternoon in 1933, when a young boy trudged along the traffic-cluttered Second Avenue in New York City. It had been a gray, sunless day, with a feel of snow in the air and now dusk was enveloping the city, making the tall buildings seem even more forbidding and remote. Often the boy would pause before a lighted shop window and play a timeworn game. He'd look out those things he'd buy if he had lots of money; then he'd choose those that could be bought with just a little money. Sometimes, if the store was a large one, he'd go inside and pretend he was shopping, just to get warm. Today, he hesitated outside, determining whether he could linger inside unnoticed; then a sharp querulous voice demanded. "Boy, have you got a Christmas present for your mother yet?"

Whirling around, he was half-inclined to run when he saw an elderly woman staring down at him with impatience. "Well, have you?" she demanded sharply. "Then, here," she said, thrusting a folded bill into his hand. "See that you get a present for your mother and don't spend this money on yourself." Then, turning, she walked quickly away. Unbelievably, the boy looked at the bill clutched in his grimy fist. It was five dollars.

"It was a fortune then," Tony says now. "and I was too young to stop and wonder why a woman I'd never seen before could give me so much money. But I've thought about it many times since. I know now that it was a simple act of kindness, and I know, too, that kindness must be a part of everyone's life. To find you must recognize that it exists."

Tony grew up in a weathered tenement Hell's Kitchen. His father, Monoschwartz, had been a well-known actor in Budapest and came to America to make his fortune. Times were hard and when Tony was born, Mono was still

struggling to learn English, a drawback which kept him from earning a living on the stage. In time, to support his family, he turned to tailoring. Tony was still a baby when they moved to Manhattan. Here, among sordid surroundings, the boy got his first education in a hard school—on the city streets with the young urchins of the neighborhood. Yet Tony found kindness even here, for as he believes, people, given the chance, are inherently kind.

Like the day that Tony climbed the cement pile...

Next to the tenement in which Tony lived, there was a vacant lot and, in the center of this, surrounded by a clutter of clotheslines where the housewives hung out their washings to dry, was a high, steep-sided mountain of rocks and broken concrete slabs. Like any other adventurous seven-year-old youngster, Tony looked on that rock pile as a challenge.

One afternoon he tried climbing it, and after much scrambling and many near disasters, he reached the top. Sitting there for a time, he contemplated his victory and then started down. Then, in terror, he discovered that it was much easier to climb up than descend. Once he almost toppled over but saved himself by clutching the jagged end of a concrete slab. It cut his fingers and they started to bleed. He gazed anxiously at a leaning telephone pole close by, but the cross-arm was beyond his grasp. He began to cry.

Suddenly a window in a nearby tenement building opened and a boy, considerably older than Tony, leaned out and looked at him thoughtfully. A few moments later, he came and stood staring up at the marooned youngster. Then, quite casually, he began climbing the leaning telephone pole which swayed dangerously as he reached the crossarm. Edging his way forward, he leaned out and grasped Tony's hand, swinging him to safety.

"He held me with one arm while he inched his way down that teetering pole," Tony said. "Then he set me on my feet, gave me a pat on the shoulder and walked away without a word. I never saw him again, but I'll never forget that act of kindness. If I were left alone, I would have gotten down somehow, but that boy's kindness meant a great deal to me—and it still does."

Tony also remembers a man by the name of Paul Schwartz. He'll never be able to think of Paul Schwartz without a feeling of fondness and gratitude. For when he was eleven and belonged to one of the toughest gangs in the section, Paul took him from the streets and away from the end that awaited so many of his companions. He took the chip of sullenness off Tony's shoulder by talking to him in the language of the street, the only language the boy knew. Why did Paul Schwartz do this? "For no other reason than his faith in humanity, his belief in human kindness," Tony says.

But there were also unkindnesses in Tony's childhood. Like the woman who owned the apartment which Tony's folks rented. "I hated her," Tony admits today. "She put us out in the middle of a period when money for our family was hard to come by. For months I brooded over how I could get even. I realize now that I was too ignorant then to know that hate never helped anybody. Even that woman, I'll bet, hard and ruthless as she was, must have had some good quality in her if only I knew how to search for

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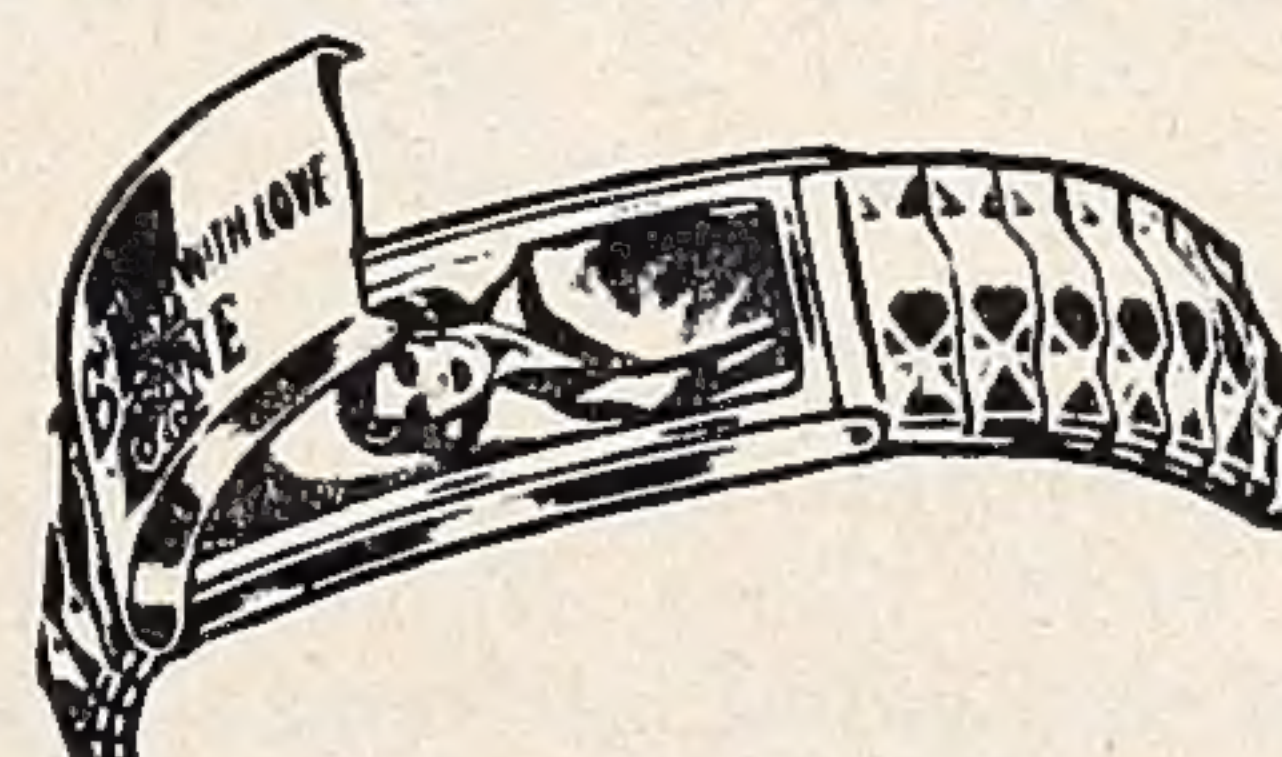
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it. From her I learned something important after I got a bit older. You can hate qualities in people but you mustn't hate people themselves, for we're all dependent on each other. 'No man is an Island, entire of itself.' When you realize this, you find humility.

"I found humility as a kid. The first time was when I was running around with a gang of young East Side kids. By that time I had a pretty good opinion of myself. I was a good rough-and-tumble fighter and one of the best pushcart raiders in the district. I had a girl that I kind of liked and she gave me the brush. When she dumped me for another guy, a little bigger and maybe a little tougher than I was, I was bewildered. 'What did she do that for?' I kept asking myself. 'What's he got?' It took me a long time to get it through my thick head that no matter how good you think you are, there's always someone just a little bit better. It taught me humility. To this day, I know that if I ever let my opinion of myself get lopsided, there'll always be someone around to pin my ears back."

On the one occasion in Hollywood when Tony needed to have his ears pinned back he was able to do his own pinning. When he first came to Hollywood, Tony was uncertain, sensitive and inclined to be moody. With his immediate success in "The Prince Who Was a Thief," his studio bosses were a little concerned about him. As Sam Israel, director of publicity for U-I, says, "Some of us thought Tony was becoming aloof, that the initial successes he had might be affecting him adversely, that he was losing his sense of balance and value. We needn't have worried. Instead of getting a swelled head, Tony was brooding over what he considered his lack of experience. The more he gained confidence, the more cooperative, the more willing he was to exhaust himself in slugging work. Not long ago we had to call off all activity and send him to the desert for a rest. Not even his youth could stand up under the punishment he was taking in riding, fencing, dancing, singing, acting lessons, the interviews and public appearances. His enthusiasm and incredible willingness to slave long hours in perfecting himself is amazing. There's no better kid in the business than Tony."

While preparing for his latest picture, "The Rawhide Years," Tony found he could not ride well. For three weeks he was astride a horse from nine till twelve every day. At the end of that time, he could do running mounts, hang by one leg at a dead gallop and had a bag of tricks that would convince an expert that he'd been saddle-bound for years.

When he was asked to train for a fencing role in "The Purple Mask" he went into it with such fury that Ralph Faulkner, his trainer, says, "Today Tony is one of the finest swordsmen in Hollywood. His sense of timing is remarkable and his muscular coordination perfect. His eagerness to learn was beyond restraint and on one or two occasions carried him beyond the point of safety. Once, lunging forward, he forgot the proper guard and got a severe gash on his cheek. He laughed it off—but he never made that mistake again."

Pleased but worried about being cast in the musical, "So This Is Paris," Tony was prepared to reward the confidence placed in him. With Gene Nelson, who coached him, he dedicated all spare time to dancing lessons. "Tony started out by knowing absolutely zero about stage dancing," says Gene, "but before we were through he could perform with the best. He has an instinctive sense of rhythm and timing—two things that are gifts of

God. Without them, no matter how hard you work, you're sunk. But Tony never took advantage of these talents, he worked twice as hard to develop them."

Tony's sense of duty continues to keep him going at a fast pace. "Why shouldn't I work hard for people who've held out a hand to me at every turn?" he asks. "From the first morning I stepped on the lot even the policeman at the gate gave me a big smile and said, 'Welcome.' You don't forget such things."

Neither can Tony forget that he wants to repay in some small way the kindnesses shown him by holding out a helping hand himself whenever he can. But when pressed to talk about such instances, he shyly begs off with, "I'd a lot rather talk about those who've helped me."

One instance he will discuss though, with some pride, is how he helped a boy get started and what a good job the kid did.

"Harry was struggling along but without much luck," he explained. "He was a wonderful guy but simply couldn't get the breaks. I'd been in Hollywood getting my feet planted, but when I returned to New York for a brief visit, I found Harry sunk in despair. I brought him back to California and introduced him to a few casting directors. They clammed up. Right then and there I learned a truism: 'If you want to get something, go to the head man.'"

"I finally sought out the producer and director of the film I was then making, which was 'Flesh and Fury.' They were terrific. They gave Harry a test and assigned him a small part as my kid brother in the picture. He came through beautifully and I got a terrific lift out of his success. You know, I realized that true happiness comes in proportion to the good you're able to do for others. For days after, I walked around with a warm glow. I thought I was helping Harry, which I was, but I did a lot more for myself when I got Harry that break."

"Sometimes you can try to help people and bungle it by letting your ego get in the way. This happened to me once. There was another young actor in New York—let's call him Al. Things hadn't been going well with him and he came and asked me if I could help him get a spot in a show. I was lucky and found him one—this was after I'd got going pretty well in Hollywood—and for a while Al did all right. But when the show folded he couldn't get on again and I heard he was going around putting the rap on me, saying the only reason I was on top was I had the gift of gab and got all the breaks. I kept my mouth shut and didn't say anything. Then one day he braced me again."

"Look, Tone," he said, "I'm in a spot. Could you maybe say a word in the right place?"

"So again, through sheer luck, I was able to help him land a part in a new tv show. Later I saw him in it and thought he was pretty good."

"Well, when that program was finished, he was right back behind the eight ball again, and once again I heard he was knifing me. This time I burned, but I didn't put the finger on him—more because I was too busy than for any other reason, I guess. But one night I met him at a party."

"Tone," he said, "I just can't get going. Do you know of anything—"

"I blew up before he had a chance to finish. 'Look, you so-and-so,' I said burn-

ing. 'You're loaded with nerve if nothing else. Here you've been trying to give me the business among my friends and now you want me to help you again. Get out of my sight.'

"That was the most unfortunate speech I ever made," Tony said regretfully. "I should have realized that Al had to do something to bolster his own pride and self-esteem. Failure is an awful thing. It's only human to look for someone else to be the scapegoat. If our situations had been reversed, you know, I might have been just as weak. What I said hurt me a lot more than it did him. For weeks I couldn't throw off a feeling of having acted small."

"There was another time I acted selfishly and I still can't think about it without a pang of regret. It was a sweltering day and my young brother, who's now dead, and I were playing in Central Park. We were thirsty so we went looking for a water fountain. We finally found one but there was a whole crowd of people waiting their turns. Finally my turn came up but a grumpy old man impatiently pushed me aside before I was finished. I found a paper cup that was lying beside the fountain so I filled it up with the drippings. As I turned away, my brother, who was too small to shove his way to the fountain, thought I got the drink for him. He held out his hand, but instead of giving it to him I drank the water myself. Not long afterward my brother died. It was too late then to be thoughtful and I vowed if I had the opportunity, I'd never pass up a chance to lend a helping hand again. And Tony has kept his promise. . .

Recently, a publicity man at U-I told me of seeing Tony rush up and give a delivery boy a hand with a huge coffee tank which he was trying to lift from the delivery truck. The tank was heavy and the youngster, lacking a helper, was having difficulty in handling it. Tony grasped one side and together they wrestled the urn onto its stand. "A lot of other actors were standing around, but it never occurred to one of them to help," the studio man said. "Tony didn't wait to be asked."

Tony's genuine warmth and liking for people has no racial barrier. While making "The Purple Mask," a publicity representative said, "Tony noticed a Negro boy extra who was standing around between scenes, looking lonely. He went over and talked with him; after that, during the breaks, Tony made it a point to bring the boy into the conversation and the between shooting bantering in an easy, casual and friendly way."

As Jose Ferrer says, "Tony has the greatest sense of responsibility to his fellow man I've ever encountered."

And the George Washington Carver Memorial Institute has confirmed this. For a few months ago, Tony Curtis was named by this Institute for the annual Award of Merit, given for outstanding contributions to interracial unity. Dr. Robert L. Hobday, the Institute's president, announced that the award was being made "for the actor's assistance in the organization of Carver Youth Clubs to combat juvenile delinquency and for his active sponsorship of education libraries in Negro schools."

Tony accepted the award with gratitude saying later, "How lucky I've been. Without the help of many people, life for me would not have turned out so well. Almost invariably everyone has been kind. I've met genuine good will everywhere."

And to Tony, from his thousands of fans, his hundreds of co-workers and from the many acquaintances and friends he has made since he moved to Hollywood, comes a warm feeling of gratitude, for we, too, feel, how lucky we are.

THE END

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